00085576

Digitized with financial assistance from

H T Parekh
FOUNDATION

An Initiative by
HDFC
WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 16 January, 2019

ROUND THE CALENDAR IN PORTUGAL.

PEASANTS' GAME.

ROUND THE CALENDAR IN PORTUGAL.

BY

OSWALD CRAWFURD, C.M.G.,

HER MAJESTY'S CONSUL AT OPORTO;

AUTHOR OF "PORTUGAL: OLD AND NEW," "BEYOND THE SEAS," "SYLVIA ARDEN," "ENGLISH COMIC DRAMATISTS," ETC.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

85576

3-a-39

ILLUSTRATED BY MISS DOROTHY TENNANT, MRS. ARTHUR WALTER MISS ALICE WOODWARD, MISS WINIFRED THOMSON, MR. TRISTRAM ELLIS, MR. AMBROSE LEE, AND THE AUTHOR.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL,

LIMITED.

1890.

[*All rights reserved.*]

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON & BUNGAY.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

Reasons for dwelling chiefly on rural themes and upon questions arising therefrom—Recent political excitement in Portugal is urban in its origin, and has not modified ways and ideas of rural folk *p.* 1—8

MARCH.

First signs of spring in Northern Portugal—The song of the wryneck—The hoopoe—Oporto and its surrounding district—Climate—The east wind and singular phenomena connected with it—Description of the country side—The rivers and their fish—Heroic methods of fishing for trout—Return of spring migrants—The ornithology of Northern Portugal—The serin-finch: its curious habits—Indifference of natives to plain facts of rural life—Various Portuguese birds and plants—Daffodils of Northern Portugal ... ... *p.* 9—31

APRIL.

Signs of advancing spring in the sea-fishing and in farm-life—First drinking of the wine made in the previous year—The "annual" wines of Portugal—Their resemblance to the wines of ancient Rome—Agriculture of the district—Yeoman farming—The prosperity of the farmers throughout the time of distress in Western Europe accounted for—Protection the ruling principle in Portugal—How it is a form of Socialism—The strong resemblance of rural life in Portugal to rural life in ancient Italy and Greece—Points of political economy involved ... ... *p.* 32—50

MAY.

The weather of early summer—Rural peasant games—Dancing and music of country people—Both Oriental in character—Anecdote—Bull-fighting in the Portuguese fashion minutely described ... ... *p.* 51—75

JUNE.

The folk-lore of Portugal as prevalent and as firmly accepted as in the England of Shakespeare's time—Its threefold sources: Latin, Moorish, and Gothic —The Eve of St. John—Many legends recounted of Moorish tradition—The Latin legends numerous also, viz., that of wehr-wolf—The folk myths from Gothic times perhaps derive chiefly from Aryan sources—Instances in each kind—Anthropomorphic and zoomorphic folk myths—Conclusions ... ... *p.* 76—101

JULY.

The harvesting of wheat, barley, and rye—Draught cattle of Northern Portugal: their beauty and docility—Kindness of Portuguese to all domestic animals —Legends connected with the ox—Dogs: how used in hunting, their breeds and treatment—Cats the favourite animal inmate of the Portuguese —The superior intelligence of Portuguese cats—Anecdote—Relations between man and the domestic animals from Cuvier's point of view—Cats *versus* dogs—Anecdote ... ... *p.* 102—122

AUGUST.

A theory to account for the tendency of men to migrate to the South and to the West—Anecdote—Strong art feeling among Portuguese peasantry—Why it has ceased from among other classes—Evidences of delight in art among rural folk—The pottery, peasants' lace work and embroideries, and the decorated ox-yokes of Northern Portugal—*Devolution* as opposed to Evolution—How it may apply to national life—Gardening in Portugal—Portuguese garden traditions derive from Dutch and from Arab sources—Contrast between English and Portuguese gardening—Anecdotes ... ... *p.* 123—152

SEPTEMBER.

Strange phenomena connected with bird-migration from and through Portugal —Strong contrast between English and Portuguese landscape—Ornithology of Great Britain compared with that of Portugal—Anecdote—Notes on prevalent forms of bird-life in Northern provinces *p.* 153—185

OCTOBER.

Von Humboldt on sunsets—Autumn foliage tints—Notes upon vine treatment and wine-making in Portugal—Recommendation of native methods to our Colonists and Americans—Diseases of the vine, how cured—The phylloxera and oidium—The harvesting of Indian corn the great farming event of the year—Cheerfulness of the peasants: their primitive farm practices perhaps more conducive to their happiness than more scientific methods—A lesson to be learnt from Portuguese yeomen farmers—A substitute for the Poor Law—Good administration of relief to poor—The economic problem in rural Portugal: how solved—Comparison of yeoman peasant system with our own agricultural tenures .... *p.* 186—210

NOVEMBER.

In Portugal November the last month of autumn, not the first of winter—Delay of migrant birds to leave genial air of Portugal—Saint Martin's summer—The country scents in Portugal from flowers and foliage contrasted with those of the North—Gatherings of rural folk by night for singing, dancing, and telling of tales—Native music of two kinds, Arab and Gothic—Anecdote—Various primitive farming ways—Ancient ballads still extant among the peasantry—The *Ballad of Donna Guimar*—Remarks upon the literature of the old songs and ballads—Anecdote *p.* 211—240

DECEMBER.

Dietary of the Portuguese farm-people—What their board costs them—The economic advantage to them of a double bread-corn, rye and maize—Currency, curious system prevailing in the kingdom—Anecdote—How the Portuguese are bi-metallists against the law, and how bi-metallism affects their prosperity—An illustration in proof ... ... *p.* 241—263

JANUARY.

How the peasants crowd the great cities on fair and market days—Their ways, dress and costly gold ornaments—The women: how their good looks vary with each district, and how the fact may be accounted for—Beauty of women of Avintes and Ariosa—Urban and rural folk probably of different races—Oporto: its architecture and general appearance—The various races met with by a traveller coming from Spain—How Portugal is encircled by mountains and the kingdom one huge fortress, a fact taken into account by Wellington and overlooked by Napoleon—Why Portugal must always be the ally of the Power predominant on the seas ... ... *p.* 264—295

FEBRUARY.

Oporto: the city life of the people described—The crowds of artisans at night-fall, mandolin-players, conjurers, mountebanks and bear-wards—The Host-Bearing procession—The city pedlar—The Cheap Jacks—Anecdote of a distinguished member of the profession—The country pedlar: his character, ways, and importance in rustic life—The higher classes of his profession—Bagmen—Bandits—Anecdote ... ... *p.* 296—311

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
PEASANTS' GAMES	*Frontispiece.*
THE DOURO AT OPORTO	17
TROUT FISHING IN NORTHERN PORTUGAL	*To face page* 23
THE SNOWDROP DAFFODIL	*To face page* 30
OPORTO FISHING-BOAT	52
THE ENDING OF THE DAY	55
DANCE OF PEASANT WOMEN	*To face page* 58
PORTUGUESE BULL-FIGHTER	62
DEVIL AND DRAGON ON OLD PORTUGUESE EMBROIDERY	101
OXEN OF NORTHERN PORTUGAL	103
MEDITATION	122
PORTUGUESE OX-YOKE	129
A GARDEN GATEWAY	139
PORTUGUESE WILDERNESS GARDEN	141
A GARDEN FOUNTAIN	*To face page* 143
DETAIL OF CARVING ON OX-YOKE	152
THE HAUNT OF THE REED-WARBLER	*To face page* 183
DETAIL OF DECORATION ON OX-YOKE	185
VINE TRELLIS	187
DRYING GRANARY FOR INDIAN CORN	201
ORNAMENT ON OX-YOKE	210
MANDOLIN PLAYER	216
PEASANT GIRL OF NORTHERN PORTUGAL	218
IN THE PINE FOREST	*To face page* 230
THE WOODLANDS OF PORTUGAL	240
PORTUGUESE DELFT, SHOWING PERSIAN INFLUENCE	261
BLUE-AND-WHITE FAIENCE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY	262
JAR WITH PERSIAN DESIGN	263
PEASANT GIRL OF AVINTES	267
PORTUGUESE STREET CHILDREN	*To face page* 272
ROMAN MILLIARY COLUMN ON THE FRONTIER MOUNTAINS ...	281
A FIELD PULPIT IN RURAL PORTUGAL	285
PRIMITIVE DWELLING-HOUSE OF PORTUGUESE MOUNTAINEERS ...	289
OLD STREET IN OPORTO	*To face page* 292

ROUND THE CALENDAR IN PORTUGAL.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE already written upon several of the aspects of Portuguese life, and in this present book I desire to treat chiefly of rural matters, of the ways of rural folk, and of the fields, the woods, the rivers, and the roadsides in this country, where I have found my home for twenty years. I have no desire to write a scientifically exhaustive work, a statistical or a political one, but I want to tell what I have seen and learnt on a great many small matters; bye issues that for the most part are too trivial for the sedate and industrious writer of instructive books. I therefore beg the reader to allow me to be discursive; and as the book is to be chiefly the record of my personal experiences, I ask not to be quarrelled with if I am egotistical.

When any one of our friends or relations lives away from home, abroad, on the Continent, or maybe in far-off Indian or colonial lands, one's first curiosity is to know all about his

material surroundings. What is the place like in which he is spending his new life? What does he see when he looks from his windows? What is before him as he stands at his front-door? What, in short, is his "out of doors"? Over what does he look when he raises his eyes to the horizon? Is it forest-land, or are they mountain peaks that his glance encounters? Or is it a great stretch of hedgeless, fieldless land—a "veldt," a "steppe," a "campo," "pampas," or a prairie?

Then again, we are curious (and generally get little satisfaction of our curiosity) to be told what birds wing their way through the air he breathes in, or flit among the trees; are flushed by his footsteps, or break the silence of his far-off home with twitter and song? If he is a sportsman, our sympathies are aroused to know what animals, great or small, his dog scents the track of, or hunts out in the bushes. Are there tigers to eat him, snakes to bite him, or scorpions to sting him? What insects light upon his flowers by day, or buzz against his reading-lamp at night? How too about centipedes, mosquitoes, ants, gnats, midges?

I always desire that my distant friends should volunteer voluminous answers to questions such as these, and not force me to draw them forth by a painful cross-examination.

How can the needs of friendly sympathy be fulfilled between us, when I do not even know what timber the trees

of his forests are made of, or what sort of wild-flowers grow by his wayside? He never tells me, except under extreme pressure, what his house itself is like, or what he has to eat and drink, and with whom he sits down to eat and to drink it. I should like, too, to know, though the point may seem trivial, what he and his guests sit down upon. Is it a chair, a stool, a soap-box, or a biscuit-tin?

These are my own demands in regard to my fellow-countrymen and friends abroad; and it is because I apprehend that dwellers at home may have some of the same curiosity as to the many of their blood who live in this pleasant land of Portugal, that I am going to stuff my pages with answers to the questions I have indicated, and to many more like them.

That the reader may know what sort of an "*out of doors*" we have in Portugal, and how inhabited, I will take him, month by month, round the whole circle of the twelve, beginning with the awakening of the year in early spring. He shall get in addition, I must warn him, thoughts and opinions on many subjects that are rather suggested by than rightly belong to the rural life of Portugal. Perhaps the tolerant reader will take them as coming not quite impertinently from a writer who for a considerable part of the year passes his existence somewhat on the outside of home affairs; who lives many of his days in hearing of the twanging of the

guitar, and of the solemn chant of the Host-Bearers, and away from London cries, the tinkle of the muffin-bell, and the rumble of the omnibus and the street-preacher.

I had written so far some weeks ago, and was prepared to continue my account of rural Portugal, in the calm idyllic spirit which befits the treatment of rural themes, when certain events occurred in Portugal of which the reader need not be reminded, and which for the moment interrupted all thoughts of idyllic calm. Unfortunately some three or four chapters of this work had, after the modern fashion, appeared by anticipation in the pages of certain eminent Reviews, and in writing them I had perhaps rashly committed myself to the opinion that life in rural Portugal was, with certain limitations and shortcomings, really not very far short of that fabled by the poets to have been lived in the Golden Age.

Seldom was an author placed in a more singular predicament. The opinions arrived at after years of patient observation seemed to have been upset in a week. I had spoken of Portugal—rural Portugal at least—as a kind of Arcadia, and had said many things in praise of the Portuguese people generally. I had spoken highly of their kindliness and generosity; and here was a whole nation through their Press calling my countrymen every vile name they could think of, from Pig to Pirate, foully abusing the most cherished institutions and the most honoured personages of my native

land, and singling me out personally because I had put forth a mild remonstrance on behalf of my countrywomen against insults from a small minority of the Oporto students, and this only at the special invitation of the students themselves, with names and phrases that Rabelais at his foulest would blush for. I had praised the manhood and manners of the nation, and here were some hundreds of the older of these under-graduates, ranging in age from twenty-one to thirty, banding themselves together by a solemn league and covenant, each and all, separately and collectively, to assault me personally in the streets! A conspiracy not only against that vague thing, the comity of nations, but quite against the law of their own land, yet published openly in their newspapers. This was certainly not Arcadian; it was hardly, European readers may think, civilized; and it seemed at the first blush as if either I must run my pen through every sentence of praise I had written of the Portuguese, or perhaps use a more summary method and insert a "not" in every such sentence that the book contained.

I believe, however, a much less heroic process will suffice, and that a few lines of explanation will show things in their true light.

The fact is, that when all these vile things were being said and done a general election was pending, and both sides had gone to the country with the anti-English "cry."

It is never very easy for us of the North to judge the men of the South. We are apt to take them too seriously. When the Portuguese called my innocent countrymen (and countrywomen) thieves, pigs, and scoundrels, and threatened them with the stick, the dagger, and even with wholesale personal explosion by dynamite, it was only their Southern way of expressing their opinion that they considered our claim to the country lying north of the Ruo river in Eastern Africa unsupported by treaties, and our agreement with Lo Bengula inconsistent with their own claims to certain regions. When the students, in seeming oblivion of all the laws of chivalry, manhood, and common fair play, conspired to join in a conspiracy of some hundreds against one unarmed man who daily passed through their midst, they had really no thought whatever of bloodshed; when the newspapers on their side declared that I was a truculent bravo hired by the vile British Government to swagger through their quiet streets, they knew exactly how absurd the description was; all that was in their minds was an objection to the really mild wording of my letter to the students in deprecation of the discourtesy of some among their number to English ladies.

A pleasantly cynical correspondent, remembering my rose-coloured views of Portugal and the Portuguese, lately inquired, "How about your Arcadia now?" My answer to the question shall be my *apologia pro populo Portugaliense.*

In the best regulated of Arcadias there must be ever some unruly shepherds who will at times lay aside their crooks and their pipes, abandon their flocks and herds, their sylvan retreats and the mild wooing of Phyllis and Neæra, and take to wholly un-Arcadian courses. In the Portuguese Arcadia they become students and journalists.

I should be very sorry to make myself the apologist of the manners of these gentlemen, but I am confident they meant no real harm. If I thought that one-tenth of the truculent things that have been said against my countrymen and myself during this stormy election period were intended in sober earnest, or represented the real sentiments of the nation, I should have been in haste to go back upon every friendly opinion I had expressed; but I know that a brief insanity has possessed the less responsible portion of the nation for about three months. Moreover, as I have said, the North and the South look at many things in a different way. We, for instance, have long held *suaviter in modo et fortiter in re* to be a good working proverb. So do many of the Portuguese, but not always in politics, for then sometimes they reverse the wording and read the proverb *fortiter in modo et suaviter in re.* They are apt also to confound politics with patriotism, which we calmer hyperborean spirits well know to be two very different things. In such affairs they often promise and threaten a good deal more than they

perform; then particularly are they *fortiter in modo et suaviter in re.* After all, these abominable sentiments that I have referred to were expressed by a tiny minority of students and journalists, whose manners as a whole are as good as their intentions; and as for the nation at large, there is not, and never was, any quarrel between them and myself. Let it be remembered too that practically Portugal is an agricultural country; seven-eighths of the people are rural folk; the heart and soul as well as the thews and sinews of Portugal are in her peasantry, who know little and care less about the ways and behaviour of the urban classes. I have myself lived long enough among the Portuguese for a feeling of warm sympathy to grow up on my side for Portugal and its people, and I have reason to think it is not unreciprocated. At any rate, my personal liking for the country and its inhabitants is pretty freely expressed in the following pages, and perhaps this preliminary digression that is now forced upon me by circumstances comes well, in that it will serve to warn the impartial reader that he is about to have to do with anything but an impartial writer.

MARCH.

"Le temps a laissie son manteau
De vent, de froidure, et de pluye."

THE first audible sign and token in Northern Portugal that winter has departed is the shrill, thrice-repeated call of the wryneck. Every season in the country here, as elsewhere, has its dominant musical note, and of the month of March in Portugal this note is the wryneck's cry. It comes with a sudden, quite startling music of its own from the still leafless coppice, to tell that the time of bud and leaf and flower is at hand, that *Le temps a laissie son manteau.* The sound too has a certain mystery about it, for though the notes are everywhere in the air, and every dweller here knows them well and welcomes them, the bird that utters them is but seldom seen.

Shortly after the cry of the wryneck is first heard there come many other harbingers of warmth and pleasant days, with sweeter, louder, or more contrasted song; but not one of them has, to my thinking, such promise of summer-time in his voice as the wryneck.

Among these later-coming spring harbingers is one with a fuller and more musical call, the hoopoe, a bird with as strange a note as is heard, I fancy, in the whole range of ornithology. It is a thrice-repeated call-note like the wryneck's, but as deep and canorous as the cuckoo's, yet so unlike it that I have more than once mistaken it from far off for the baying of a beagle. Unlike the wryneck and the cuckoo, there is no mystery of concealment about the hoopoe, as of *vox et preterea nihil.* He is as often seen as heard, a familiar bird, respected for his tameness even by Portuguese sportsmen, who bring the blackbird to bag, and look on jays and seagulls as legitimate game.

The bird whom the greatest master of ancient comedy made a chief personage of his great bird-comedy, fully justifies the playwright's selection. The hoopoe is the mime of the bird-world, as every one who has kept a tame one knows—a bird of high spirits and quick transition of moods, who is acting a part all the day long.

Certainly birds, from the vulture and raven to the little grebe and wren, bear out even more fully than human beings, the theory of the old Greeks, that outward appearance testifies to the inner nature. They are fair or foul to view as their dispositions are fair or not. Accordingly, the hoopoe, with his fine, curved, commanding bill, his slim form, brisk carriage, bright colouring, and the magnificent

crest which he raises or lowers as his spirits rise or fall, carries his pleasant and compliant character in full view of all beholders. He comes from Africa when the sun is just midway between the winter and the summer solstices, and helps to make these Portuguese woods and meadows gay, and the Portuguese welkin resonant with pleasant sounds.

The part of Portugal with which I am now concerned is that region which extends some thirty miles to either side of the great river Douro, and back landwards to the frontier mountains of Spain. In this district I have now lived many long years, and using something of a poetical license, though without any great wrench of the veracities, I may say of it that—

> "I know each lane and every alley green,
> Dingle or bushy dell."

This corner of the Continent is in a way unique in Europe. There is absolutely nothing else quite like it. If the reader will look at the map of Europe, he will see that it is the only strip of land in the latitude of mild winters which is protected east and north by lofty mountains, which is well supplied by stream and river, and which is within the full influence of the Gulf Stream. Only some of these conditions apply to Galician Spain, which for the most part is a cluster of bare granitic mountains, a sea-exposed and rain-tormented country; or to Southern Portugal, where the

rainfall is too scanty, much of the country sterile sandy plain, and whose heat and dryness make the climate nearer to an African than a European one.

The climate of Northern Portugal is, perhaps, not wholly desirable, but it is endurable, and after considerable experience of health resorts on the Continent, I cannot name a better one. It may, perhaps, be doubted if any Mediterranean climate whatever can be quite so good for human beings as any isothermal Atlantic one. The vicinity of an almost tideless, land-locked sea may bring drier weather, and therefore may be more comfortable to the invalid, but to him who is not an invalid the breezes from the great ocean must surely be more purifying, healthier, and more invigorating. Certainly these breezes bring rain, and the rainfall at Oporto is above that of Devonshire, but there are far fewer wet days here than there. When it rains in Portugal it mostly pours.

He who writes of spring-time in Europe and says nothing of the east wind does amiss. Here it is less the cold, biting, and exasperating wind of England than a dry and bracing one. In summer it brings the greatest heat we have; in winter it mostly comes with settled, pleasant weather. Yet no doubt it is the same wind, coming from across the same Russian steppes, that nips our faces and spoils our tempers in London and Berlin, in Paris and Nice; but in Portugal it certainly

does not bear on its wings the noxious properties of those malarious Russian plains. In fact, it is an east wind with the edge off. When the Portuguese east wind blows, it is arrested every day in the wooded mountains near the frontier. As soon as the sun is high and hot enough to warm the land there comes a calm, then a cool breeze springs up from the sea to fill the semi-vacuum; the sea-breeze dies away at sunset, while all night long the east wind blows again. In fact, there is the common tropical phenomenon of the sea and land breezes; and what makes the east wind pleasant on these coasts is that it comes filtered through a broad zone of pine forest. Science avers that wind, like water in a river, rolls onward in its course; it does not slide forward; its motion through the air is that of a garden-roller, not of a sledge; and before it reaches us here, if all go well and land and sea breeze be in full working order, it must necessarily lose many of its evil properties by percolation through a wilderness of antiseptic pine-needles, and gather by the way the aromatic breath of those vast forests. Thrice at least must it have passed through them before it strikes the sea at Oporto. If, while the wind is in the east, one goes into the night air, one's lungs are filled with long, delicious draughts of pine-scented air, aromatic, wholesome, invigorating.

It would, however, take a bold man to assert that he has

not heard these balmy breezes from the land of the rising sun opprobriously entreated in Portugal; but the bad language mostly comes from the conventional and the weakling. There is indeed a subtly energizing quality about this wind that the occasional phlegmatic, lymphatic, and obtuse Teuton (from Great Britain or elsewhere), slow to admit new impressions, physically as well as mentally—a Philistine, in short, too often in body as in soul—cannot appreciate. He is not raised but depressed when the wind is in the east. He is strung up so tightly, as it were, that the music of his soul is made dumb, and he goes about a miserable, melancholy being, and as one jaded after an orgy of new wine, who prays to have his moral and mental fibre relaxed with soft, rain-laden gales.

These remarks, however, by no means apply to us resident Goths from the North, who have drunk in the joy of many an east wind, and whom I have invariably observed to be inspirited thereby to the point of breaking spontaneously into epigrams and other light sallies and pleasantries of speech, written or spoken. We accordingly love the east wind as we should love our neighbours.

While the east wind blows on this coast some curious natural phenomena at times occur. There is then, as at home, a red and golden haze in the west at sunset, and in the east at sunrise (but more golden then than red), and,

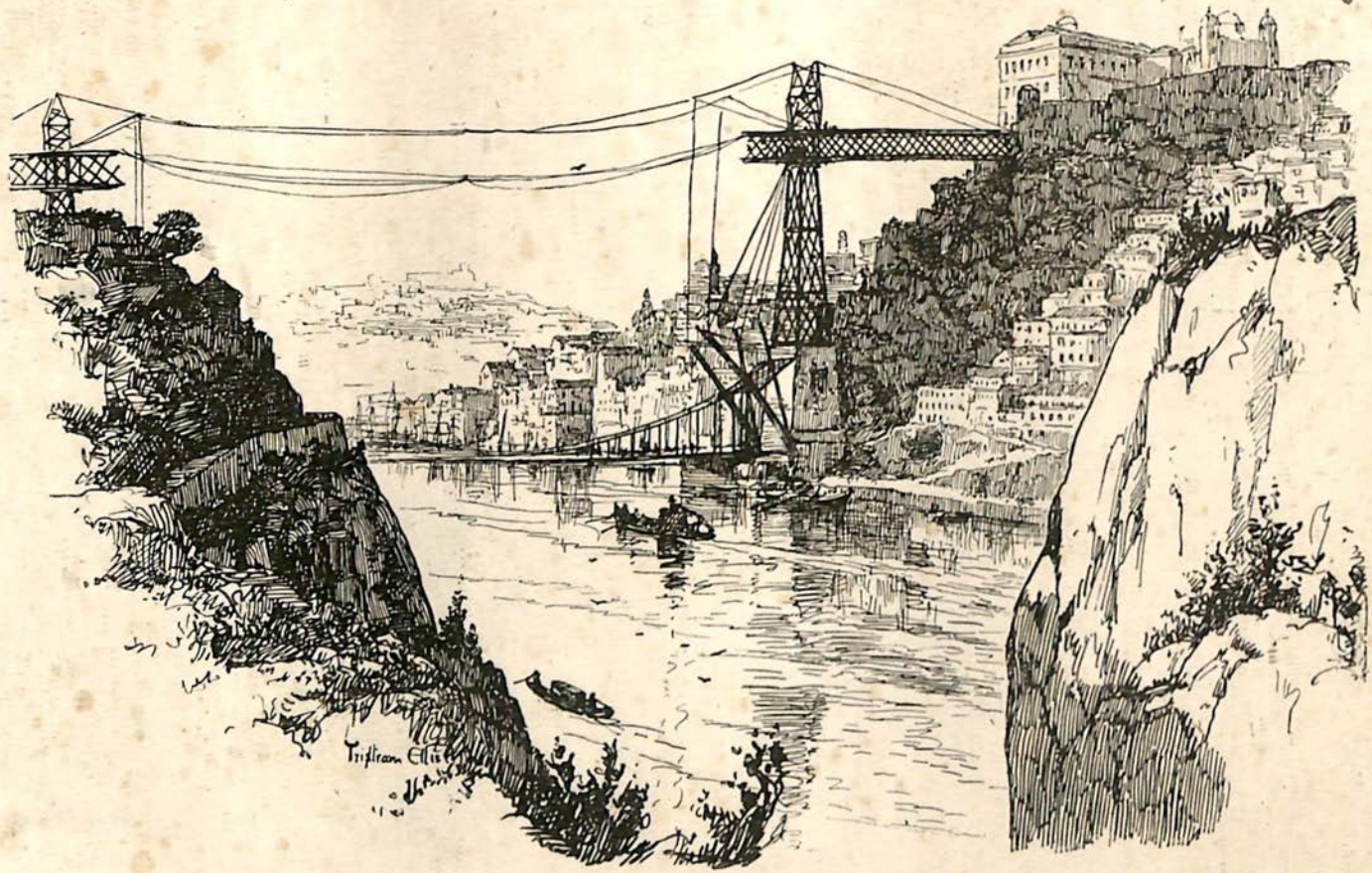
both morning and evening, more diffused and glorious than anything we can see farther north.

Near the Douro's mouth, where the coast-line is rocky, and runs north and south, a very beautiful thing is to be seen at certain times when the summer wind comes hot and strong from the east. The air is then of a very singular clearness, and the sun shines with unusual intensity. Though the wind blows strongly from the land, the waves are at times running shoreward, high and strong, quite counter to it, urged no doubt by some storm-force begot far out in the Atlantic, and these breakers dashing themselves furiously upon the black coast cliffs, the wave-crests rising above the rocks are carried again seaward in spray. On miles upon miles of this transparent ocean-rain the early morning sun shines sidelong, and burns in countless rainbows. Few more wonderful or gorgeous sights can, I suppose, anywhere be seen than this joining together by the wind, in colour harmony, of wave-spray and sunlight.

Northern Portugal, the region I have circumscribed above and indicated, is a highland country full of springs and water runlets. The hill-tops are covered with woods of pine and chestnut, the waste land is overgrown with furze, and white and yellow broom, and flowering cistus, and the narrow valley sides down to the brooks which run through their bottoms, are terraced everywhere into tiny meadows, each one

bordered with vines borne on espaliers of wood, and each meadow is green throughout the winter with grass or clover, and in summer rich with waving crops of maize. In this gladsome landscape are set innumerable small, gray, granite-built farm-houses, surrounded by cattle-yards and lairs, and the sheds that cover the wine-vats and wine-presses. The farmers are themselves owners of the land they till and of the houses they dwell in, and there are signs of their ownership in the richness and comfort of their surroundings. Near each house is a kail-yard, and generally orange and lemon-trees grow hard by. Often there is a garden patch, gay with old-fashioned country flowers in due seasons—dahlias, carnations, salvias, monthly roses, and the like. Very often there is a camellia-tree or two, as large as apple-trees with us at home, covered in very early spring with white or red blossoms.

Whatever else of plant growth there may be near the farmer's house, there never fails to be the broad flat expanse of trellised vines, covering arbour-wise a perch or two of ground, the vine-bearing woodwork supported on tall stone pillars. Beneath the shade of the vine-branches the ground is trodden flat and firm by the naked feet of men and women; for here, beneath the shadow of the vines, all the summer and autumn through, is the peasants' drawing-room. Here, to the tinkling of their mandolins, they dance



THE DOURO AT OPORTO.

their rustic rounds and chant their strange old-world songs and madrigals.

Through all this broad domain of hill and valley, the meadows and woods and every bank and corner of the land are gay with wild-flowers, and the coppices alive with the songs of birds. Everything is fresh and green in the sunny air of spring, and everywhere there is an incredible wealth and force and luxuriance of life. The great river Douro runs through the heart of this golden land, breaking, in its course from Spain, through three mountain ranges, and in doing so forming deep, rocky gorges. The last hills it passes through are those upon which is built the city of Oporto, whose name and building are both from Roman time, and which was the first stronghold and wealth-centre of this ancient kingdom. The city stands partly on both sides of a precipitous defile formed by the river, which presently broadens into a lagoon within her walls; a city—

> "With vicinage
> Of clear bold hills that curve her very streets.
> * * * * *
> And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage,
> Chainless alike, and teaching liberty."

Teaching it so well, indeed, that it was on these shores and in the mountains hard by that her voice was first heard nine centuries ago, calling upon the nation to rise and strike

for its freedom. They struck so much to the purpose against Moor and Spaniard, that they won their independence in the face of almost incredible odds, and have maintained it ever since through most strange vicissitudes of good and evil fortune. Should Portugal ever again come within danger of her liberties, it is here—if I know anything of the nation—here among these seafarers and mountaineers, my neighbours, that the best fight for freedom will be fought.

A distinguished diplomat, who had passed some years in Lisbon, said to me with some enthusiasm when he first came to Oporto and saw the peasants who at times flock to that city, "This is another race of men altogether; these are the Portuguese I have read of in history." In plain truth, they are. In their veins certainly runs much of the blood of the dominant Northern race who invaded the country in very early days. Their looks and their stature proclaim it, and their manly character and the splendid record of their achievements prove it.

The district round about Oporto is singularly well supplied with brook, and stream, and river; Scotland itself is not a better watered land; and, as in Scotland, the trout lives in all the running streams. There is a little mountain town named Oliveira d'Azemeis, between twenty and thirty miles from Oporto, where I have sometimes rented fishing

quarters. Within an hour or an hour and a half's walk of the town are no fewer than five good trout streams, besides many smaller brooks which contain fish. In the slower-flowing rivers live barbel and a kind of dace, the *escalo*, and a fish between dace and barbel, the *boga*. The *escalo* and the *boga* take the fly freely.

The fresh-water fishes of Northern Portugal have not been scientifically investigated, that I am aware of, and the latest trustworthy book on the fresh-water fishes of Europe, Professor Seeley's, quotes no work or monograph dealing with Portugal. So far as I have myself observed, the forms of fish in our rivers here are different from those of the rest of Europe, excepting, of course, Spain. The Pyrenees, which cannot keep out the birds, and hardly perhaps the animals of continental Europe from the Iberian Peninsula, have served as a boundary to the fishes. It is obvious that where there is a lofty, continuous mountain range from sea to sea, separating two tracts of lower-lying country, there must have existed for long ages a solution of continuity in river or stream communication between the two countries. Consequently the forms of fish life are different. The pike, the gudgeon, the tench, the perch, the chub, and several other English fish do not exist, the barbel is not the same fish which we catch at Staines, and can see from Datchet Bridge, his Latin name being *Barbus Bocagei*,

not *B. Vulgaris*, and the dace is not the same as the dace of England, but is *Leuciscus Aula*, or, to be quite correct, a Peninsular variety of *L. Aula*.

The *Boga*, before mentioned, is a fish of a genus *Chondrostoma*, which is unknown in Great Britain. It might, I think, be put into some of our rivers with advantage, for it takes the fly, as I have said, and is fairly good to eat when caught in clear water. It is a beautiful fish, running to a foot in length, or more. The back is dark-green with a metallic glimmer, the fins are red, and the belly golden. It is often seen in the fish-markets of inland towns of Spain and Portugal. In Spain it is called *Madrilla*.

About ten years ago, I interfered slightly with the order of nature in Portugal by setting free eighteen very lively young pike in the waters of the little Leça river, which runs into the sea about three miles north of Oporto. The river has many long, still pools, interspersed with running gravelly streams, and there are no fish in this river worth the catching. It was well suited therefore to pike. I also put into the waters of the Leça a number of English minnows, tench, perch, and gudgeon, none of these kinds being to my knowledge natives of Portugal. The gudgeon have greatly increased and multiplied, and in some parts of the river it is easy now to catch enough for a dish. Of the minnows, perch, and tench nothing has been heard

TROUT FISHING IN NORTHERN PORTUGAL.

though this proves nothing, for no one probably has looked for them; but of the pike there are authentic rumours. None indeed are reported as caught, but one gentleman, a practised pike fisher too, tells me he fished only one day in the river, and had several unmistakable "runs" of large pike at his bait. A farmer living near told me that latterly he had often seen great, queer-looking fish lying near the surface quite still, as if basking in the warmth. These, from the way he described them, could have been nothing but pike.

The Portuguese are sportsmen by nature, and like all the truest sportsmen—like myself, for instance—they are innate and inveterate poachers: poaching being, as I conceive, the sport of those who possess no preserves, or pointers, or breech-loaders, or gamekeepers, or friends with coverts, or fly-books, or fishing-rods. The trout is the fish the Portuguese most love to pursue, and though they neither know how to throw a fly nor spin a bait, they catch trout in many original and surprising manners, showing that they have closely observed the ways of this shy and crafty fish.

On a fine summer's day a dozen boys will assemble by the side of a trout-stream and set about fishing, with nothing to help them but a common, round, open wicker basket. The fishing is managed thus:—One boy takes the basket with him into mid-stream, and having previously

filled it with clumps of long grass and weeds pulled up by the roots, holds it down with his hands against the bottom, in water about two feet deep. The others, with sticks and poles, frighten the trout from their "holts" behind stones and under the hollow banks; the fish run for shelter and concealment to the long floating grasses and weeds in the basket, which ever and anon the boy lifts out of the water with a trout or two inside.

A still more picturesque and a very exciting kind of fishing is when the youths and boys strip naked and dive, one after the other, into the clear waters of some deep, rock-girt pool. They take headers from the rocks into the clear depths below, where the great trout may be seen swimming about in mid-water, and thrust their hands in among the subaqueous recesses, and under the stony ledges where the fish hide at their coming. Sometimes with no help but from their own hands, they grasp the great trout, and bring them to the surface. Sometimes they carry down a little bow-net, and holding it before the fastnesses of the trout, with a quick movement of the free hand, drive the fish into it. This is a manly and athletic method of fishing, and no one can deny that it is sport in the best sense of the word. I cannot say that heavy creels are easily filled by this kind of fishing. A surer way to do that is for a man to use the same bow-net (a bow with a bowstring a yard across, which holds open a little

purse-net) at waterfalls and in the river rapids. The fisherman stoops and sweeps the likely places beneath the rock ledges, where the water comes down in cataracts.

A less athletic performance, but not without risk too, is to stick half a dozen stout willow wands, pointed at their butts, upright along the edge of a weir; each has a string tied to its top, and to each string a strong hook is fastened, such as we use in England on night-lines, and baited. Each wand and string is in fact a miniature rod and line, and the baited hook is allowed to trail in the swift water beneath the weir-dam. The angler who has set a number of these engines comes ashore and watches them. When "the time of the take" arrives, it is odds but he sees one or perhaps more of his wands suddenly bend double, as the big trout that alone frequent such strong waters take the bait. Then he wades out again, plays the fish, and brings it ashore.

These rather heroic methods of trout capture are best suited to the sultry weather and the lowered waters of summer-time, yet they are mostly practised early in the year, when the trout, which are in season very early here, grow fat and lusty with the first opening warmths of the year.

The Portuguese trout is certainly not exactly the trout of England, though I have no scientific authority for saying so. He is probably a developed variety of the South British trout, just as the trout of Southern England is a developed

form of the trout of Scotland ; but in habits and character I know no difference. The Portuguese trout is as wary a variety as exists, and I once fished here with an admirable fisherman from Yorkshire, the owner of a celebrated trout stream in that country, who told me at the end of the day that the trout of Portugal were far more cunning than the trout of Yorkshire. I remember that the lightness of my friend's basket, as we walked home, quite corroborated his remark.

The trout run to a good size in Portugal where the river-pools are deep, and the country drained is rich agricultural land. In the river Ancora, thirty miles north of Oporto, fish of three, four, and five pounds weight are not uncommon, and they have been taken with the minnow, and even with the fly, up to nine and ten pounds.

As the days of March grow in length, so do the migrant birds return in greater numbers to take the place of those that have spent the winter with us. The woodcock are now quitting the great pine-woods by the sea, and the snipe which have filled the marshes all through the winter are going northward too, leaving but a few of their number to breed here ; the golden plovers and many kinds of ducks are flitting ; but it is noticeable that whereas the birds that pass us going south in the autumn, notably the great armies of starlings and doves, follow the coast-line in such incredible numbers

that no one who sees at all can fail to be struck, the spring migration is of a different kind. The birds do not travel in armies with a rush along one narrow airy road, as if they were in haste to escape from the terrors of the wintry North. Now in spring they return, not along the coast in close columns, but taking open order they fly across the country, staying here and there to rest and feed, as if loth to move from the pleasant land they are travelling through. In spring and summer the Portuguese woods and fields and corn-lands are tenanted by all the wild birds that we know at home, with only two exceptions that I can think of, but they are notable ones. The song-thrush—

> "the wise thrush
> That sings his song twice o'er"—

does not sing it in Portugal at all, though the missel-thrush does. Nor does the English skylark soar into Portuguese skies and pour forth his "profuse strains of unpremeditated art." The thrush comes here in autumn, and is a common bird all through the winter, frequenting olive-groves and eating the ripe fruit; about Christmas he grows fat, and is much sought after by the sportsman and the cook, as he is in France. The skylark, too, comes in autumn, but he too vanishes before he sings in spring-time, and is, alas! the bird of the pot-hunter rather than of the poet.

On the other hand, the two birds I have already spoken

of as being the first announcers of spring-time, the wryneck and the hoopoe, are neither of them well-known birds at home. The wryneck is not very common in England ; the hoopoe is not perhaps seen half a dozen times in a year in Great Britain ; and there is a third bird extremely common here, and who has never, to my knowledge, visited our Islands at all—the serin-finch. Here no one is so unobservant of bird life but he must know the bird well. The serin, too, is a bird of early March. He cannot sing in any proper sense of that word, yet he fills the air of spring and early summer with his eager jargoning. His wing is weak, but at this season he is for ever in the air, flying and singing round about his mate. The bird is hardly bigger than a wren, but each individual serin makes himself seen and heard more than a wilderness of wrens. It is his habit to take short excursions into the air from the topmost branch of a tree; returning thereto after a circling flight of twenty or thirty yards, singing all the while his intense spring song, while his wings quiver, and his body visibly thrills and trembles with the mere joy of life.

In the cultivated parts of Portugal there is hardly a suitable isolated tree but has its pair of serin-finches, and all the welkin is filled with the bird's wheel song, a sound of twitter, with no burden or climax, and that ends, when end it does, as it begun. Yet it is a delightful sound.

I have always thought it an unaccountable thing that the

Portuguese, who are devoted to country life and to all sweet rural sights, sounds, and scents, are yet either ignorant of, or fail to observe, and certainly to record, many of the most interesting concrete aspects of nature. To put it otherwise, they delight in rural generalities, and overlook the particulars. They have about the finest pastoral poetry of any of the South European nations, but it is of the old classic kind that touches the abstract and avoids the concrete. To come to the facts: here are these three most notable birds of the vernal season, with their striking and characteristic habits and song, that are as essential concomitants of the spring as the soft airs from the south and the bursting growth of bud and leaf, yet I will defy a reader to find one of them so much as hinted at in Portuguese rhyme. Be it observed too that there stand no petty technical difficulties in the way of the exclusion of at least two of these three creatures of the air from couplet and stanza, for the name of the wryneck is *Retorta*, of the hoopoe *Poupa*, and of the serin *Zerzino*, all as rhythmical and rhymable words as the most exacting poet can desire. It is the same with many indigenous flowers; they are never admitted to the sanctities of Portuguese song. One flower in particular so neglected and dispossessed of its due honour occurs to me. It is a little daffodil no larger than a snowdrop, that grows here by every wood and by the margin of every brook, and flowers in this

month of March. Where were the Portuguese poets' eyes when they omitted this flower from their eclogues and rural eulogies? They dwell tiresomely on all the commonplaces of country life—the "whispering gales," the "ambient airs of spring," the "cooling fount," the "feathered songsters of the grove"—and say not a word of a flower worth a whole mintage of such poor platitudes!

It is true that pastoral poetry is not, and need not be, and indeed never was, a true transcription and description of nature. The pastorals of Theocritus were not this, nor even those of Wordsworth. They are much more: they represent the craving of men for rest and unsophisticated existence, and for a philosophy of life based on the paramount issues of natural things and the natural lives of simple men and women. They are a conventional embroidery upon a groundwork of nature; but that groundwork must be true, it must be a literal transcript of nature itself.

Out of the whole list of European wild flowers, I know none so perfect in its grace and modest beauty as this aforesaid little daffodil, yet there is positively hardly a local name for it in Portugal, far less one by which it can be named by the poets. The flower is in size and in habit of growth between a snowdrop and a cyclamen, and its colour is a full, creamy white inclining to yellow. The Latin name is *Narcissus Triandrus*, or *N. Ganymedes*.

THE SNOW-DROP DAFFODIL.

Portugal is the land of the Narcissus beyond all others. Within a few miles of Oporto at least six kinds can be seen, including our English daffodil, or something very near it. It is curious that in the times of our great-grandfathers and grandmothers, when the growing of Dutch bulbs was not so common as it now is, one very beautiful little Narcissus was brought from Portugal to England, and grown in pots as hyacinths are now. It was the day of sword and patch and hoop-petticoat, and it was from the resemblance of the flower in shape to this garment that it got its English name, which it still keeps. This flower does not droop like that of *N. Triandrus;* its cup is turned somewhat upwards; it is of a deep, rich yellow, and its resemblance in shape to the old-fashioned hooped skirt is perfect. The hoop-petticoat daffodil grows in March in nearly every wood round about this city. One could wish that the poet of the "Lesser Celandine" could have seen this bright spring flower, or that of the snowdrop daffodil aforesaid, with its pale drooping flower intermingled with a tangle plant of growth on the grassy slopes of some mountain stream in Portugal.

APRIL.

To the Portuguese farmer and to the Portuguese sea fisherman, April is an important month, the busiest perhaps of all the year. It is then that the huge shoals of sardines, and of the hake that prey upon them, come nearest to the coast, and are drawn ashore in nets so long and heavy that I have seen the whole population of a coast hamlet—men, women and children—at the haul-ropes, and drawing home, with shout and song and laughter, the harvest of the sea. Sometimes even this force will not suffice for the weight of fish, and one may see oxen and even cows—for they too do their share of yoke-work—harnessed to the net and helping in the haul.

In the fields the rye is now above the ground, so too is the barley and the wheat. These crops will be harvested in early summer, so quick is plant growth under the hot Portuguese sun. They are all more or less crops of the drier uplands, especially the rye ; but in the low-lying valleys, where water for irrigation can be had, maize is the chief corn crop. Not only is its return heaviest in grain, but its thinnings and

its flowers, and later on its withered leaves, make a continuous summer cattle provender, without which the stall-fed beasts could scarcely be kept. By the end of April the fields of grass and clover, of serradella and plantain, have been broken up, and are being prepared for this valuable crop. The fields now, from early dawn to sunfall, are everywhere full of the farmer's labourers and his family.

It is in this same month of April, too, that an important event occurs in the family life of the farmer. The first jug of wine is drawn from the cask that holds the vintage of the previous autumn. Perhaps the farmer of the Minho Province has drawn and drunk this first jug of wine in early spring for nearly two thousand years without a break, for certainly it was the Romans who taught his progenitors to make wine, and when the Moslem held the land they never hindered the people from their habits. To this day the Minhote farmer grows the vine as the ancient Italians did, still "marrying it" to pollarded trees, letting it run at its own will over the tree-trunk, or allowing it to creep over trellis-work, never dwarfing it to a bush as they do in France or Germany. The grapes are still crushed, and their liquor fermented in Northern Portugal precisely as Pliny and Cato directed. As the province lies in nearly the same latitude as that of the famous Cæcuban, Falernian, and Alban vineyards, he who tastes the Minhote vines must perceive the very flavour that was known

to the great poets of the Augustan age, who so celebrated the wine-cup.

This, of course, applies to what may be called "annual" wines only; wines, that is, made in autumn and drunk within the year. Of this kind are the austere red Minhote wines, and the common drink of the Romans too were "annual" wines, a rough and astringent liquor which hardly the *dura ilia messorum* could submit to in its purity. The more delicate townsman in classic times made all sorts of additions to conceal these wines' austerity, putting honey and water into the wine-cup, and even, though it seems incredible, sea-water and grated cheese. The "great wines" I mention above were unfit to drink under from ten to fifty years. The more strength of flavour, vinosity, and excellence generally possessed by a wine, the longer must it be kept. This law of wines was then precisely what it is now, and the king and queen of modern wines—port and burgundy—require, as is well known, more years to ripen and grow mellow than any inferior growth. The ancients appear to have had not only a finer taste in wines than we degenerate moderns, as their poets certainly sang their praises in more glowing strains than we employ, but they went deeper into the art of wine-making than we have ever gone. The most curious thing about the processes of the ancients is that though they knew nothing of alcohol, they practically alcoholized some of their "great"

wines. Falernian was beyond all doubt a highly alcoholized wine. The point is too technical for discussion here, and I will only state that the result of my own inquiry into the matter is, that the finer Greek wines must have resembled the better growths of Burgundy; and the Falernian, at forty years old, become ambery in colour as Pliny describes it, must have been very like port wine of a similar age, identical in colour, and certainly of about identical spirituous strength.

The Minhote farmer's wine, made in September, deposits its sediment with the first cold of winter, and brightens as the months go on, till, by the first heats of spring-time, it is of garnet colour and clearness. By then the wine of the year before has got down to its dregs, and is hard, and poor, and thick, and colourless. Therefore it is something of an event in the farmer's family when the first cup of new wine is drunk—fresh, bright, and sparkling with vinous beads. In the peasant's simple round of pleasures the wine draught counts as a chief one, but of course it is far more to him than a pleasure, it is a necessary to his hard life in summer—a hinderer of tissue waste as the scientist would put it—and a heightener of the nerve energy which he will have to use up more and more as the days grow longer and hotter.

The Venetian centenarian and rational advocate of temperance, Lodovico Cornaro, relates how, in spite of all the care he took with his health and the fortitude he used in

abstaining from the foolish feasting and hurtful excesses of his friends, his spirits annually began to flag as the long winter passed away and the trying months of spring began. Then when at last he drank the new wine once more, his energies revived and his strength was renewed with "the prisoned spirit of the impassioned grape," though he was then coming near his hundredth year. It is thus, as I have often noticed, that our farm-people here repair their vigour every spring-time with the new wine.

The Minhote *vin du pays* has a peculiar sharp, strong, rough, and, after some use of it, not an unpleasant flavour, which they who drink it habitually consider essential, and call *rascante.* It is this quality which the farmer means when he drinks a draught of right Minho wine, and putting down the cup says, "*Tem alma!*" (It has a soul!) The wines made in the south of the country are richer and sweeter, but they are flat and flavourless compared with ours—soulless things. The exact value of a "soul" in a pipe of wine I find is £2 sterling, this sum representing the difference in price between a pipe of Minhote wine and one from the "soulless" vintages to the south of us.

It is a remarkable circumstance in regard to the broad district I have described, and to parts of the land far beyond its borders, that the great wave of adversity which has come

over the farmers of all Western Europe, with cheap corn from the west, and from the east, and from the south, starving the peasantry and bringing discontent and disaster in its train, has never reached this corner of the Continent.

From the banks of the Douro northwards to the river Minho, which separates us from Spain, is the province of Entre Douro e Minho—for shortness called Minho—a district a little larger than Lincolnshire, and considerably less than Yorkshire. It is not by any means a naturally rich or productive land, except in so far as the tillers of it have made it rich, yet is it crowded with a rustic population of over a million souls, who live in peace and plenty and contentment. The farms are small, running from five to twenty-five acres, and the landlords who once ruled over broad estates have ceased from out the land, through no revolution, through no sudden royal edict, or vote of a democratic assembly. No Land Act was ever passed to despoil them of their estates, no ordinance of a secret, tyrannous *vehmgericht*, beyond the law, has ever confiscated their rents, nor have the owners of them been dispossessed and disposed of in more summary fashion from behind walls and hedges. Yet they have gone under during the vicissitudes of the centuries, owing their disappearance into the background to sundry causes, the chief of them being their own *fainéantise*. Other causes have concurred, such as the use of better methods of farming, the

discovery of maize, with its greater yield, and above all, the gradual lessening of the purchasing power of gold and silver, so that what would once buy an acre will now hardly suffice to rent a rood. The result of all this is, that though a nominal landlord exists as a person to whom rent is periodically paid, he does not live on or near the land, and he has no interest in it beyond the rent, has no power over it whatever save the wholesome one for the community, that he can evict in certain specified cases of deliberate and hurtful waste. The rent was once no doubt a fair one, but now it has dwindled to a mere quit-rent. Therefore the small farmer is a yeoman who practically owns the farm he tills. He holds his land indeed by a tenure which is very nearly equivalent to what we know in England as copyhold, and many of its incidents are identical with copyhold. It is the largely predominating holding in the Minho province, though not the only one.

The farmer is prosperous. I do not say so on the authority of returns and statistics. There are no such documents in this country, and I should not trust to them if there were. I say so because I have had a farm of my own for many years past, and because I have seen much of my brother farmers, and am acquainted with their ways, and knowing the men I know their present welfare.

The explanation of the well-doing of the Minhote farmer is, to my mind, to be found, first, in his personal ownership of

his acres, and in the loving and strenuous and thrifty husbandry occasioned thereby; secondly, in the innate energy of his character, evolved through many generations of struggle and of survival; thirdly, in certain wise land laws which deal with the subdivision of estates, and hinder that subdivision from going so far as to bring inevitable beggary to the land-holder; fourthly, and perhaps some would say chiefly, in the imposition of very heavy corn duties. That it may be evident that this last sentence comes from me without bias, and indeed somewhat against the grain, I beg to premise that I am myself a staunch Free Trader. I can no more understand there being two rational opinions on this question in the mind of any one who examines it impartially, than that there should be two opinions on the theorem of the square of the hypothenuse. For all that, it would, I think, be blindness not to see, and the most partisan and doctrinaire of Free Traders, with the facts fairly before him, could not fail to perceive, that the Portuguese farmer is doing well to some extent because of Protection.

Maize from abroad pays a tax of 12*s.* 6*d.* on the imperial quarter, and other corns are taxed in proportion, so that the Minhote farmer can grow these cereals with a comfortable profit. In consequence of this he can buy freely at the village shop; in consequence of it he, his wife and his children, eat well and sleep warm. Every member of the Portuguese

community is weighed down by a burden of Protective duties, varying from 25 per cent. to 75 per cent. or more, on the value of everything from abroad that they eat, or drink, or wear, or sleep on, or drive in, ride on, play with, or smoke. The immediate bad economic result is, that the Portuguese nation cannot compete abroad with its less highly taxed rivals, and that the export of manufactured goods is practically *nil.* Yet with all this deliberate flying in the face of sound political economy, the nation, which never guesses how much richer, and probably how much more miserable, it would be if it were more logical in its legislation, does actually thrive and prosper and live content. There has neither been serious commercial depression here nor any shadow of agricultural distress.

These facts are, I believe, to be reconciled with sound Free Trade doctrine by regarding such universal Protection as prevails in Portugal in a light in which I do not remember ever yet to have seen it regarded, viz. as being a long step in the direction of Socialism. Protection is very clearly a hinderer and diminisher of a nation's wealth, but it is also a distributer. That Portugal would be a richer nation than it is under Free Trade is easily demonstrable; that Protection abates her wealth is provable by every sound argument that establishes the Free Trade doctrine; but it is not, that I know, an accepted dogma that Protection disseminates the

wealth that is left, among people who might be laid bare of employment and earnings by Free Trade. Protection is essentially a tax upon the *rentier* class, upon all those who live on an income which their own labour is not at the moment engaged in earning. Therefore Protection, so far as it goes in Portugal, is nothing less than a form of Socialism.

The Free Trader may urge that the capital and industrial energies of the country, if relieved of the oppression of Protection, would find natural and remunerative development in other channels. Undoubtedly they would in time, but at the cost of a social revolution, enormous misery, and the bringing down of the farmer class—seven-eighths of the whole community—to the same ruin that has overtaken our farm people in England. Now, this is just what no Portuguese statesman would contemplate for a moment, and what not even the most irresponsible politician in search of a "cry" would think of. Nay, more, the very manufacturers and their men, who themselves subsist by reason of Protective duties in a country entirely without any natural monopolies of native coal or ores, and without any abundance of capital, would not listen to a proposed free trade in corn, for they depend for their customers upon the peasantry and those who work for them. If the yeoman farmers were brought to poverty the manufacturer would lose his only market. So that if by some miracle the Portuguese corn duties,

which so obviously hinder the manufacturer and the small trader in their business, were swept away to-day, the manufacturers and traders would themselves insist on their re-establishment to-morrow. The antagonism between the interests of the artisan and the farmer, which in our own country so effectually bars the way to Protection, and even to its cousin Fair Trade, does not exist in Portugal.

So much for the social and the commercial aspects of the question; the political one is infinitely more important and infinitely more interesting. Portugal, with a scanty population, has held her own for nine centuries against a powerful neighbour, who has often been an active enemy, who was during one period a great conquering power, and who may any day become hostile and powerful again. The fighting men of Portugal, who have maintained her liberties, and who once, when they were lost, recovered them by miracles of valour, have at all times been drawn from the sturdy peasant classes, and therefore upon their number and prosperity the very life of the nation depends. Rather than sacrifice its peasantry the nation would be willing, and perhaps would be wise, to oppose the teachings of the science which discountenances Protection, and utterly to defy all the professors of all the colleges in the world.

The voice of the economic scientist is a sweet voice

enough if he will not sing too long or too loud, but there is a sweeter one still to be heard at this season of the year in rural Portugal along wooded brook-sides and in the thickets among the mountains; it is that of the glad herald of the spring, the nightingale, ἦρος ἄγγελος ἱμερόφωνος ἀηδών.

I remember an interesting account by an American of his travels through Southern England in search of the nightingale. At last he got within hearing of the bird, and was rewarded with such a song as, he admitted, startled him with its beauty. To a cultivated American, a lover of the older English poets that are common to him and us, and knowing the enthusiasm for this songster which has been handed down through all the generations of poets since Sappho sang, I can imagine the hearing of this simple old-world music repayment enough for all the vexations of the voyage across the ocean. Yet this American writer heard the nightingale in the first week in June, when its song has lost half its music, though even then it is sweeter, more passionate, and higher than that of any bird that sings. I should like him who could so enjoy this song to be here in some mountain woodland valley—

> "When the South inspires
> Life in the spring, and gathers into quires
> The scattered nightingales."

This is no poetic exaggeration at all: I have heard them

singing in literal "quires" on the banks of the Kaima and Pindello streams, and in broad daylight as well as through the night. They strain their throats in a confusion of sweetness, and their song mingles with the rippling of the waters and the breathing of the west wind, the same divine wood-song that Hesiod and Homer heard.

It hardly wants this link with old and simpler ages to make one ask oneself sometimes, in this beautiful land of soft airs and genial sunshine, if the older poet's imagining of the happy pastoral life was after all what the modern pessimist contends it is, nothing but a foolish dream. Here a man may look about him and almost forget how the world has grown older and sadder. Here he will see the ploughman and the carter guiding oxen in size and shape such as the ancient Romans bred, yoked to such primitive ploughs or carts as we can still see on Greek and Roman coins. Their rules and methods of tillage are the same simple and often foolish ones as the ancients followed; the old heathen superstitions still mingle with the new religion; the people's language is liker to the old one that came from Rome than any still extant, and ploughman and wagoner and reaper, the shepherd in his goat's-skin coat and the maiden with her distaff, might all take their places in some such rural procession as we see sculptured on a Roman bas-relief of the Augustan age. The very aspects of nature, the genial

air, the vines and olive trees, the rocks, valleys, running streams, the song of birds and murmuring of bees on thymy hills, are all such as the sweetest of all pastoral poets used as accompaniments to his idyllic song of a happy rural life. From just such craggy mountain sides overlooking the sea as Theocritus sang of, and beneath just such a tall stone-pine as he describes, does the Portuguese shepherd lad of to-day rest to take his mid-day meal of bread and olives, and look down upon the creeping waves of the blue ocean far below his feet; just as in those ancient days does he bare his sunburnt breast to the cool sea-breeze and hears it in the branches overhead, the very ἁδὺ ψιθύρισμα, the sweet whispering pine music, that the poet listened to in Sicily twenty centuries ago.

Travelling through this Minho province, this garden of Portugal, made so by man's incessant loving labour, no one can fail to notice how the land is most unscientifically ill-tilled, and every mistake and shortcoming apparent that a modern enlightened farmer would smile at—the "unimproved" plough, made of a crooked tree branch; the "unimproved" cows, that give but a fifth of the milk of a Gloucester or an Alderney; the grass-blades slowly and painfully reaped by a toy reaping-hook and carried long distances on the heads of men and women. It is all too utterly stupid and old-world; and yet every one is thriving

and content. The little houses are snug and warm, the cattle sleek under their masters' kindly eyes, the tiny granaries full to overflowing, the men on Sundays and feast days well dressed, well fed and light-hearted, the women comely and gay in their coloured bodices and bright silk kerchiefs, and their necks covered with a sensible weight of old-fashioned gold jewellery. The valleys are ringing with the joyous antiphons of youths and girls, that speak as plainly of their content with life and of their hopefulness, as the spring song of the birds tells of theirs.

Seeing nothing at all of this, but with his eye only upon the waste and backwardness of the land, the stern economist can tell us how, by converting the little holdings into farms of a thousand acres, by throwing down hedges and walls and ploughing hundred-acre fields with steam-ploughs, by converting the yeomen into farm-labourers on a daily wage, by introducing shorthorns and Devons, and Newcastle ploughs, and patent grubbers and scarifiers, and oil-cake, and superphosphates, the province might easily double its produce.

All this might possibly be done with gain of wealth to the nation, but what would become of the countless households, each a centre of the world to itself, each with its simple hopes and joys, each a nursery of this sturdy race of rustic men and women, who have painfully terraced the

hill-side, led the water for miles along the stone-built conduits, and made the barren wilderness to smile? What would be the lot of these families, with the pride of proprietorship burning in the heart of each of its members, each one a lover of his home and his country, and every man ready to fight his country's enemies for its freedom?

The statesman who has the destinies of such a people in his hands is surely not wise if he listens only to the barren logic of the political economist, and leaves out of his reckoning the human factor there is in all things human. He only is truly wise who can "look before and after," and who takes into account the wants and weaknesses of human nature; who can consider each individual integer that makes up the multitude, and follow out his fortunes through the far-off ordeal that science is preparing for him.

From this point of view the old theory of the ideal, happy, pastoral life is not, perhaps, quite so foolish a thing as might be supposed from the derision of it by the critic of farm-life at home, who sees the farmer worried about his rent, his poor unlearned brain distracted by the complications that come in the train of improved machinery, new systems of rotation and culture, and misleading analyses of manures and soils; who sees the labourer pinched with hopeless want, nipped with cold in winter, and ending a middle life of rheumatism with an old age of imprisonment

in the workhouse. It is an unlovely picture at best, and now, with the slow, inevitable decline of agriculture in the North, a terrible one. This is the pass to which the rigid economists have brought us! Which is the Fool's Paradise of the two—theirs, or the poet's idyllic dream of pastoral life? Is there no escape from this, that rural men and women are for ever to earn their scanty bread in bitterness, and be for ever denied the common hopefulness and joys of other men? If the political economist's ideal is the right and only one, and men in pursuit of wealth have no alternative but to drag their brother men into such misery, then the old saying, "Homo homini lupus," is true. Men are then, still, men's greatest enemies, and the classic maxim is true also, and gold is still the scourge wherewith human beings lash themselves.

These ancient sayings are not scientifically correct; they do not overlook and pass by all human and humane considerations, to reach a logical conclusion; but perhaps, after all, they are truer in the higher sense for that very omission.

Political economy is, of course, strictly in the right when it shows us the straight road to wealth. It is necessarily the shortest road, but it leads through oppression, and mourning, and woe. For three generations we Englishmen have had for our goal the wealth of the nation; now let

us try to attain its happiness. It is the nobler goal if we can reach it.

I would not for a moment be taken to mean that sentimental considerations should make us forget the plain laws of human society, or contend that the idle and worthless and violent are to be yielded to because they beg, or clamour, or threaten. Just the contrary; and I would use a very short way with them, if I had my will. Surely, however, there is a limit to logic, and science may be a good measuring-rod and compass to have at hand to test our own or our friend's foolish doctrine with, but the worst staff in the world to lean on, and the falsest of compasses to guide our steps by alone.

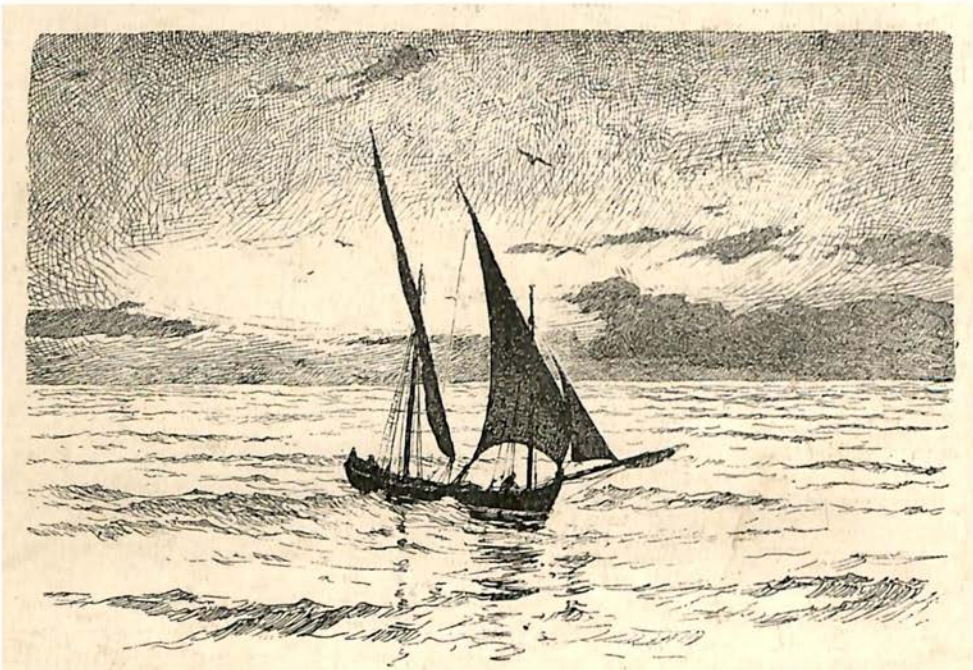
Again, I am not asserting that a golden age ever existed anywhere out of a poet's imagination, far less that it exists here in Portugal; but I will say this, that after travelling over most of the countries of Europe, I have found nowhere a pastoral life so like what the poets have fabled in their legend of the golden age. And for this simple reason, that with yeoman proprietorship there can be expansion and shrinkage of welfare following good or bad luck, or good or bad thrift, and therefore the farm people who are owners too cannot well reach utter destitution and utter ruin. Come what may, there is always a roof for them to live under; if there is nothing to sell for luxuries, things

can never have got so low but what there is food to keep off starvation, and at the worst there is still hope left. True it is that toil is long and weary here as elsewhere, illness and pain hard to bear, envy sordid, jealousy keen, the carelessness of the powerful and the tyranny of the oppressor bitter, the disappointments of life many, old age sad, and death terrible (from afar at least) to all mortal men ; but here toil is sweetened by hope and rewarded by well-being, illness is made easier by the sympathy and ministrations of relatives, not borne coldly attended on by pauper nurses in a workhouse, and death itself is soothed by friends and children, and comforted by consolations which do not always appeal to those who are sophisticated by a more complicated civilization and hardened by the neglect and cruelty it engenders.

MAY.

It was not till I came to Portugal that I, an Englishman bred up amid the chill inclemencies of an English climate, could quite understand the old classical enthusiasm for this month of May. In our northern regions certainly the month mostly comes to us armed as with a sword which often is never sheathed while the month abides on our coasts. In a Portuguese May the pastoral poets of ancient Greece and Rome are justified, and the month deserves everything that ever was said in its praise. The parching heats of summer have not yet begun, the pleasantness of the spring season is still with us, cooling breezes from the north-west temper the sun's power; they are the northern fringes of the north-west trade winds, as the best of authorities on this subject, Mr. Robert Scott of the Weather Office, tells me. The vine-branches now are full of leaves, and the shade under the vine-clothed *ramadas* is already deep and refreshing at noontide. The brooks and water runlets are still brimming, and the work of irrigating the growing pastures and corn-fields is as yet easy; the fields are accordingly very

full of herbage, and the farmer finds the task of cutting the daily portion for his cattle a light one. Most of the ploughing is over, and even the maize and the gourds are sown and the kidney-beans interspersedly planted in the fields. The wine in the farmer's cask is at its best and brightest; and



OPORTO FISHING-BOAT.

as in these halcyon days little fleets of lateen-sailed fishing-boats can venture out far from land, to where the fishing is best, they return every evening laden with hake and bass and sardine and gurnet, and these fish are distributed all over the country. The farmer therefore fares well.

The month of May is accordingly to the farmer of

Portugal, as it must have been to his Greek and Roman predecessors, a time of comparative leisure and an occasion for feasting and diversion. It happens also that the two most important religious pilgrimages of the year—"*Romarias*" both to Holy Places within the district dealt with in these pages, and which each draw their tens of thousands of pilgrims—take place in May. Now these pilgrimages, engaged in by a devout and particularly light-hearted people, are by no means made the occasion of any popular austerity, and they contribute to make of May the holiday month of the year.

It is now, therefore, more even than at the gathering of the harvest, the time of song and dance. At harvest-time the peasant's body is broken and his spirits jaded with the long hours of labour, and the season of autumn has perhaps its saddening influence upon all of us who are soul-possessors, and have perception for what has gone by and passed away for ever. It is not, then, autumn but May that is the time of dance and song, of the old-fashioned games that have died out amid the civilization of the towns, but linger still on remote village greens. There is a bowling-alley in nearly every hamlet, and along the coast the fishermen on feasts and holidays use the stretchers of their boats to play a rough kind of croquet—croquet without its effeminacy.

There is a game played by youths and maidens in

Portuguese villages, the like of which I believe can be seen in no other part of the world. They stand in a great circle, and toss from one to the other—always the girls to the boys and the boys to the girls—a great unglazed bowl or jar of earthenware that costs but a halfpenny, nearly as large as a punch-bowl, but thin and light and fragile, so that not a fall only will crumble it into fragments, but even clumsy handling is enough to make it break. The jar is thrown high by the men, and lightly and quickly by the maidens, always with a spin that is not easy to get the trick of. At last it falls or breaks in the hand, and a forfeit is paid. I should suppose the game was a dull one, were it not for the chaff and laughter that go with it, but it is amusing to watch the clumsiness of some of the players, and the grace, strength, and good play of others. I have always wondered that this rural pastime has not been made a subject for a picture by a Portuguese painter.

If the ground under the vine-trellis is the parlour of the peasant, the threshing-floor is his ball-room. In the long May gloamings, a young man with his mandolin will take his way, strumming careless chords and snatches of those strange airs in the minor key which the Portuguese call *Fados*, and which are of lineal descent from music of old Moorish times. As he passes along, the girls and lads stop their labour to accompany him; lovers will interrupt their love-making

THE ENDING OF THE DAY.

to follow too, or continue their courting to the rhythmic tinkling of the mandolin. When the music and its following arrives at the dancing place, and the partners are all ranged in a circle, the dance will begin, with the strangest, slowest, most old-fashioned steps, the like whereof has not been danced under a civilized roof for centuries. The musician, or the three or four of them whose mandolins make the orchestra, dance in the round with the others, and when the time in the dancing arrives turn and set to their partners like the other dancers. For this to be possible, it may be supposed that the Portuguese peasants' dancing is not an active, capering movement, of the nature of our northern hornpipes and reels, nor any of those extraordinarily jerky and most undignified performances of Central Europe, the mazurka and polka. These peasants' dancing is of a purely Oriental kind; it is sedate in time, correspondent to a slow musical accompaniment in the plaintive minor key. It is not a series of *pirouettes* and *entrechats* like the artificial dancing of the French, nor a shuffling of the feet like our jig, nor a kicking out of the foot like the vile Hungarian dance, nor is it akin to the manlier swing-dance of the solemn German. It is a slow, rhythmic movement of the whole body, less of the feet than of the arms and hands. It is in short Oriental in character, not European, and something like it is danced along a whole belt of the earth's surface where the Oriental

invader has moved, from Teheran and Cashmere in the extreme east in a direct line to Oporto by the Atlantic Ocean's edge.

The Portuguese of the north are among the lightest-hearted people in the world, but they are never gay when they dance. It is no laughing matter with them, and in Sterne's admirable description of a Provençal dance with its accompaniment of *Viva la joia, fidon la tristessa*, he struck, as I think, a false note when he spoke of its gaiety and its joyousness, for the Provençal dancing, like that of the Peninsula, has the stamp of Oriental seriousness on it. It is an act that stirs deep emotions in the dancer that are in no way akin to merriment. During the great religious functions of the Holy Week at Seville, there is danced before the High Altar of the Cathedral a solemn and elaborate figure dance by youthful acolytes habited in the gold and silver-laced Court dresses of three centuries ago. It is in the nature of a quadrille, with slow minuet movements and posturings, and it is danced to music that has much of the character of the austere sarabands of the composer Corelli.

This religious employment of the dance is quite consonant with Peninsular feeling on the subject, and watching the Portuguese dancing, it has sometimes seemed to me to possess almost the seriousness and sanctity of a rite.

DANCE OF PEASANT WOMEN.

In May too there begins the sport of bull-fighting, in which the Portuguese of all classes take, or, to speak more correctly, long took, a passionate delight. The bull-ring in Portugal is as much the sport of the people as of the rich. At fair-time in the chief country towns, it is common for a travelling troupe of bull-fighters to set up a temporary ring, borrowing a few local bulls to show sport with. The bull-rings of Lisbon and the sub-capital Oporto are, of course, permanent institutions.

The Portuguese bull-fighting is of like antiquity with that of Spain. It has grown, no doubt, in both countries out of the arena sports of the Romans, but certainly it was modified, if it did not have a complete renaissance, in Moorish times. It seems clear that it was a common sport among the chivalrous Moors of the Peninsula to chase the half-wild bulls of the plains in various parts of Spain and Portugal on horseback, lance in hand. This practice would naturally spread to the Christians, who learnt from their Moorish enemy the use of the curb-bit, perhaps of the stirrup, and certainly of the lance. Their Moorish teachers of the art of horsemanship, of the courtesies of life, of chivalry, of the point of honour, of all, in short, that distinguishes the cavalier from the churl, must I have little doubt have imparted to their Christian pupils this manly diversion of bull-fighting. Of this there are some historical records. The great

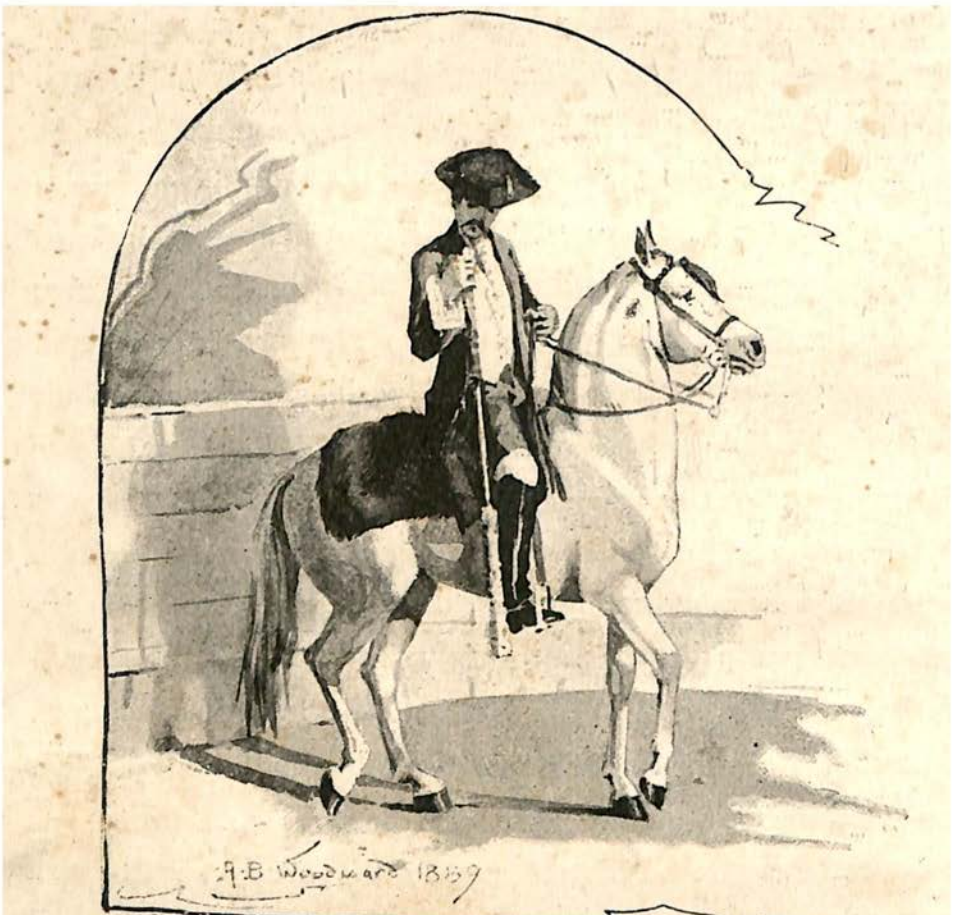
Christian hero of mediæval Spain, Ruy Dias, El Campeador, the Cid, is traditionally renowned as a bull-fighter; and that admirable artist of the bull-ring, Goya, himself an *aficionado* of the first order, has a spirited drawing of this champion of the faith engaged in killing a bull from his war-horse. In another picture by this artist, a knight in armour has lost his horse by the charge of the bull, and is despatching the animal on foot in true modern *matador* fashion.

Now, this tradition of the palmy days of the bull-ring is preserved, as every one knows, in a very degraded form in the *picadores* of the Spanish bull-ring. They are men on horseback, but the horses are broken-down cab and cart-horses, fit for no work, spiritless, with hardly life enough left in them to creep to the knacker's yard. On these wretched "screws" thus cruelly sent into the ring and given up to the fury of the bull (to the shame, as I strongly think, of the manhood of the Spanish public), are mounted the poor modern representatives of the champions, knights and warrior kings, who, spear in rest, in ancient days dared the rage of wild bulls on their war-horses. The Spanish *picador* of to-day is armed indeed; his legs are swathed in iron and leather, so that when the bull shall gore and overthrow his horse, and the horse fall on his rider, the horseman shall receive no hurt; and he carries a thing that by courtesy may be called a lance, but is liker to an ox-goad, being

in truth only a spear shaft with a nail-point at the end, which can enter no more than skin-deep. Armed with this simple weapon, the *picador* of the Spanish bull-ring on his wretched mount, himself a recruit from the lowest slums of Seville or Madrid, weighted and made more slothful and clumsy than nature intended by his defensive armour, makes no pretence to fight the bull. He does not indeed fight at all, he only gets into the bull's way when the infuriated animal first rushes into the arena. His duty is to receive the charge and yield up his horse to the horns of the bull, after some more or less ineffectual pushing at him with his pole. It is a sorry spectacle, and would be laughable if it were not grossly and shamefully cruel.

Portuguese bull-fighting is a manlier sport, though in truth not very much can be said in its defence. No knacker's yard horses are brought into the ring to be butchered unresisting. There are no *picadores* of the low Spanish type, with horses incapable of flight from the bulls, but a rider on a trained horse, the finest, most active and handsomest that can be got. Most commonly the horseman is not a professional bull-fighter, but a Portuguese gentleman by birth, of a class, that is, with whom the management of "the great horse" is a traditional accomplishment. He is neither protected by armour, nor does he carry any weapon of offence or of defence. Horse and rider preserve the traditions of

this ancient chivalrous art; the rider by wearing a rich gold-laced costume of the sixteenth century, the horse by his careful training and magnificent silken and gold caparison.



PORTUGUESE BULL-FIGHTER.

The bull in the Portuguese ring is teased but never killed, nor is there a senseless and disgusting butchery of helpless horses. To equalize the odds between the bull and his

baiters, his horns are tipped; and yet even with this handicapping the Portuguese bull has much the best of it. He is never seriously hurt; indeed, in my belief, he is never hurt at all, and he enjoys the delight—the intense delight common to all men and animals of natural courage—of being put into a boundless and justifiable rage with his enemies.

It is a magnificent sight to see a black bull from the plains of Alemtejo, a "*puro*" who has never been fought before, in his first rage and rush into the ring. He charges the first living creature in his path; the blinder and madder his rush the safer is the bull-fighter. The man holds his scarlet silken cloak in front of him, and behind its shelter darts to one side as the bull is on him, and the bull's horns meet only the silk and the empty air. A mistake of a fraction of a second in his action may cost the man his life, and the right performance of this difficult feat of cozening the bull with the cloak is the bull-fighter's first elementary acquirement.

When the bull has run at three or four of the men and failed each time to gore, the poor beast is disappointed and enraged. He stands in the centre of the ring, gazing from one to another of his foes, hesitating as to which to attack first. He paws the ground, bellowing hoarsely and shrilly in his anger; his great muscular neck is lowered and raised in terrible semblance of goring and tossing and killing an

imaginary enemy; he stamps, and fancies he is trampling an assailant under his hoofs. Sometimes he charges again and again, till his rage and wind are spent. Sometimes he turns cunning and, approaching one of the men slowly and stealthily, stalks him with deadly intent to catch and push him against the wooden barrier of the ring and crush the life out of him. This action is of course more to be feared than the bull's blind rushes, and would lead to more deaths in the ring than occur, but that the boundary of the arena, which is from five to six feet in height, is provided with a little ledge about half-way from the ground. On this the bull-fighter can place his foot and, resting his hand on the top, vault over and escape. It is amusing to see a practised bull-fighter chased by the bull across the arena, and timing his flight so exactly that he reaches the barrier and leaps over at the very moment that the bull's horns come with a resounding bang against the woodwork; sometimes, though, the man has to run as fast as his legs can carry him, and sometimes he does not run fast enough. Then the bull scores.

If a bull is not a "*puro*"—a bull fresh from the plains, unknowing of the wiles of men—if he has been fought before, he often runs cunning from the outset; and this is one reason why the Portuguese way of bull-fighting is more dangerous than the Spanish ring sport. In Spain every bull

is a "*puro*," because none ever survive the fight. I had this distinction from a Spanish bull-fighter who was fighting at Oporto. He told me too, what I should not have ventured to state on my own authority alone, that the bulls of Alemtejo were *mas valientes y mas marrajos*—of more courage and cunning—than even the famous Spanish cattle from the banks of the Jarama.

The bull-ring in Portugal has its slang, as it has in Spain, but the terminology of the sport in both countries is very unlike the brutal slang of our prize-ring. Like all slang, it is highly metaphorical, but instead of being simplified and debased and abridged and corrupted, until it suits the gross intelligences of such people as the business interests, it is refined and extended almost to tautology, till it has developed into a kind of euphuism; and I suspect it mainly derives from a time when the cultivated classes affected that euphemistic method of talk which Shakespeare derides in Osric.

The sport of bull-fighting in Portugal does not consist in slaughtering the bull after he has spent his rage and strength on horses and men, chiefly on the horses, who in Spain go down before his horns killed and wounded to death by the dozen and score at every spectacle, but to dare and tease him to increased rage, so that his assailants may show their extreme skill and courage in coming within a hair's-breadth of the peril of his horns, and yet escape wounds

and death as by a miracle. If this be true sport, then bull-fighting ranks with fox-hunting and tiger-shooting and war itself. Such practices as pigeon-shooting must be placed in some lower category.

The only offensive act which the Portuguese practise against the bull is to fix the tiny darts called *banderilhas* into his neck. The *banderilha* is a stick about a foot in length, adorned with silken ribbons and streamers; it has a projecting point, barbed, as fine as a trout-fly hook straightened out. It is not long enough to pass through the epidermis of the animal, the skin at the neck being little less than two inches through, and it is obvious enough that the bull hardly feels the prick.

I was always inclined to think that the bull could not even be aware that the *banderilhas* had pierced his skin, for he never gives a sign that he feels the prick, but I am sure of it now, after the evidence my own carter gave me when I suggested to him that this was so. He was ploughing, goad in hand, with a pair of oxen, and he told me that horned cattle had no feeling in their necks, whence the goad is never thrust against them there. He gave immediate proof of the fact by thrusting his goad into the thick skin behind where the yoke is placed without producing the smallest effect upon the ox's equanimity.

In the right fixing of these little darts in the bull's neck

is the skill of the *toreador*, both Spanish and Portuguese, chiefly shown. As the darts must be affixed on the upper part of the neck about six inches behind the horns, and on a particular spot not four inches square, and as they are placed as a rule while the animal is in the very act of charging, this feat requires a sureness and swiftness of eye, hand, and foot almost inconceivable. To see it well done is to see sport in its best form, and to do it rightly must be extraordinarily satisfactory to the performer. We Englishmen know, some of us, what it is to "drive" an unwilling horse over twelve or fourteen feet of water; what it is to "smash" a volleyed ball at lawn-tennis; what a hard, low, late cut between point and the slips is at cricket, but not any of these performances can come up to this feat of the bull-ring. The art of it, and indeed the secret of all the art of bull-fighting, is based upon the closest observation of the habits and character of the bull, just as the art of riding is based upon a perfect knowledge of a horse's ways; and as horses' tempers vary and the rider must form his action upon the indications given by every fresh horse he mounts, so do bulls too vary in disposition, A mistake in either case is accompanied by its penalty, a fall from or with the horse, or a fall before the bull; but a fall, a false step, or a false turning in the bull-ring is often followed by death, or at best broken bones.

It has been observed that a bull in act to gore invariably stays or nearly stays his course as he lowers his head. The bull when he does this is said, in the quaint, formal language of the ring, *entrar e jurisdicção e humilharse*, to enter upon his jurisdiction and to humble himself. It is during this fraction of a fraction of a second that the dart-fixer or the cloak-holder must decide on his action. To affix the darts properly, the man should hold them so that the bull, in raising his head to gore, receives their fine points in the upper part of his neck, one on either side; while the man at the same moment bounds to right or left and escapes. When the dart-fixer is on horseback the method of attack is altogether different. The rider gallops alongside of the bull and, without waiting for the animal's charge, forces his horse to close quarters, affixes the dart, and turns quickly away. The sport is more dangerous on horseback than on foot; a stumble, a mistake of pace, or an unexpected swing round of the bull's horns, may be fatal, and there is no escape, as with a dismounted man, over the barrier.

Every one of these various kinds of attack upon the bull is termed a *sorte*, in Spanish *suerte*, and there are several; one of the most extraordinary being the *sorte da vara*, the method of the pole, where the bull-fighter with a short leaping-pole in his hands runs to meet the bull in his onward rush, and as he lowers his head to gore, the bull-

fighter fixes his leaping-pole in the ground, and with its help vaults high over the body of the animal. The last time I saw this feat performed was a few months ago. The bull was a little too quick for the man, and struck the pole with his horn while the leaper was in the air; the man fell, and the bull gored and stamped upon him; but his mates rushed in bravely and rescued their companion, carrying him from the ring with no more hurt than a dislocated joint, two broken ribs, and a good many bruises.

The dart-fixer in the Portuguese bull-fight—the *banderilheiro*—is the counterpart in dress and appearance of the well-known *majo*-dressed *banderillero* of the Spanish ring. In the Portuguese bull-arena there are often Spanish as well as Portuguese dart-men. The Spaniard is always to be distinguished by his long hair, worn in a knob behind—the *moño*. The Portuguese disdains this fashion as effeminate. In skill there is not a pin to choose between Spaniards and Portuguese. The *chulos* in the Spanish sport—the clowns, supernumeraries who carry the cloak, and whose chief business it is to fill the ring, and to crowd round and divert the attention of the bull when he has got a foot-man or a rider down—are represented in the Portuguese ring by a band of men dressed in the old gala costume of the Alemtejo plains where the bulls are bred; gay, flowered chintz jackets, drab breeches, with coloured sash. They wear white stockings

and light shoes. These men are peasants of the Alemtejo plains. Their solitary weapon is a pole with a small blunt iron fork at its extremity, with which, standing in a body, they can ward off the bull's charge. This weapon gives them their name, *moços de forcado*—fork-men. At present they seldom carry the *forcado.*

When the first fury and swiftness of the animal are expended, the fork-men, who have hitherto kept within safe neighbourhood of the barrier, run in and tease and play with the bull. They have none of the alertness, grace and quickness of the Spanish *chulo;* they are round-shouldered peasants, clumsy and loose-limbed; but their strength and daring are wonderful. A common trick of theirs is to rush to the bull's side, seize his horn with the right hand and his tail with the left, surprising the bull for a moment with their audacity, and holding him thus as it were "in Chancery," escape with a quick bound as the bull recovers his presence of mind and prepares to gore.

A bolder feat still is for one of these fellows to stand in the bull's path, to challenge him, to cite him: *citar o touro* is the technical phrase. The bull is perhaps tired of ineffectual charges, ever baffled in his attacks, and he stands at bay; then the *moço* places himself in his front, throws up his arms, whistles, shouts, and defies the beast, who, suddenly lowering his head, rushes blindly upon his fresh

enemy. The man leaps upwards as the stroke is just upon him, and letting his body lie between the bull's horns, grasps them firmly with either hand as the bull lifts his head to toss. Then the animal, frustrated of his will and made more furious than before, stamps on the ground, roaring with rage, and carries the man about the ring unhurt aloft upon his horns, amid the approving shouts of the spectators.

Presently the man's companions rescue him, crowding up and seizing the bull by horns, tail, legs; pressing, pushing, leaping against his sides, neck, head and quarter, till the great beast is entangled and oppressed and hindered by the number and weight of his assailants.

But the end of this foolhardiness, mostly undertaken to please some mistress in the crowd, is sometimes tragedy, not comedy. Such a tragic ending has been exactly and most forcibly described by the great epic poet of Portugal, and I quote the passage that I may have the pleasure of quoting too Sir Richard Burton's admirable Englishing of a stanza that had baffled all previous translators of the *Lusiads*—

"Qual no corro sanguineo o ledo amante,
Vendo a formosa dama desejada,
O touro busca, e pondo-se diante,
Salta, corre, sibila, acena e brada;
Mas o animal atroce n'esse instante,
Com a fronte cornigera inclinada,
Bramando duro corre, e os olhos cerra
Derriba, fere, mata, e poẽ por terra."

The spirit of these lines, their terse linking of familiar images, and their magnificent swiftness of utterance, are not lost in Burton's—

"As in the gory ring some gallant gay
On his fair ladye-love with firm-fix'd eyes
Seeketh the furious bull, and bars his way,
Bounds, runs, and whistles; becks, and shouts, and cries;
The cruel monster sans a thought's delay,
Lowering its hornèd front, in fury flies,
With eyne fast closed; and, roaring horrid sound,
Throws, gores, and leaves him lifeless on the ground."

It is curious that the somewhat obsolete poetical word *fera*, the wild beast *par excellence*, the term used by Camoens in another stanza to designate the bull, is also the very term used to this day of the animal in the bull-ring language, the dialect of the *aficionados*, the fancy. The word fits well, for the bull in the ring is not only a savage wild beast, but at the present moment this denizen of our English fields is the only really formidable wild beast left in Europe. Indeed when he is really savage he is the only animal perhaps in the world who will, the chance given, not fly from the presence of man. I have heard as much doubtfully alleged of the wild buffalo of India and Southern Africa, and the black rhinoceros seems at times to charge unprovoked. Man's presence alone, his eye, his voice, or if civilized, perhaps his clothes, certainly his umbrella,

are by all accounts enough to put to flight the average tiger, lion, bear, leopard, wolf, hyæna, elephant, or rhinoceros; but the bull, even though he be one of our sleek and homely shorthorns or Devons, is not so easily intimidated, and an unarmed man would be wiser to cross a field with an assortment of bears and lions in it, than one with a single savage bull.

The bull of the Portuguese bull-ring is not a large animal, but he is bred for strength and activity, not for beef. He is never over-loaded with fat; he can turn as quickly as a goat, and gallop nearly as fast as a horse. He is always in "good form" for running, and so full of "go," that he often leaps the barrier that the bull-fighter has vaulted over to escape him. This barrier is no less than five feet five inches in height, for I have measured it, yet at the last bull-fight I witnessed in Oporto, four out of the ten bulls that were fought leapt this barrier, some of them several times over, and one or two cleared it without a graze. Now five foot five is a very good high jump for a man, and a phenomenal jump for a horse in the hunting-field. In my own experience it is oftener talked of than cleared on horseback.

So greatly does the bull enjoy his fighting, so sorry is he when the sport is drawing to a close, that I don't think he could ever be induced to leave the ring, though his stable-door is held wide open to him, and he knows that water is

there to quench his thirst, and a heap of fresh-cut grass for him to eat, but for the device of bringing in a troop of oxen, his companions. Even then he is often very loth to go, but the oxen are made to surround him; they wear bells round their necks, and perhaps their familiar clanking confuses him, or, reminding him of peaceful rural scenes, blunts his warlike ardour. He is tired, thirsty, glad probably to be among his own kind once more, and presently the fierce beast, so full of fight a little while before, trots quietly to his lair with the troop of oxen, amid the *bravos* and acclamations of the crowd if he has acquitted himself like a bull of spirit and courage.

Of all the months, the whole calendar round, in Portugal, there is none when the earth and all that grows thereon, the heavens that stretch above, and the airs that move between heaven and earth, are so fair or sweet, and so pleasant to earth's inhabitants as they are in May. The sun's rays are warm and not yet oppressive, the sky clear, the rivers, the streams, the brooks, and every tiny thread of running water flow full and bright, while the woods and grassy fields and moorland wastes are fullest of grace and beauty.

Other observers besides myself have noticed the singular refreshment which the night air of Portugal carries. I have given an explanation for it in a former page, in the percolation of diurnal breezes through vast aromatic pine forests.

Perhaps also it is partly due to the nearness of the great ocean, and to some daily recurring electrical atmospheric phenomenon as yet uninvestigated. This suggestion has been given to me by a well-known meteorologist.

In these days of rail and good roads through nearly the length and breadth of Portugal, there is no present need of night-travelling, as there was in quite recent years when we went about mostly on horseback. Therefore few people can now say very much of the midnight air in this country, still fewer of the meteorology of the dawn of day in spring and summer. There is, if the reader will believe me, a quality in the air at that hour which is positively intoxicating; a quality of hopefulness and refreshment that is sovereign to life, and drives off as by a charm those cankering cares that the pessimist so loves to dwell upon and exaggerate. For this early morning air the Portuguese have coined the word *rozicler;* it is a word with several meanings, one of them being "morning red," but in its secondary sense it is a term dating from the renaissance of poetry in this country. No equivalent word exists to my knowledge in any language spoken by man, and it expresses in its eight letters not only the dewy freshness of early dawn and the rosy sky gleam that usher in the day; but all that I have tried to set down here of the refreshment and recreation there is to many spirits in the interval between daybreak and sunrise.

JUNE.

On the 23rd of this month, the Eve of St. John, all the Powers of Darkness, all roaming imps and servants of Satan, all they who work their will by occult spiritual means, all witches, warlocks, wehr-wolves and fairies, all who are bound by spells and incantations, are released from the compulsion that is more or less upon them during the rest of the year. On this night alone they have full liberty to work their own good or evil wills.

Now it is too that the numbing spell is relaxed, and those men and women who have been forced to take the forms of stocks and stones, or birds or beasts, recover their true images and look upon the world again with human eyes. For a brief hour or two they are permitted to speak with the natural voices of men and women, and to beseech their fellow human beings to perform some kindly act and remove the enchantment that is upon them.

It is strange to live in the midst of a people where these beliefs, and a host of others, are as widely diffused and as

firmly held by the uneducated outside the great cities, and inside them too sometimes for that matter, as they were in our Elizabethan day. It is strange, and, to one neither a savant nor a sceptic, it is pleasant.

One cannot help wondering, from the point of view of the mere *littérateur*, that such chances should be thrown away by the many very able men of letters that Portugal possesses: chances they are such as Shakespeare possessed and used. By such a lever as these universal beliefs, a man of genius might, one would think, write a great drama, a great work of fiction, or a great poem, and move the hearts of a nation as the heart of one man.

These beliefs (I do not choose to call them superstitions) come down to our present age with a lineal inheritance, with no such break as the Voltairean age of scepticism we have passed through in England and France. The educated Portuguese reject such beliefs contemptuously, of course; but they cannot neglect them. They must accept their wide popularity. The beliefs are in truth to all of us here among the several facts of life, like sickness, health, wealth, crime, death, the sunshine and the rain. Their importance is augmented by their number and strange variety, caused, it is clear, by their deriving from so many and such various sources; for these beliefs are inherited, as I shall presently show, in part from Roman times, in part they are a relic of Moorish

occupancy, in part no doubt they descend from men in whose veins ran the blood of the autochthonous inhabitants of the land. Far the greater number of them, however, come from the sources whence comes the main origin of the rural Portuguese, and, as I suspect, that mettle in them which, through the ages, has made them a famous nation—that is, from their conquering Gothic ancestry. No doubt many beliefs and myths that seem at first sight derived from a particular race, are drawn from the common mythological stock of our Aryan forefathers.

I suppose that in all countries where a new order of things takes the place of an old one, the remembrance of the older times lives on softened as a myth tradition, with a glamour cast upon it by the imagination of succeeding generations. This is strikingly the case with traditions coming down from the time of the Moors. More than twenty generations of men have been born and died since the Moor had sway in the northern half of the kingdom, yet legends of the departed nation linger almost in every parish. Its commonest form is that of the well haunted by an enchanted Moorish maiden: *Fonte da Moura*, the Moor-girl's well. There is one within a mile of Oporto, but the civilization of the great city has invaded its sanctity and perhaps broken the spell, for I can hear of no testimony to its enchantment except its name. Near Moncorvo,

not far from Oporto, is another *Fonte da Moura*, and here its spell-bound denizen, invisible all round the long calendar of days, takes her true human shape only at dawn on the feast-day of St. John. She has been seen by the village girls when they come for water at break of dawn on St. John the Baptist's Day, spreading figs to dry in the early sun-rays. Another spring that I know of is similarly haunted, but the water-maiden has been seen by no mortal eyes; only when the waters of her spring are drawn off, her melancholy sighing can plainly be heard.

Near Regoa, on the Douro, is a *Fonte da Moura*, of which it is related that a peasant woman, coming early on St. John's Day to fill her pitcher, was besought by the inhabitant of the well, who appeared before her in likeness of a slim and most beautiful girl, to bake her a little cake in the likeness of a horse, whereby the spell lying upon her would be removed. The woman consented; but in the baking, one leg of the image was broken, and through this accident the power of the enchantment was doubled. At other wells the village girls have been asked, always on St. John's Day, by the enchanted Moorish girl for a drink of water from their pitchers, sweeter no doubt to these disconsolate immortals for having been drawn and given to them by their mortal sisters, and the girls have set their pitchers by the fountain's brim and retired a little; and though they could perceive

no human shape, they have watched awe-struck while the water in the vessels has sunk as the spirit-maiden has invisibly drunk from one after another of their pitchers.

These stories of haunted wells are common everywhere in Portugal. They take various forms. Near the castle of *Torre-de-Dona-Chama*, in the wild mountains of Tras-os-Montes, is an enchanted well. Here the Moor-maiden has appeared more than once. She is seen in likeness of a woman to the waist, thence her form is that of a serpent. So appearing once to a young man in the neighbourhood, she offered him wealth untold if he would disenchant her. To do so he must consent to let her put off all likeness of a woman's shape and come to him as a serpent, and clasp him and coil herself around him. He agreed, but when she began to wind her cold scaly folds round him and her serpent's face was near his head, a horror came upon him, and he struck the seeming reptile with a club he held in his hand. Then the creature fell down and glided away, a serpent still, but speaking with a woman's voice, and she cried out that the spell upon her was now made doubly strong. Thereupon she disappeared for ever.

Wells and springs and fountains are naturally special centres of popular interest in countries with a hot and droughty summer, and it is no wonder that the legends of the charmed Moorish women should be connected with

fountains, lakes, and water-springs. There may be another reason for the traditional belief, in the fact that it was the Moors who taught all that complicated system of raising water from wells and the conveying it through *carriers* upon the land; to this day many words connected with water are of Arabic—*nora*, for instance, the water-wheel with an endless chain of buckets, and *chafariz*, the common word here in the north for a fountain.

Wells are also in some few instances unmistakably connected with Roman times and Roman worship, and such traces of the ancient pagan faith would no doubt still be very frequent, but for the repression of the clergy, as we can read in numerous rescripts of the Church.

The old pagan rite has been observed, however, unchanged at a well called *Fonte do Leite*, Milk Spring, at Ponte da Barca, a score of miles to the north of Oporto, where the women yearly lay by its side offerings of bread and wine and flax and oil. Other fountains are crowned with flowers year after year. Offerings too are made to trees almost exactly as the old pagan cult required, and the peasant who desires to work an enchantment still carries bread and salt to a desert place, ties them in a cloth, lays a potsherd by their side filled with wine, and setting the whole round a wild laurel shrub, repeats three times a charm which is expected to cure him of the *maleitas* or ague. In some

parts of the country a little image of an ox in dough is baked and hung up as a charm in gardens and orchards just in the same way as images were hung to branches of trees in classic times in ancient Italy.

In all these points the Roman traditions are extant, and no doubt in many where my feeble archæology cannot trace the tradition. The fact is that the Portuguese inheritance from Roman times is to this day extraordinarily great. The modern Portuguese has indeed, through all the vicissitudes of fortune, through many revolutions, and the crumbling of three foreign dynasties, never lost touch with Latin influences and the great Roman civilization that was once dominant in Lusitania. His language proves it best, more like the tongue of ancient Rome than any still spoken among men; so like, indeed, that long sentences and even sonnets have been written in Portuguese that will pass for Latin. The Portuguese, moreover, has still the old classic delight in literary form; it is apparent in the people's songs and even in the people's proverbs. Well-known Latin hexameters that had once won the popular ear, though they have lost their old form, have yet not quite died in the people's memories. They have indeed ceased to be Latin, and of course they have ceased to be hexameters, yet they still live on. One such instance has always greatly struck me. No nation with the Southern sense of word-music and word-wit

could ever forget a line which conveys a common truth so shrewdly and so well as—

"*Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo.*"

It is preserved in Portugal in a vernacular proverb, losing its metrical for a rhythmic form, but hardly anything of its neatness and force, in—

"*Agua molle em pedra dura*
Tanto dá até que fura."
"Water-drops on hard stone falling,
Fall so long they pierce by falling."

The most sombre of the traditionary beliefs in rural Portugal certainly go back to far beyond the time of the Moors, beyond even the period of the entry into the Peninsula of the nations from Central Europe. The wehr-wolf legends must come from Roman times; for the term for the man-wolf in Portuguese is *Lobis-homem*, hardly a change from the Latin *Lupus homo;* though it is more than probable that in substance if not in form the wehr-wolf legends are older than the Roman nation itself. The tradition of a human being assuming some savage wild beast's shape is certainly one of the most diffused through many portions of the old world. It takes many forms in Portugal. A common belief is that of seven children of the same parents, one, either a son or a daughter, is fated before the age of puberty arrives to turn into a *corredor*—a night-ranger—that is, to

become that which is preliminary to being a true wehr-wolf or *lobis-homem.* The *corredor* need not necessarily assume a wolf's shape; indeed, he as often takes that of a hare, a wild-cat, or a fox; but of nights he must assume this animal's likeness and range through woods and desert places. The *corredor*, by all I can learn, harms no one but himself, and when he returns to his human shape and right senses is unconscious of his nightly wanderings; but he is always to be recognized by excessive leanness, wild eyes, and a pale and haggard face.

The *corredor* steals from his bed, and climbing the highest tree in the neighbourhood, strips to the skin and hides his clothes in the branches; then, descending to the ground naked, he is instantly transformed into bestial shape with all the habits belonging to the beast whose form he puts on. He is endowed with supernatural speed, and can outstrip man and all other animals.

The child with this fate to undergo passes a novitiate of seven years as a *oorredor*, and then, unless the spell be broken, he turns to a true *lobis-homem*, a *versi-pellis*, a wolf-man or a wolf-woman (the female of this terrible human wild beast is known as *lobeira*). Whether male or female, it is a fierce creature, with appetites exaggerating those of the wolf it resembles, and whose strength and swiftness are greater than those of any wolf. It is now no longer harmless, but

leaps upon and devours other animals; and its special delight is in the slaughter and devouring of children.

When once the change into the true *lobis-homem* or *lobeira* has taken place, I understand that the wolf-man or woman can never again be reclaimed into the ranks of common humanity; but the spell upon a *corredor* can be broken. It needs but for its clothes to be found and burnt, or for blood to be drawn from its own body while in the form of a beast; then the spell is broken, the animal turns into human shape, waking amazed as from a sleep-walking dream, and recovering the human soul which the *lobis-homem* must inevitably forfeit. Tales are many where a particularly savage wolf, being sorely wounded by some peasant in a midnight fray, has yet escaped by a seeming miracle. The next morning the unsuspected brother or sister of the peasant himself is seen with a wound of identically the same nature, and so has proved to be nothing but a foul *lobis-homem* or *lobeira*.

The folk-myths of modern Portugal are extremely numerous, and though the same myths or near likenesses of them are to be found in other parts of the world, non-Aryan as well as Aryan, I yet think that many myths will be found in Portugal not only in fuller and more authentic form than elsewhere, but also as it seems to me in a more perfectly artistic shape. If this be so, I would ascribe it less to any

conservative instinct in the Portuguese, less even to the fact of the isolation of this kingdom from disturbing influences, than to the very distinct artistic craving peculiar to a highly-endowed Southern race, the intelligent emotional craving that is everywhere at the root of right literature, and that asks in all narrative for an intelligent beginning, a suitable procession and development, and a congruent and fitting consummation.

It is not to be supposed that a myth, a ballad, or a tale is ever handed down through hundreds of generations unaltered, or uncorrupted by some passers on, or unimproved by others, as a material possession might be—a bit of jade, a bronze weapon, or some sacred fetish. The spoken tradition breathes, as it were, with the life of each generation that has passed it on, and speaks to us now with the voices of all these uncountable men and women. That is the interest these things bear for one who is not an archæologist. He cares less to have repeated to him, when once he has been told, the general fact that almost every popular myth is common to almost every race. He is ready at present to take this really important fact, so often proved, on trust.

The existing Portuguese mythology is, as I have said, a full one, and derives from many sources, as the bare naming of its *dramatis personæ* will testify. There are, for instance, the *Olharapos*, giant ogres of the Cyclops kind, one-eyed

cannibals, fierce and man-hating. There are mediæval and Gothic giants and dwarfs, classical Amazons, and Sirens of the sea. There are the *Fadas* or fairies, and the *Hirã* who is a being born of Christian parents, a female child, as other children are born, but at the age of twelve it turns into a serpent, glides away, and is seen no more.

The *Fradinho de mão furada*, the friar with the pierced hand, is apparently a shape assumed by Satan himself, for he has been seen and heard at the Witches' Sabbath, receiving the unholy reports of his subordinate warlocks and witches, all naked, and all foully anointed and disguised with a black unguent, who kiss his pierced hand in token of allegiance. *Pesadello*, the nightmare, takes human shape, but is certainly a form of the foul fiend himself. Another shape in which he appears to the Portuguese peasant is the invisible being who wields the *Mão de Ferro*, the iron hand, which strikes the unwary wanderer in desert places by night with stunning blows upon the face. There is also *Trasgo*, the spirit of the mist, in spite of which title he mostly frequents houses, and chiefly torments women. *Tardo* is the night-wandering demon in *propriâ personâ*. There is a supernatural being familiarly known as *Pedro de Malasartes*, Peter of evil devices, whom I believe to be rather a powerful and maleficent magician than one of hell's own confraternity.

Among the members of the Portuguese Demonology is

one being who differs from all the others in that he alone is wanting in anthropomorphic entity. He is a shapeless, formless, soundless terror, *O Medo*,—Panic,—and he assails solitary men and overcomes them with unreasoning fear, and at times drives them into insanity, and prompts them to leap down precipices to their destruction.

Of all the shapes of terror that people the rural parts of Portugal, and are potent to work evil upon the human race, the chief are the *Bruxas*, the witches. It is to avert their evil influence that in Northern Portugal every ox-yoke on May Day bears a slip of broom, and that every cart, plough, the door of every stable, cattle-lair and sheep-fold is adorned on that day with a sprig of this mystic shrub; that horse-shoes, or better, mule-shoes (with an uneven number of nail-holes) are nailed against house doors; that young animals of every kind, pigs, goats, sheep, and especially young mules and donkeys, carry a red woollen thread round their necks; that men and women wear amulets, and that innumerable precautions are taken when a child is born; for the *Bruxas* are vampires, and love to suck the blood of young children and of young animals. Their influence is crossed by the use of the cabalistic pentad, the so-called seal of Solomon, which is very commonly to be seen engraved on carts and ox-yokes and painted on boats—for there are sea-*Bruxas* to be provided against as well as witches of the land.

The *Bruxas* are omnipresent, and no one who has to do with the peasants can be a day without hearing mention of them. The fisherman at sea often believes he sees them dancing among the white crests of the waves, and fancies he can hear the sound of their singing amid the murmur of the waters. So frequently, indeed, does the fisherman see and hear them that he has lost all fear of the water-witches. The sea-*Bruxas* indeed seem to be harmless folk, and are not to be confounded with the *Sereias* or Sirens, who are much more to be dreaded. The *Bruxas* would seem to love all kinds of water, except that which is still, and at midnight they may be seen, in scanty white garments, paddling in the running water of wooded streams. They take the aspect of water-fowl if they are too closely watched, but their true form is that of fair and slender women. Their laughter (very characteristic of *Bruxas*) and the clapping of their hands may often be heard when they themselves are hidden by the darkness of night.

A story is told of a carter who, coming from Ponte de Barca to Oporto, and passing along the Barca river by midnight, distinctly heard the splashing of water in the river shallows, and heard the well-known laughter of *Bruxas*. He was a man of courage who loved a jest, and instead of crossing himself, or touching iron or bread, or repeating some charm against evil spirits, he most rashly called out,

"Wash yourselves clean, *Bruxas!*" The effect was almost as great as in Tam O'Shanter's case. The sounds immediately ceased, and the next moment the carter was laid low by a blow upon the head, delivered, he declared afterwards, as by an iron club.

I understand that if the *Bruxas* are ever visible, it is by their own desire alone. For the most part they are not to be seen by mortal eyes, even when there are plain signs and tokens of their presence; but it is not to be supposed that beings shaped like beautiful and slender women should not at times feel a strong longing for the materialization of their fair proportions.

The *Bruxas* are often to be heard in the vast of night, flying high overhead. The beat of wings is then plainly audible, and sometimes cries and a whistling noise; at times the confused sound of weird laughter comes down to the listener from the upper air.

A pair of scissors laid open so as to form a cross is sovereign against *Bruxas*, for they cannot abide where metal is, and the cross thus formed is likewise contrary to malign influences of every kind. Garlic too is strongly antipathetic to these beings, and the peasant eats a clove, to insure his day's work against evil chances, in the morning before he goes out; and if he is taking a pig to market, he is careful to rub its sides well with one or three or five cloves of the same

herb. Some people carry about with them at all times, as a protection against the *Bruxas*, on a string round their necks, a little bag which holds a chip of stone from the altar, a bay leaf, a leaf of rue, one from the olive tree, and a sprig of the *Herva da Inveja*, a plant of which I do not know the English name.

Though I have translated *Bruxas* by witches, they are not witches in our English sense at all, not women under compact with the evil one, but maleficent spirits of the air, female of sex, who hold very unrighteous relations with the Prince of Darkness. The true witch is *Feiticeira*, the worker of magical spells, *Feitiços*.

Besides these spiritual beings that are so powerful to work mischief on mankind, there are many supernatural influences in nature that are purely beneficent. There are the *Mouras encantadas* already spoken of, the sad Moorish maidens under enchantment, who are always grateful for services rendered to them, as is proved in this legend that is told in the neighbourhood of Moncorvo.

A farmer in that place was in the habit of weighting his harrow with a heavy square stone, little guessing that this stone was nothing less than a Moorish woman compelled by magic to assume the shape of a stone. One day, working in his field with his harrow, he heard a voice in the air bidding him break off a corner of the stone and carry the

fragment to his house. He was then to return and cast the stone into a deep pool of the river Sabor that flowed through his fields. He obeyed, and as the water splashed up from the plunge, there arose from the river with the splashing of the waters the sound of unearthly laughter. The farmer easily guessed that he had ended some enchantment, and going home was made sure of it, for the fragment of stone had turned into a lump of pure gold.

Another yeoman farmer of Morellos was accustomed in summer to let one of his milch cows feed on an unfrequented mountain side. Observing that in the evening she came back short of milk, he one day followed her, and presently saw the animal enter an opening among the rocks which he had never observed before. Still following her, he found himself in a dark cavern through whose long windings the cow found her way very quickly. At length she reached a place where the cavern opened out into a sort of chamber, and there stopping, she yielded her milk to a huge snake. When the man set about driving his cow back, the snake spoke in a female voice, declaring she was no reptile, but a Moorish woman suffering under a magic spell, and she promised the farmer to convert his harrow into gold if he would allow the cow to visit her every day. He was to bind the harrow on the animal's back, but on no account to utter the name of God till he reached home. To all this

he consented, but on the way he forgot his promise, and as he drove the animal before him he called out the phrase that is in the peasant's mouth twenty times a day—*Valhete Deus!*—God help thee! Immediately the harrow that he had bound to the cow's back fell in dust to the ground.

I think it is peculiar to Portuguese mythology that oxen themselves act as a charm, and are sovereign against all the evil influences of the air, the waters, and the earth. A peasant who stands among his oxen is secure from all magic hurt whatever. The mule on the other hand has no good repute. He is an uncanny animal, and the peasants say it comes of a mule having eaten the straw in the manger wherein the infant Saviour was laid. The goat is, as might be supposed, in very ill repute too, for it is the goat's shape that the enemy of man most frequently assumes, as he does in other countries of Europe.

They tell a strange tale too of an ancestor of the Portuguese house of Haro, who, going one day a-hunting and being separated from his companions, heard from a mountain top the voice of a woman singing, the sweetest voice and most ravishing air his ears had ever taken in. He climbed the mountain, still guided by the voice, and at its summit saw, sitting on a ledge of rock, a woman supremely beautiful, but whose feet and legs were those of a goat. Notwithstanding this peculiarity the hunter was so captivated

by her loveliness as to offer her marriage. She consented, with one condition, that he should abstain from uttering any holy name whatever. For some years he observed this condition faithfully, but one day at table he spoke the name of Our Lady. His wife immediately gave a loud cry, and fled from the house towards the mountains, and with such swiftness that none could overtake her. Her husband and children never saw her more.

Among wild animals the wolf naturally is of ill omen, this fierce and hungry animal having his own sins to bear as well as those he commits when he is magically possessed by the souls of men and women. One belief prevails about the wolf that was held in classic times in Italy, namely, that if a wolf sees a human being and is not himself perceived, it causes loss of speech to the man. The wolf of the mountains hereabouts is the black wolf, *Canis Lycaon*, a larger and fiercer beast than the common gray wolf of the rest of Europe.

It is a noticeable thing that in Portugal there seem to be two parallel lines of traditionary opinion in regard to the dog. One, that comes, I suppose, from Moorish and Mahometan times, is that he is an accursed beast; the other, which seems to have been inherited from the Gothic races, or perhaps derives something from classic times, sets the dog high in esteem and affection. In the province of Beira-

Alta, a stronghold of the Gothic race, and a pastoral region, the shepherds who live in the mountains hold the very breath and saliva of dogs to be of sovereign effect in wounds and scratches. These shepherds show their esteem for the dog too by having bred the Serra d'Estrella race of wolf-hounds, one of the noblest breeds of dog in existence.

On the other hand, in Southern Portugal, where Moorish influence had later sway, and where probably Moorish blood may run in the peasants' veins more freely than in the north, the howling of a dog by night, which the northern Portuguese disregard, is held to be of very evil augury. A southerner hearing it after dark, slips his feet for a moment out of the Moorish slippers he wears, and repeats this counter-charm—

"*Tudo o auguro*
Sobre teu couro."
"On thy leather alight
All the ills of this night."

Round several kinds of birds popular myths and beliefs have gathered; for instance, the house-martin is greatly esteemed and respected. His pendent nest must on no account be broken from the eaves. To do so is to invite misfortune, for the martin flies every day to heaven, there to wash our Lord's feet; and therefore the bird's young ones are always left in peace. The people have noticed, what naturalists too have recorded, that of the hosts of birds of

the swallow kind which migrate in autumn, but a few return. The popular rhyme is—

"*Andorinhas loucas*
Ides muitas, vindes poucas."
"Rash swallows, ye do seldom learn,
Flying southwards, to return."

The hoopoe is another bird of good omen, and his cry, that sounds like "*Poupa! Poupa!*" seems to the peasants to bid them be thrifty, *Poupar* signifying in Portuguese to save.

The legend of the cuckoo is the same that prevails in Western Europe. I mean the belief that is conveyed in this common rhyme of peasant girls, who sing—

"*Cuco da carrasqueira!*
Quantos annos me dá solteira?"
"Cuckoo in the holm-oak tree,
How many years ere I marry me?"

Then they count the bird's call for an answer.

Of the grosser legend connected with the cuckoo, I greatly doubt whether it is not a purely literary myth, dating, in this country at least, only from Renaissance times. The legend exists here, but not, to my knowledge, generally among the peasants.

As may be supposed, plants and flowers of every kind play an important part in the folk-myths of Portugal. All

of them that are helpful to mankind in their constant contention against the spirits of mischief are doubly helpful when they are gathered in this month of June, and on the morning of St. John's Day, as this common *cantiga* will show—

"Toda-las hervas têm prestimo
Na manhã de San João,
Só o trevo de q'atro folhas,
Colhida na má tenção."
"Every herb has sovereign power
On the feast-day of Saint John;
Save the four-leaved shamrock only,
Plucked with ill-intentión."

Flax and hemp are both held in high esteem; but that, I think, is the case in most European countries. A plant or an animal must naturally owe something of its popular repute to its name, and to whether it enters easily into verse. If the popular rhymester cannot rhyme with it, it is not likely to be remembered for good or ill. Flax in Portuguese is *Linho*, and hemp *Canhamo*, the Portuguese *h* being equivalent to our *y*. Therefore both words can come easily into song. Now as much cannot be said for "flax," a word cacophonic enough to ruin any couplet that ever was made. Therefore is it that no rhymester has fixed the flax-plant in English popular memory, while the hemp, as every one knows, is abundantly honoured in English verse, doggrel and true poetry. Taylor, the water-poet, has—

"Where hemp-seed grows no evil weed can grow:
No cockle, darnel, henbane, tare or nettle
Near where it is can prosper, grow or settle."

Round the king-fern, *Osmunda Regalis*, on the eve of the same feast-day, when the powers of the night have special influence, the devil dances with the *Bruxas*. It is not safe at this season to go near; but he will have all his wishes fulfilled who will then gather the fern-seed; a hard task indeed, for to my knowledge the king-fern gives its seed in late autumn only. I have not heard whether he who carries the seeds "walks invisible," but I think not.

Flowers and plants are, here as elsewhere, intimately and magically connected with the affairs of love. On St. John's Eve lovers use to cut rushes of equal length, and laying them by till morning, one or the other is then certain to be found the longer of the two. The one which is the longer is that of the lover whose love shall most endure.

There is a well-known Portuguese garden shrub, called *Alecrim* (commonly translated rosemary, but it is a species of *Diosma*), round which many sentimental lovers' sayings have grown. The plant has a sweet aromatic smell, and the leaves are of a beautiful velvety green. The rhyme goes that—

"*Quem junto do Alecrim passou,*
E um raminho não colheu,
De seu amor não se lembrou."

"He who from bush of Rosemary
Plucks not as he passes by,
Certain 'tis that this doth prove
He forgets his absent love."

There are also magic flowers, too rare, alas! which to find is certain fortune. Among them is the *Lirolar*. It is related of the Lirolar that three brothers once came upon it in full bloom. The two eldest, jealous of their younger brother, and determined to share the coming wealth between themselves alone, slew him then and there, and straightway buried his body on a lonely hill-side. From the boy's grave there grew a cane, and of it a shepherd who fed his flocks on the hill made a pipe, but when he tried to play upon it there came no music, only these rhymes—

"*Não me toques, meu pastor,*
Não me deixes tocar!
Que meus irmãos me mataram
Por causa da flor do Lirolar."
"Simple shepherd, let me be:
My brothers twain my murtherers are;
They slew me in their cruel spite
All for the flower of the Lirolar."

As to what species and genus the Lirolar is of I can say nothing, nor have I cared to inquire of the learned; for I believe it grows in regions where they have never botanized; namely, there where elfin steps have passed and

the horns of elf-land been heard to blow. I am certain only that its virtues are magical, and that it brings its finder great wealth.

These strange superstitions, this faith rather in things not patent to the senses, these strivings to find shape and substance for the images cast by their own innate emotions, for their aspirations after what is good and happy, and their fears of what are evil and malign, are surely of deep significance. There are many, I am persuaded, who still think so even in this age where certain honest materialist-minded men are endeavouring to bring the matters which most concern our human existence to merely logical and absolutely unspiritual tests. For these scientific considerers, when the mere archæological aspect of such myths as have now been described is exhausted, their interest ends. To others it is just at that point that their highest interest begins.

The peasant's superstitions are in truth the peasant's poetry; they are the rude and perhaps clumsy expression of his conceptions of the unseen world. It is just this, just these blind searchings for truths that lie outside the confines of our senses, that the super-scientist would desire to confiscate, seeking to substitute for them logical appraisement of the merely material, provable facts of life. He never

reflects that to cut away from man all but his understanding and his appetites is to reduce him, who is endowed with an immeasurable inherited wealth of spiritual faculties and emotions, to mere carnal proportions; it is to level him down and to equal him with the beasts that perish.

DEVIL AND DRAGON ON OLD PORTUGUESE EMBROIDERY.

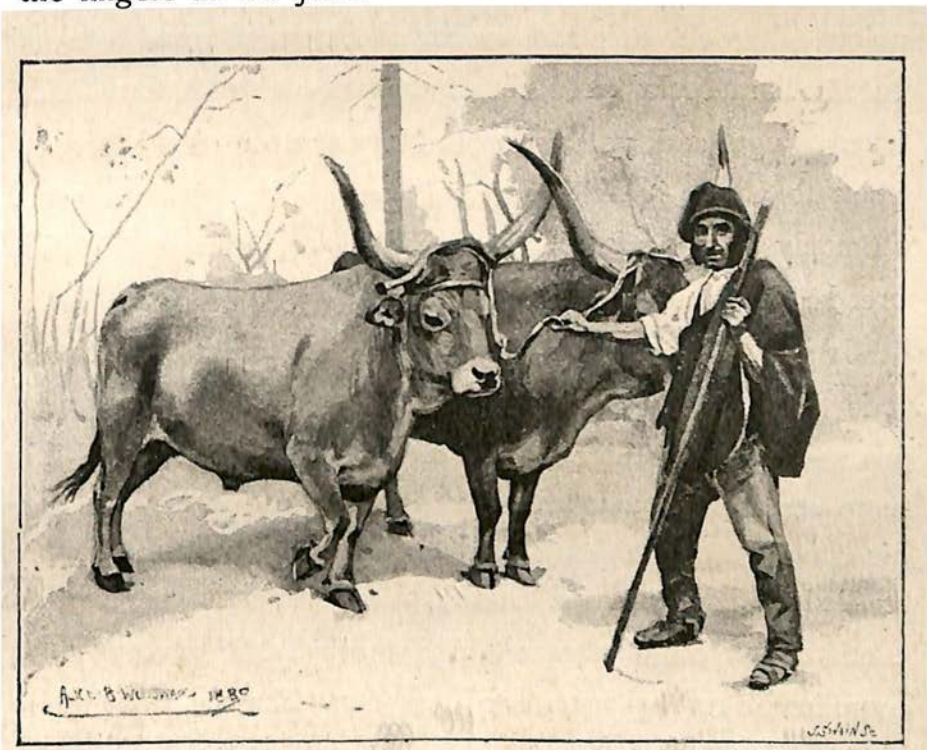
85576

JULY.

By this month the harvest is over for rye and barley and wheat, but these corns are crops of the highland regions and of the dry uplands, the main corn-crop of the country about Oporto being maize. On its well-doing the hopes of the husbandman rest, and it is so hardy a corn that it rarely disappoints him. The yield is doubled and trebled by water of irrigation; and in this month of July the peasant's work is chiefly in the drawing of water from wells by means of the complicated Moorish water-wheel, in leading it from the water-adits that are often carried for hundred of yards into the hills, and, if he lives near a river, in repairing the weirs that dam it and that fill the water-carriers to his fields. The farmer in Portugal, therefore, if he is to thrive, must be something of an engineer, something of a carpenter, and something of a mason.

The farmer's maize field in July not only contains the bread that is to come at harvest-time for himself and his people, but in it is the present sustenance of his cows and his oxen. They are invariably stall-fed, and through

May and June they have mainly been dependent upon the thinnings of this strong-growing cereal and its straw from the previous harvest. Now, in July, a great deal of good cattle food is got from the male flowers of the maize, and men and women may be seen every day in the corn-fields gathering the tall flower pannicles with a peculiar nip of the fingers at the joint.



OXEN OF NORTHERN PORTUGAL.

I hardly think a farm exists in all this land around here that has not on it a pair of oxen at the least. The

mule and the horse work between the thills of the cart and of the plough, in the southern parts of the country, and yokes of mules may be seen in the west of Portugal towards the Spanish frontier, but in all the rural parts within forty miles round Oporto, oxen are the only workers in the field and on the road. It is a very noble race of cattle, bred for strength and endurance, tawny in colour with black points, deep-chested, and with short, ponderous legs of enormous muscular strength, dewlapped and with formidable horns, huge and pointed, stretching five or six feet from point to point; but these magnificent beasts, which contrast strangely with our meanly-shaped, butcher-bred English breeds, are gentle and docile.

If the Portuguese esteem one beast more than another it is the ox, and certainly no creature of its kind anywhere is so sleek, so contented, so tame, so willing to lend his huge strength to man's service as the Portuguese ox; and his slow, deliberate, and sturdy character has been thoroughly studied and appreciated in this country. His character is even the subject of proverbs, and the peasant has no better compliment to pay to one of his own kind than to liken him to the ox. A Homeric epithet, *Pé-de-boi*, an ox-foot man, expresses all the solid virtues of a peasant in three words.

I may have some hard things in store to say of this

Portuguese people with whom I have lived now a good many years, but certainly one of them shall not be that they fail in that particular kind of intelligent urbanity which goes with a high degree of civilization, and which consists in the kind treatment of animals. It is good policy too. The willing tameness of all the domestic animals in this country is a marvel, and the friction between the master and his dumb slave is obviously thereby reduced to the vanishing-point. This is the result not of individual good treatment alone, but it is a hereditary docility that comes of kind treatment of animals through the centuries.

Some years ago the charitable zeal of some worthy foreigners here burned to do in Portugal what is so well and usefully done in Great Britain, and to set up a branch of the *Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society* in this city of Oporto. The Portuguese did not disapprove of this form of charity, or suggest to my country-people that it was a propaganda of a virtue which might more suitably begin in our land of broken-down cab-horses and costermongers' donkeys. They civilly assented even to the usual conspicuous pictures which were exhibited of children feeding robin redbreasts in snowy landscapes, of pet lambs led by silken ribbons, and young donkeys garlanded with roses. But presently it was found that there was no one in Portugal to convert from his wicked ways. There were any number of missionaries and no

heathen at all. I remember at the time suggesting, perhaps disagreeably, that the aims and scope of the Society should be changed, and that it should be re-constituted into one for the prevention of tyranny over man by the domestic animals, for in truth there is more risk of that than the other thing, and we are all in Portugal a little the slaves of the birds and beasts that share our domesticity.

All the domestic animals do in truth somewhat over-dominate us in this country, from the bull in the bull-ring, who is freely allowed to do what of all things gives him most delight, to chase and, if he can, to gore gaudily-dressed men till he is out of breath, to the pig, who, but for that one last tragic *dénouement* of the long comedy of his life, might, as a Portuguese farmer once observed to me, be accounted the happiest of created beings, seeing that he possesses the two things he loves best after his trough—ease and idleness. Even his fattening in this country is generally protracted over a year, not unkindly hurried through in a month or six weeks, as with his brother pigs at home; and fate when it comes is on him with no anticipation to haunt him, and he is hurried from his paradise almost before he knows he has left it.

All "the tame villatic fowl" of Portugal are so tame here that if one talks to a farmer's wife of her poultry, and she wishes to illustrate her point about any particular hen or

chicken, she has no need, as other housewives have, to chase it, screaming, fluttering and panting, into the four corners of her poultry-yard ; she has only to stoop and pick it up. The creature has not a notion of trying to escape from the woman that since it left the egg has been as kind to it as its mother.

The ox is beyond all other animals particularly esteemed and cherished by the peasant. Indeed I am not sure that there does not linger some vague tradition of a time when some primogeneous ancestors of the Portuguese race, perhaps in some Eastern land, may have held this animal to be holy, as the Hindus do to-day, so general and so deep is the peasant's regard for this strong and gentle creature.

That even inanimate objects which are good and the causes of good to the peasant should be considered to come directly of Him whom he holds to be the Author of all good, is not, I think, a belief confined to the Portuguese. Iron is good in the peasant's eyes, for it can be welded into a weapon that may save his life and those dear to him from an enemy ; with iron, too, he tills the land which yields him food ; and bread also is essentially good to him. Accordingly both bread and iron are endowed, as the peasants believe, with some occult powers sovereign against all witchcraft. I have alluded to this in the previous chapter, and told too how no supernatural hurt can come near the peasant when his oxen are by. In this province the sower

in spring may often be seen to put the seed-basket to the nostrils of the oxen, in the belief that their breath will help and favour its germination and after-growth. The ox—unlike the pig, or the mule, or the ass—is accounted so innately good and accessible to right and reasonable influences, that if in his young days he be unruly, the remedy is for the priest to be called in to read a chapter from the Gospels between the animal's horns.

The ox, too, in some country places, takes his place in many religious processions, even in some of the larger towns, as Braga and Penafiel. He is the *boi-bento*, the sacred ox, and in one place at least, Alter do Chão—probably in many others—on the feast-day of St. Mark, the ox, garlanded with flowers and dedicated to that saint, is led into the church with peculiar ceremonies and brought before the high altar. On the same feast-day all calves of the year are offered in church to the acceptance of the saint, and commended to his protection. This ceremony, this relic perhaps of some long-forgotten rite, seems to me of extreme interest; and, if I may say so without offence, this reverent mingling of the people's worship with the simple pursuits of their rural lives, seems to me to be of the essence of true Divine service.

The dog is far less an object of regard in Portugal than he is in England, since Sir Edwin Landseer, the high priest

of the canine *cultus*, spread it among our upper and middle classes. In Portugal the Moslem ill-repute of the dog still hangs about him; it is still not quite good manners even to mention his name, save under the breath or with "by your leave," and some particular people still call him a "*cachorro*," a puppy, instead of plain *cão*, a dog. I believe this is dying out among educated people. This prejudice is chiefly confined to the towns, where the dog is a scavenger, and often goes masterless for generations; under these circumstances quickly developing into a pariah, with a pariah dog's aspect, which I presume is the dog's primogeneous condition, or, to speak by the book of Darwin, the condition in which he stood for some millions of centuries. The street dogs, who till late years were numerous in Lisbon and Oporto, are most of them sharp-nosed, long-legged curs, with wiry hair. The number of these dogs is now very properly and mercifully kept down by poison.

The prejudice against the dog is not to be found in rural Portugal, where he is bred to act as a lurcher, and used in packs of a dozen in rabbit-shooting, or rather rabbit-hunting. This is the peasant's favourite form of hunting, and is often followed on holidays by half the parish. Few of them carry guns, and those that do are earnestly entreated to fire them as seldom as possible, and always to look before they let them off. Some of the men and half the dogs are

put into the coverts, the men to beat with their sticks, the dogs to hunt; but the more cunning dogs and men stay outside watching the "runs," and the dogs "chop" all that comes forth—rabbits, hares, or foxes. The men mostly carry their "cow-sticks," brass-bound—the Portuguese peasant's quarter-staff—and generally make as good bags with them as the gentlemen do who carry guns. These latter seldom shoot but at the feathered game, and at them they shoot much oftener than they hit.

This is almost the only kind of hunting that has survived from the ancient days when the noble kept his falcons, his greyhounds for roe or hare, and his pack of wolf or stag or boar hounds.

A very stanch, keen-scented dog, no doubt, was the old Portuguese hound; "slow in pursuit," like the Spartan breed of Theseus, for the country is difficult and the breed of horses was heavy, but, like the Spartan hounds, "matched in mouth like bells," for that is a point often mentioned by the older Portuguese writers. This hound has wholly disappeared, so far as I can ascertain; but I have, I believe, seen representations in an old illuminated manuscript of the old Portuguese hound; and if I am not wrong, a modified modern representative of him still exists in the Portuguese pointer, the prototype of all the pointers now upon this earth—the heavy and powerful hound with the keen nose, who has got

the hereditary trick of stopping when he scents game. This dog is the *Perdigueiro*, the partridge dog, of Portuguese sportsmen, and is used for hardly any other game. He is much esteemed; so are the greyhounds kept on the plains of Middle Portugal where hares abound, and the wolf-dogs afore-mentioned, much like those of the Pyrenees, that guard the flocks on the great mountain range of the Estrella.

If the Portuguese care less for dogs than we do, and keep them more as servants than companions, it is very different with cats. It has been said that this national trait derives from Moorish times, but it is open to doubt. It is doubtful if cats were at all commoner in Portugal than they were in the rest of Europe in the early middle ages. One evidence of this is, that there are almost no traditionary legends or beliefs or myths in Portugal relative to cats; another piece of evidence is, that even yet they are not very common in some parts of the country. A few years ago, and perhaps still, the people in the south of the Algarve province employed tame genets, which they call *longo-rabos*, long-tails, as pets and mousers. They are caught young in the woods, but have never bred in captivity, and are not therefore truly domestic animals.

That it takes a clever and urbane people to produce a race of well-grown and amenable domestic animals is proved by any number of instances; *e.g.* by the case of the negroes

of Eastern Africa, who apparently have domesticated no animals at all, and have only kept in unwilling and unthriving slavery those which Europeans have given them. I am told by a celebrated traveller in those parts, and an excellent observer, that when the negroes possess dogs, the animals are stupid beyond words; and such cats as they breed on the East Coast not only partake of the unawakened intelligence of their masters, but are so neglected that their coats—a cat's chief beauty and care in life—have disappeared. The cats of Mombassa, Sir Richard Burton tells me, are hairless, having positively, poor creatures, nothing on them between their skins and the winds of heaven.

In my opinion the relations between men and the domestic animals have never yet been considered in their more complicated bearings. Cuvier says that "the most complete, the most curious, and the most useful conquest ever made by man is the dog." If Cuvier had been a Portuguese he would have said "the cat," and I must confess that I am inclined to the Portuguese opinion. Cuvier went, it is clear, more deeply into the matter than most writers on this abstruse point, for if he had reasoned with the common materialistic superficiality of the savant he would have assessed the great services of the ox, as the bread-winner of man, or of the horse and his services in peace and war, as beyond those of any other animal; but Cuvier was a

philosopher whose intelligence could rise from the material upward into the spiritual; yet what, after all, can the dog do for us that is so particularly "useful", or so particularly "curious"?

He is supposed to be the best of guards, but travellers say that a goat keeps a keener watch while his master sleeps; and the goose, as we know, has quite a historical reputation as a sentinel. As for the dog hunting for us, it does not come to much. Had there been no dogs in the world we should certainly have taught some other carnivorous animal to do our hunting. The cheetah can be trained to course game, and is swifter and stronger than any greyhound. The learned pig also, I have read, has been used to "point" game as well as truffles. His nose is as good as any dog's, though perhaps his looks are a little against him from a sporting point of view; but what after all are looks?

It is certain then that Cuvier perceived that the truer and greater value of the dog as an acquisition by us was in his capacity as a companion to man. Man, the French philosopher must have argued, is a social animal, and he would perceive that there are certain important qualities in human beings which degenerate unless they are kept from time to time in touch with corresponding qualities in other living beings, and in communion with one who can be to him as a friend and not a slave, as a companion and yet neither a censor nor a tyrant. Man, thought Cuvier, found

this being in the dog. Bread and clothing and houses and possessions are good things in their way, but they do not go all the way. Mahomet once addressed this saying to his disciples, who if they were materialists must have thought it a dark one:—"If thou hast a loaf of bread, sell half and buy the flowers of the narcissus; for bread nourisheth the body, but the flowers of the narcissus the soul."

It is in this regard that Baron Cuvier no doubt regarded the dog as the greatest conquest that man had made. Perhaps the cat is a greater one. If that opinion is orthodox anywhere it is in this country, where the native cat, though he is a long-legged, long-nosed, lank-sided animal, has countervailing moral qualities; he is beyond all other cats companiable, teachable, clever, and amiable. There was recently in London an exhibition of trained cats who went through more wonderful performances than cats have ever been known to do before, for the lover of this quadruped must honestly admit that the ordinary "trick cat" seldom acts up to the standard of his intelligence; a sturdy independence of character and a certain unamenability of disposition standing in his way. One secret of the extraordinary success of the cats' professor, whose name I cannot recall, was let out by himself—*all his best cats came from Portugal.*

Now if the present writer seems in the following pages to disparage the race of dogs in favour of that of cats, it is not that he holds dogs lower than the other lovers of them,

having possessed several excellent friends who had tails to wag, but that he thinks cats have been unduly condemned. Moreover the brief held by him is for the Portuguese cat, a creature, as suggested above, eminent among his race.

If it be granted that the domestic animals are to be esteemed not according to their material uses, but for their moral influences, then certainly a better case can be made out for cats than for dogs.

Cats are perhaps superior to dogs as companions of the human race, because they have more in them than dogs in common with our imperfect human natures. They possess some of our better points—such as pride and self-respect—and some of our less estimable qualities, as obstinacy. The cat, to be sure, has faults that are very obvious; but making full allowance for them, the average cat is in almost every respect a nobler animal than the average dog. The dog is the slave—the willing slave—of mankind; the chain is the badge of all his tribe. Cats have never been enchained and enslaved; they are man's independent friends, not his servitors, and they will neither hunt for him, nor draw for him, nor fetch and carry at his bidding. Again, cats have more native dignity and infinitely better manners than dogs. Dogs, it may be granted, are more affectionate, or at any rate more demonstrative; but their affections, nine times out of ten, are misplaced or indiscriminate, and they are too often as fond of their master's friends as of their master. The

dog will bestow his love, such as it is, and his unreflecting fidelity upon a fool or a scoundrel, whom the cat, with his quicker perception, would detect and despise.

Rather than consort with a bully or a villain, a ruffian or a sneak, the cat will part company with his owner; and, scrupulously cleanly himself, the cat loves those only who are as scrupulous as he himself is in this respect. Rather than live with persons who fail to come up o his standard, morally or physically, he will abandon the house and take to the woods. Therefore a man's companionship with cats is as good as a certificate of character to him.

It takes perception keener than is common to interpret the language of the cat, the often silent language of his looks and attitudes. The dog, on the other hand, is demonstrative, any casual person can guess what he means; but he is far too often over-demonstrative, and his heart often gets the credit of what is often nothing but foolish sentimental gush. The dog is greedy, and sudden in wrath, and can place no restraint upon his anger or his voracity. The cat, on the other hand, is a model of abstemiousness and can keep his temper. When it comes to propriety of behaviour and good manners, all comparison is absurd. Suffice it to say that Mahomet, who (whatever we may think of his politics and his religion) was a gentleman of perfect manners, loved the cat for his refinement, and despised the dog for his want of any.

For those whose business is more with their brains than their hands, for those of us who have to live by our wits—in an honest way, for the cat objects to immoral courses—doctors, lawyers, authors, actors, and men of science, there is no argument wanted to prove that the cat is especially fitted to be our companion.

It is to be borne in mind that Minerva (the special goddess of literary men) is in her Egyptian incarnation represented as a cät, not as an owl. The Egyptians, it is conceived by some, were the first rearers of the cat into domesticity, and this people, in the van of thoughtful nations, held this animal sacred; justly and wisely, as I conceive, for all writers who know the ways of cats know that their society is particularly propitious to written thought. Dogs, on the other hand, are the pleasant companions of our more boisterous moods, of our walks and rides and our field sports. Cats are for "the sessions of sweet silent thought," sympathetic, never exacting familiars. This animal then is the friend of meditation; the dog, with his exacting boisterousness, as certainly is its enemy.

The cat is not only conspicuously thoughtful himself, but he is the cause of thought in others. Some of the more curious intelligences among us have indeed sought to penetrate the mysteries of feline philosophy, to study feline thought-processes, and they flatter themselves that their inquiries have not been without results to themselves.

In truth cats afford a most interesting study. What do they think about in the deep reveries they so often fall into? What dim aspirations, what ineffable solicitude, what intense unfulfillable yearning is it that those wistful eyes express; what is it that the poor brain so tries to grasp and fails? Is the brain poor, and does it fail? I am not so sure. I have known many thoughtful human beings with not half so much speculation in their eyes when they were engaged in reverie, and these gifted ones, awakened from their meditation and being questioned, have stated that they had been revolving deep psychological problems. Is there a monopoly of these high modes of thought in men and women? Are metaphysics only for us, and are the lower animals shut out from their consideration? Are dogs, elephants, and the higher baboons never to aspire to that study? When our cats meditate so earnestly and so deeply, may the subject of their thoughts not be metaphysics—or is it milk?

Perhaps it may be thought that I have lingered too long, that I have dwelt too strongly, on the advantages to be derived by man—with his own various well-known, high intellectual attributes—from contact and communion with creatures so immeasurably below himself in brain force; but it is not, as I conceive, wholly a question of comparative intellect. There are fibres in us other than intellectual ones that require exercise, and that they need it and are the better for it, I could adduce, were literary space and time illimitable

things, many curious instances and evidences from my own experience alone. Only one need be given. It is a story with a moral, and it could be wished it had a happier ending, but it proves my case.

Some years ago, crossing the Bay of Biscay in a large steamer, I got into talk with the captain. The sea had been rough, and one of the most melancholy of marine disasters had occurred; the ship's cat, a favourite of the crew, making a spring from one part to another of the ship's rigging, missed its hold through some unexpected lurch of the ship, fell overboard, and was drowned. The captain was lamenting the accident to me. It is a thing, he said, which sometimes has a bad effect on a crew. To lose a cat at starting the men consider a bad omen. "I remember," said the captain, "one voyage when I would have given twenty pounds for a cat, and I couldn't get one, but I made pretty good shift with something else."

"What, a dog?"

"No, sir, a pig."

Then the captain told me this story.

He was going down Channel in a large barque, bound for Callao, in Peru. They encountered contrary winds and rough weather along the English coast, and just such a misfortune overtook them as we had met with; they lost the ship's cat in a gale of wind off Falmouth. That night, in stress of weather, they were compelled to put into the Cornish

port, and early the next day, the storm having abated, they set sail again for the westward, with the barque's bowsprit pointing straight to Cape Horn seven thousand miles away. The barque had a crew from our north-eastern ports, and as every one who goes to sea knows, no rougher or less amenable set of men are shipped, than from Hull and the neighbouring ports. That is their common repute, though some who know them well could wish that all our countrymen had as much "grit" and true manliness as these hardy, much-abused ruffians from north-eastern England.

Now, to round the Horn, with its storms, its rain, and snow, its long contrary winds and its fogs, in a sailing vessel is the greatest feat of navigation that is left on this over-navigated globe. To undertake it with a half-mutinous crew, disheartened at the very start by an evil portent, was to double all these difficulties and dangers. So considering, my friend the captain had sent his steward ashore that night with orders not to come on board again without a cat in a basket. The steward brought back a basket, but it contained not a cat but a pig—almost a sucking-pig. The captain, much disappointed and with some hesitation, presented it to his crew of ruffians.

From that moment all went well on board. The voyage was indeed a long and dreary one; for weeks they were tacking against head-winds, they were entangled in hurricanes

and carried out of their course, they could take no observations in the continuous fog, they lost their reckoning and could not tell to hundreds of miles on what spot of the vast ocean they were, but all went well and happily on board; the simple-minded "ruffians" were happy. The pig had time to grow; he was universally loved and petted. He was tamer than any dog, he followed the men about. At last the barque rounded the Cape of evil repute, ran up the American coast, under tropical skies; the ship did her business at Callao, and returning again doubled the stormy Cape, and once more her bows pointed straight for England.

By this time the pig had grown into stately dimensions. Every one of the crew had had a hand in his feeding, and he had grown enormously fat. The crew loved him the better for his fat, it showed a comfortable and confiding disposition. He no longer followed them about; he lay in a comfortable berth amidships. At last they neared England. Then there fell a sadness upon the whole crew; a melancholy filled the ship. They felt that a parting with their friend was at hand. They grew moody; there was bitterness in the thought. After a time they took counsel one with another as to whether this parting must really be for ever. By the time they entered the Chops of the Channel, with the green shores of Cornwall looming on the port bow and Ushant away to starboard, they had come to a desperate

and, as men are human, perhaps a wise resolution. So at least there should be no absolute and final parting from their friend.

The crew lived on pork in various shapes on their passage up Channel. Their friend's last sausage, the captain told me, was sadly consumed in the neighbourhood of the North Foreland. The sailors unanimously declared that they never had tasted meat so tender or so well-flavoured; but one should be cautious about accepting such statements too readily, for even in these material things the imagination plays its part, association casts a glamour; and the British seaman is a being in whom the sentimental and the practical are strangely intermingled.

MEDITATION.

AUGUST.

A THOUGHTFUL and agreeable acquaintance of mine, and one, alas! too early carried away from the serene paths of literature and philosophy into the gusty cloudland of politics, once told me of an idea that had occurred to him as he was sitting at an inn table in one of the cities of Sicily. It was summer-time, the heavens were fair, the earth was clothed in loveliness, the weather perfect. Meditating on the delight, under these circumstances, of mere material existence, this thought, he told me, suddenly came to him—"Now I know why the barbarians from the dreary North always tended southward in their migrations, why they always travelled towards the sunnier portions of the earth."

Then my friend, who is an admirable scholar, remembered how Tacitus had said that the Germans must be indigenous in the land they lived in, for assuredly no strangers from any other portion of the earth's surface would consent to stay in a country cursed with so vile a climate.

My friend's conclusions and recollections, so supported by all the above-mentioned pleasant accessories, smote him with

such sudden force, that in the ardour of his newly-reached conviction he, in his own turn, smote the table he was sitting at with his open hand, and with such vehemence that the waiter ran up asking to know what the Milordo Inglese (though my friend is still a commoner) was pleased to require.

This eagerness to escape the fogs and the north winds and the snow and sleet of their respective fatherlands, no doubt also persuaded the Vandals and Visigoths to follow the autumn swallow-flights to this peninsula. Perhaps, too, it was the motive of action in still earlier Aryan migrations—that is, if certain profound savants be in the right, and other as profound inquirers quite in the wrong—and if these ancestors of us all had their first home in the extreme North.

Furthermore, my friend might have carried his argument a step farther, and accounted not only for the North sending her children to sojourn in these genial lands, but also for the fact of the dwellers in the arid, sun-vexed countries to the east and south doing the very same thing. The Mahometan hosts issuing from Arabia found no true resting-place along the whole northern coast of Africa, and never abode in contentment or prospered in material or spiritual circumstances till they reached Spain and Portugal and Sicily. Here only art and learning began to have great scope and dimensions for them, just where there had already been a

feebler beginning for the arts of the Gothic races reaching these countries from the North.

It may be doubted whether art ever really prospers—unless, indeed, it be literary art, which is a plant of deeper root and stronger growth in the human soul than the other arts—where men are either too hot or too cold. Men paint, and carve, and dance, and sing only when they are neither chilled by cold nor oppressed by heat; and I am convinced no northern minstrel or minnesinger ever harped or sang to any good poetic purpose while his fingers were frost-bitten. He never accompanied the lyre till he was warmed by the firelight and relaxed by the wine-cup; rare moments, as northern song too came in rare snatches, compared at least with the human song-notes in all this southern land which are continuously heard in summer-time, while the sun shines warm and the wind is from a pleasant quarter.

For this same reason it may freely be doubted whether any form of art will ever, in our own hyperborean home lands, be forced to take root further down in the social scale than among the occasional æsthetes of our leisurely and opulent classes. The wage-earners of Great Britain, taken as a whole, are the most unæsthetic body in the world. Here in Portugal, on the other hand, the same class is the most art-loving in the kingdom: it is the middle and upper classes that are conspicuously unæsthetic. The poorer the people

the oftener is the tinkling of the mandolin heard among them. It is among the poorest workers on the land—the day-labourers, men and girls—that the ancient ballad measures that once delighted the dwellers in palaces are still heard; and the old rondels are sung now at none but village festivals. In another branch of art, jewellery, the only artistic objects of this kind in Portugal are worn by the peasant women. The townswomen of the middle class—who love jewellery too, though in a less degree—do not soar above cheap French and German ornaments, than which the mind of man can conceive nothing of a more degraded taste. While the towns-people are thus demoralized by the low art presented to them by French and German bagmen, the peasant jewellery follows the good artistic traditions left behind them by the Moors four or five centuries ago.

A stronger evidence still of the clinging to a true love and true feeling for art among the rural classes is to be found in the elaborate work in the ox-yokes used in Northern Portugal. I know nothing in the whole domain of popular art so wonderful in its way as the carving on these yokes. That the Andalusian *majo* should adorn his own person with silks, and velvet, and fringe, and wear chased studs and buttons of gold and silver; that a Portuguese *camponeza* should carry round her neck and on her breast thirty or forty pounds' worth of the above-mentioned jewellery, is

intelligible; but that a farmer owning ten or twenty acres of land, and of necessity having to count and recount every testoon he pays or gets, should spend of his hard-earned money the considerable sum necessary to procure a carved yoke, seems to me a wonderful thing; for every square inch of these yokes is exquisitely worked upon, pierced and chiselled with designs in endless variety—circles and squares, crosses and crescents, Runic knots and loops, all combined with a most wonderful intricacy and fancifulness. Going along a country road on a Fair day, any one with an eye for this sort of thing is kept in perpetual wonder at the changes which are rung on *motifs* which are nevertheless not more than half a dozen in number, and all of which spring from a common origin. Yet seldom is an ugly or tasteless pattern seen, and many are triumphs of decorative art.

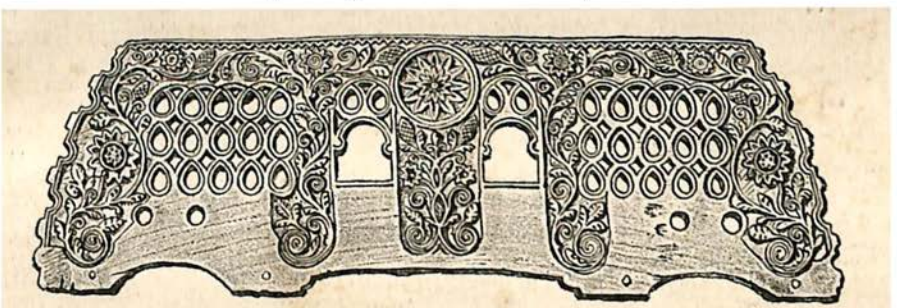
The utilitarian may well ask how and how much a people is the better for this intermingling of art in its daily life. Are men and women refined, elevated, and ennobled thereby, as according to the South Kensington theory of life they should be? Is a peasant from the Minho Province a better man on this account than a farm-labourer from Kent or Sussex? Perhaps such fine words as "elevated" and "ennobled" are rather preposterously used in connection with art, but one may still rationally consider that to think and feel rightly, or perhaps even wrongly, on art subjects

is very good for man or woman. It helps to fill our lives; it is one other subject-matter on which to confer with our fellow-pilgrims in this passage from the cradle to the grave. It is a topic to talk on beyond and better than the bare necessities of our existence, our clothes, our sleep, our daily bread, our daily business. It is at least a communion with ideas, a contact with the spirit world, and a losing hold for the moment of the bare and ugly material facts of life. Our over-estimate of art may come in part from our supposing it to be itself an idea-compelling thing, but surely it is nothing of that kind. To put it simply, is not decorative art in all its forms but the seizing of the idea that comes to us from the outside, we know not how; from afar, we know not whence; and the clothing of it in forms that are recognizable by our senses? "Die sinnliche Ercheinung der Idee," as Hegel, I think, puts it—its apparition to our senses.

To do this is surely no very grand or ennobling achievement. It is not to make, only to take. A boy can catch the dragon-fly as it emerges from the deeps of the pool and changes to the insect with the rainbow on its wings; but if he has not the luck to find the fly he can never, for the life of him, make the larva himself, or even dive below the surface and find one. That same dragon-fly seems to me typical of the product of the artist. Unquestionably we are

the better for admiring its shapely body and radiant wings, and so getting sensuous intelligence of the idea that underlies them, but do not let us go and boast we have done a great ennobling thing in doing that! A higher intelligence than ours has gone to the building up of this rare creature of the air and the waters—a higher intelligence, even if scientific evolution be in the main a true thing.

As to this singularly beautiful art product, the carved



PORTUGUESE OX-YOKE.

ox-yoke of Northern Portugal, that the rustic cuts and carves with such infinite skill and loving patience in the long summer evenings when his toil is over, he has no more ownership in the underlying idea of it than the English young lady who plays the music of Beethoven is to be accredited with the creatorship of the *Missa Solennis*.

This wonderful artistic performance of the Portuguese peasant has perhaps come to be little more than a hereditary instinctive act in him, like the construction year after year of the goldfinch's nest. Perhaps the goldfinch finds an

æsthetic delight in weaving the delicate materials into an artistic whole with its subtle colour harmonies. Certainly in the peasant's case there can be no doubt of his actual pleasure as he sees the beauty of the design growing under his hand.

Whence does the ruling design come? Who was the maker, the first creator of it? That is a mystery which can only be approached diffidently. We can guess little of whence it reaches us, only that it comes from afar and from a time very remote; but it happens that there is something in the way of evidence to go upon. In the sacristy of Braga Cathedral is preserved a small chalice which tradition says was used at the christening of the first great Portuguese King, who was born A.D. 1094. This chalice is contained in an elaborately carved ivory case whose date is certainly older even than the chalice itself, for on it, and making part of its design, is an inscription in Kufic lettering. Now, it is commonly asserted that the Kufic character ceased to be used in about the year 1000. Consequently this casket, which is probably Arabian work, or possibly Christian work under Arabian influence, cannot be less than eight hundred years old, and is perhaps older. It is carved with a design that is often found on the Portuguese ox-yokes of to-day. There are on this casket the same intricate combinations of circles, squares, and crescents, and, what is stranger,

the same twisted Runic ornament, between leaf spray and Rune knot, as are carved to-day on the Portuguese ox-yokes. This Runic ornament cannot well be of Eastern origin, and in it to me is where lies the chief mystery of the ox-yoke design. May it possibly represent the coming together of the art influences of the North and of the East, of Christian Gothic with Moslem art? Wherever and whenever the design arose, it must have been born in one potent and creative brain and heart; and it still lives. Through all these long centuries, through invasions and conquests and rebellions and re-conquests, through pestilence and famine and dire convulsions of nature, has this ancient art-*motif* remained unchanged amid so much of change; finding favour with all these many generations of men. They have handled and re-handled it almost day by day through all these long centuries. In their reproduction of it some copiers have somewhat slurred their work, but no man of them all has ever failed of reverence for the ancient design or dared to remodel or improve it. So mighty is the force and vitality of one single original conception.

The same conservative power in decorative *motifs* is evidenced in the unglazed pottery to be found all over rural Portugal. In Pompeii and Herculaneum are dug up jars and bowls whose shape would attract no surprise in a Portuguese village of to-day, while oil-jars and water-coolers

are used in the bazaars of North African cities identical in form and size and colour to those that can be seen at the fairs and markets of Portugal, though Portuguese and Moors have had no intercourse now for over four hundred years.

In these days, when the doctrine of evolution and development is so plainly proved, when we know that not only every action of our own small lives, but every act and tendency of a nation is swayed by what has passed long ages before; in these days it may be feared that the mere antiquarian with a memory, the ordinary *Notes and Queries* man who is nothing besides, may be unduly elated at seeing his important studies so great and so growing. He will forget, and let us all forget, the terrible rebuke that was administered to him three centuries ago—

> "'Ho, ho!' quoth Time to Doctor Hearne,
> 'Whatever I forget, you learn.'"

Let him set Shakespeare's epigram, if it was Shakespeare's, at naught, for in truth Time forgets nothing; only does not the old impression made centuries ago, the great fact, the important dogma, the holy faith, come down to us modern men sometimes in very degraded and belittled form? Social science has been so busy with the great doctrine of evolution as perhaps to have somewhat overlooked the analogous process, common in human affairs of devolution. A great nation that in the days of old has

followed some hero captain with a disciplined enthusiasm, and crossed continents, conquering and slaying its enemies, and has settled down to enjoy the fruits of conquests, lives thereafter through long vicissitudes of good and evil rule; and centuries afterwards, when it has achieved all its long yearnings for self-government, and the deposition of the tyrant and the despot, tires in the very moment of fruition, tires of the complications of its own sovereignty, of the divided counsels and wrangling of petty minds, of the obstructions and treacheries of vain-glorious and self-seeking men, and pines for the old sweet simple rule of such a military dictator as once achieved for it the desire of its heart. What is this but devolution?

Instances of the reverse process in small matters are coming before one every day in this country. I have mentioned several; the peasant jewellery, that are one of the lingering forms of the great art culture of the most artistic centres that Europe has ever known—the little Moorish courts of the Peninsular cities. The ox-yokes of Northern Portugal are a notable instance of devolution, which repeat designs reaching back so far that the antiquarian doubts if they are not contemporaneous with the beginnings of the race itself in its first haunts, and have not had their origin, perhaps in the mountains of Scandinavia, perhaps in the Himalayan ranges, in times, for aught we can tell, when

our common European forefathers were possessed of a fuller and brighter social and civil polity than many of their descendants possess in these days: they are a tradition certainly through incalculable generations, and probably a degradation.

Some time ago I came across an instance of what may well be called devolution in the animal world, which struck me very forcibly, as a fact does so strike one that comes actually before one's eyes and is not the mere record of a fact in a book.

One midsummer a young starling was brought in from the nest. He was so reared as to become extremely tame; so tame as to fly about the room. He caught flies for himself, and loved to take them from his owner's hand. Late autumn came round, and with the fruit season the time of wasps and hornets came too. It then occurred to me that if he treated these insects as he treated flies and blue-bottles—that is, if he killed them with his bill and swallowed them—his first wasp must certainly sting him internally, and inevitably be his last meal. I believe I was present when he caught the first wasp he had ever seen. When he caught and killed a fly his manner had been comparatively calm, but at sight of a wasp his whole nature seemed to change, his feathers were ruffled out, his actions watchful, suspicious, and rapid. It was clear he recognized by some latent innate faculty a dangerous enemy.

We human beings know that these insects cast Parthian darts, that they sting as they surrender their lives, and are most to be feared for their venom after they have died, seeing that a lunge with their poison-dart is a *post-mortem* convulsion. But how was a young starling to be aware of all this? Still more, how were his inexperience and his ingenuity to combine to teach him how to eat the wasp and how not to suffer inevitable death through its sting?

The young starling could have had no experience, and no bird's intelligence is high, but his action was evidence of both intelligence and experience. He fell upon the wasp with determination, almost with rage, clearly being aware, by what we choose to call instinct, that the insect had unusual powers of mischief; he seized it in his beak, crushing it to death, then stretching out one wing, he rubbed the insect roughly up and down against the quill-feathers whereby the poison was expended harmlessly upon them. The bird could then swallow the wasp with impunity, and he did so. I suppose the thing has been observed a thousand times, but I have not seen it recorded.

The unabated Darwinian will tell me that the phenomenon arises in this way: all starlings, he would contend, have died by internal wasp-stings except those who happened to have hit upon this peculiar way of killing wasps; but the plain reasoner may ask, How did it come to pass that any

bird so little endowed with sense as a starling should have hit upon a method of killing a particular insect which implies reasoning, foresight and ingenuity of a very high order?

It is not easy to reconcile all this with the probabilities, hardly even with the possibilities; but what if it be merely a case of "devolution"? What if the starling of to-day be but the feeble-feathered, feeble-brained descendant of some mighty-winged creature of a past age? What if we have to accept the reverse of a procession from the little and poorly endowed to the greater and highly endowed? What if the present race of starlings may have in the records of the past some giant ancestor, some huge pteranodon, with intelligence akin to human intelligence, which perhaps, flying between heaven and earth in a congenial palæozoic age, hawked at and preyed upon the lesser bat-winged saurians, their coevals, fierce and venomous reptiles which they had to seize and crush in their powerful mandibles, and dashing the wounded bodies of their quarry against their own vast spread of wings, caused the reptiles to expend thereon their poison, just as the feeble birds, their descendants, do with their prey to this day?

I have dwelt somewhat over-lengthily perhaps on this remote subject because it has occurred to me that Portugal itself may, to the merely scientific observer of certain recent events, present an interesting example of this very

devolution. Outsiders asked to mention the prevailing characteristic of the Portuguese nation would, I have little doubt, answer, "Excessive Patriotism," and I am not aware that insiders would be prepared with any other reply. Now, if Patriotism is a wholly good thing, Portugal is splendidly endowed with a fine quality. On the other hand, if one may have too much of a good thing, Portugal is not quite so happily circumstanced, and the international *advocatus diaboli*, if inclined to press the thing home, might allege that the superfluity of this particular virtue in the nation has been a main cause of the country having failed to hold its own in the great European game of Diplomacy; seeing that this game is entirely one of give and take, whereas Portugal has always esteemed herself too great to give, and to be always so completely in the right as never to be justified in her own eyes in conceding a single point in any argument. Giving nothing, therefore, through past generations, she has got nothing, and it is pretty notorious, the devil's advocate might go on to say, that whenever in the past a diplomatic difference has occurred between Portugal and any foreign State, such as France, Spain, or the United States, that foreign State, after knocking in vain at the Portuguese door for redress, has ended by breaking it in, and forcibly taking that which it had asked for civilly in vain.

Portugal for a small nation has a really wonderful record

of achievements in the past, but it is a long gone by past, for it would be difficult to find one single great service that the Portuguese nation has rendered to the world at large for quite three centuries. Her magnificent national pride is not fed by anything that has occurred for at least ten generations, but it is none the less active and exuberant on that account. Here in fact is where the doctrine of devolution comes in usefully, and explains the existence of an effect unconnected with any immediate cause.

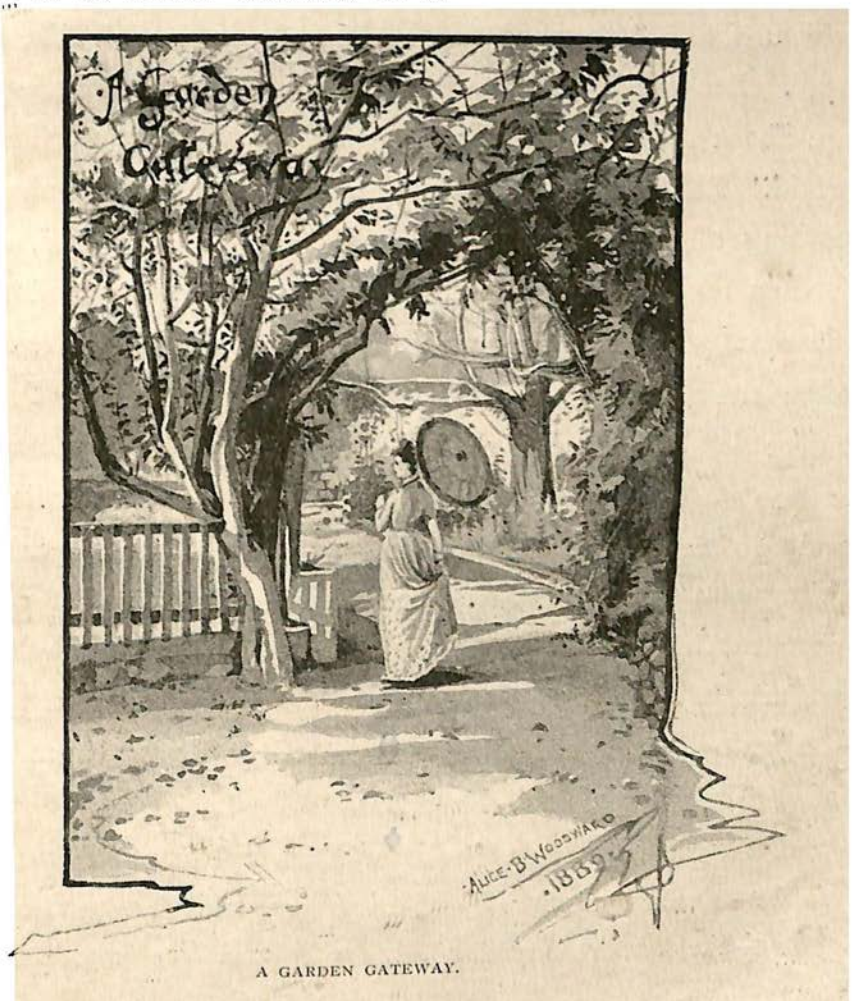
If excess in this virtue is a sin, Heaven help the Portuguese! There is patriotism enough in this tiny kingdom, less extensive than the united area of three English counties, and far less populous than our greatest English city, to serve the empire of all the Russias.

They tell a story at Cambridge, where they are strong in mathematics, of a young Divinity student who was ready to prove to demonstration that a baby must of necessity be more wicked than a grown man, for, he argued, granting that we are all born with the same amount of original sin, it stood to reason that the *pressure of sin to the square inch* in a baby must be infinitely greater than in a grown man.

Those who hold excess of patriotism to be a sin, must therefore hold Portugal to be, on the Cambridge hypothesis, the most sinful of nations.

The present writer is so far from agreeing with all this,

that he considers national pride to be a virtue, and respects the Portuguese for feeling and expressing it. The more so as we ourselves in Great Britain, and the French in France, possess and express it too; though, to be sure, we have both lately agreed to call it "Jingoism" and "Chauvinisme," and to be rather ashamed of it.



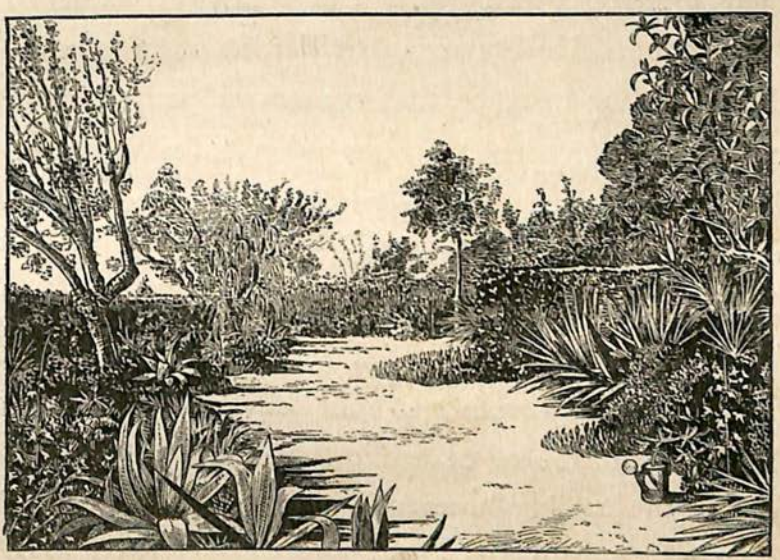
A GARDEN GATEWAY.

In August the Portuguese flower-garden is at its brightest, just as it is at home, though it is difficult to imagine two things with the same name so unlike to one another as the flower-gardens of England and the flower-gardens of Portugal.

The three summer months are so hot and dry in Portugal that gardening in the North of Europe fashion, with turf, and flower-beds cut out therein, is possible, but not easy. Perhaps it is for this reason that Portuguese gardeners are about the very worst and most ignorant in the civilized world. Bad and ignorant as gardeners, knowing almost nothing of potting, and soils, and cuttings, and grafts, and forcing, and the management of "glass," but very good and pleasant people as servants; nothing of tyrants, as are so often the admirable English and Scotch gardeners of our native land, who, knowing so infinitely more than their masters, can hardly be expected, in their very omniscience and conscious superiority, not to prefer their own opinions to any one else's. Yet it sometimes seems to me that these excellent *employés*—one dare not call them servants—have perpetuated some very deplorable gardening principles against the grain and conscience of weak-kneed employers, in an age of growing æsthetic enlightenment.

Portugal, with most South of Europe countries, has this single advantage over England as a field for gardening, that the amateur may have his will and his way, and if

he do not insist on too servilely following the methods of the frosty North—that is, to put it more plainly, if he will try to forego the pleasure of seeing turf grow, and will avoid the bedding-out system, he is pretty sure to succeed. There are no killing frosts to cut down the glory of his garden in late autumn, no keen winds of March to destroy



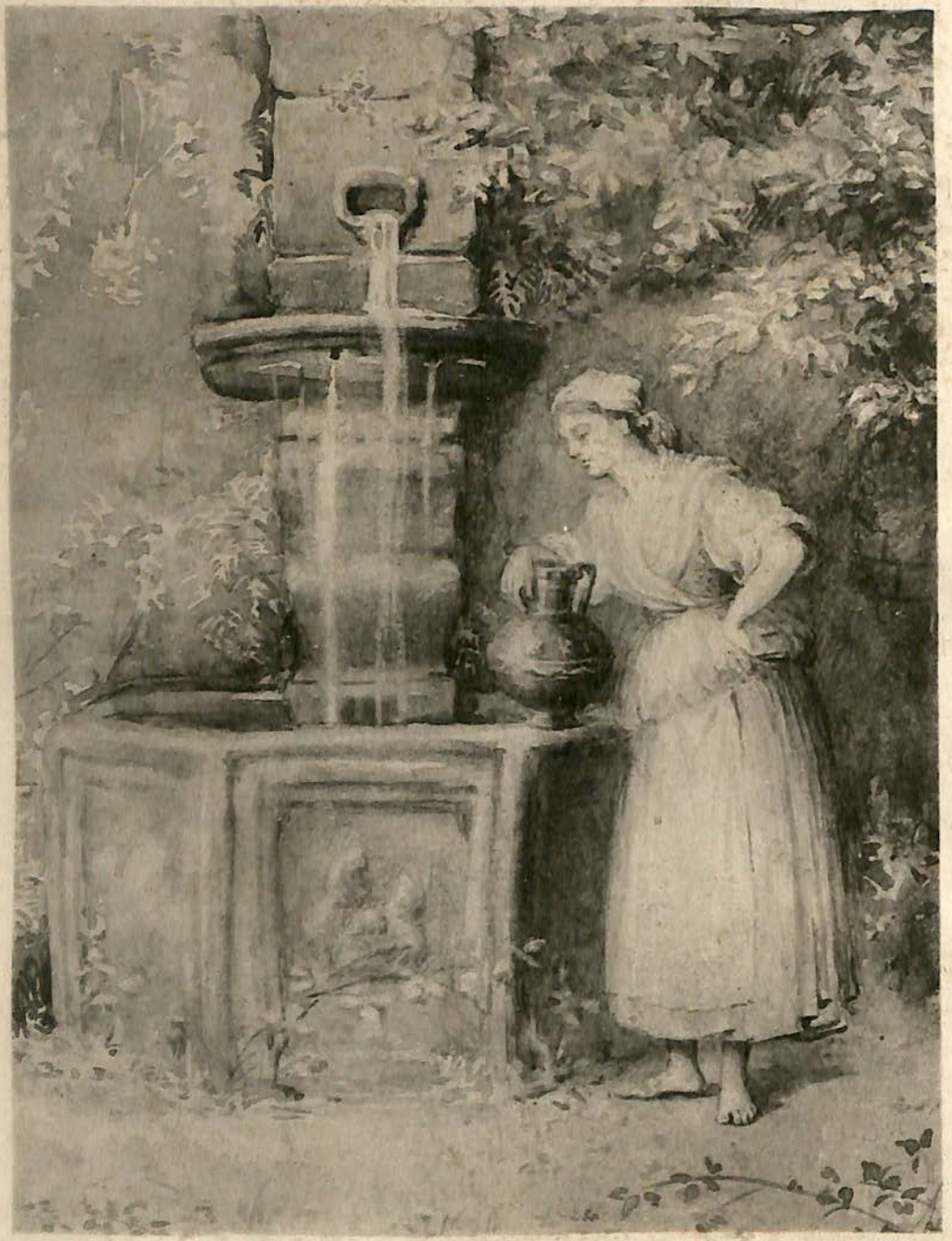
PORTUGUESE WILDERNESS GARDEN.

his hopes in spring. His plans, whatever they are, are pretty sure to prosper, and if his plans are ill-judged, nature here is so kindly as to take matters into her own hands, to correct his mistakes, and make things beautiful in her own fashion. No one was more deficient in settled, feasible plan than the writer of these lines when one day he planted

a piece of waste land with aloes and bamboos, and ivy and creeping plants, and eucalyptus trees. In three or four years a natural process of selection had taken place; some plants had died out, others had survived and prospered, and the result was the wilderness garden given on the previous page.

The gardening traditions of the Portuguese, in spite of their ignorance, are good, and much of their garden doctrine sound. No Portuguese, either in practice or theory, would admit, for instance, that monstrous proposition which every English gardener insists upon as a postulate too obvious for argument, that a garden is a place for flowers as a turnip-field is a place for turnips. The Portuguese gardener, to judge by his results here, considers, and I think justly, that flowers are indeed very pretty adjuncts and ornaments in a garden, but of infinitely less importance than the walks, the shade of branching trees, the greenery of leaf and spray, the cooling breezes in summer, the warmth of the sun in winter, and at all seasons the golden fretwork that the sunlight makes upon the ground through overhanging boughs.

This is the ideal garden of Spain and Portugal; this, with some additions. As almost everything in this country is a survival, so are Peninsular gardens survivals of the Moorish ideal of what a garden should be, modified by the requirements of the country and climate. With a thirsty soil, an arid climate, and under a burning sun, the Arab



A GARDEN FOUNTAIN.

longed for shade, coolness, and moisture; and if the drip of water mingled with the song of birds, and the air were full of flower-scent, he had most of his wants fulfilled. If he desired to attain more he constructed horse-shoe archways, through which vistas of shadow could be seen through sunlight, or sunlit flower glades through shadowed air; and he built fountains, from whose marble brim the ever-flowing waters dripped continuously down upon tile or marble pavements.

The Arab's garden is still a thicket having a few open glades, with dropping fountains, and with water-runlets passing along every path; and to beget the perfume which his soul loves, his garden is thick set with creeping roses, jasmine bushes, and trees of the orange, the lemon, and the bergamot.

Here so much shade is not wanted, and the Portuguese garden is more open, and only the walks are overarched with trellises bearing vines and climbing flowers. The ground beneath is a tangled wilderness of the commoner old-fashioned garden plants, salvias, dwarf rose-bushes, red geraniums, portulaccas, mesembryanthemums, fuchsias, sun-flowers and cistus; and for creepers, cobæas, jasmines, wistaria, and many kinds of bignonia, clematis, passion-flower and tacsonia, but above all for show, *Tacsonia Ignea*, the scarlet passion-flower; earlier flowers, whose bloom is past in this

month, are the summer and the so-called hybrid perpetual roses, the deutzias, hydrangeas, hybiscus shrubs, peonies, potentillas, spiræas, and weigelias, and the camellias, irises and tulips; and of those to come later, the chrysanthemums and dahlias, both of which thrive wonderfully in this climate.

None of these plants, shrubs, or creepers are grown with what a good English gardener would consider proper care and attention. The Portuguese flower-lover's æstheticism indeed is of a higher kind: his ideal is not neat plant growth, abundant blossom, and weedless beds; he soars above trimness, and regards size and symmetry of bloom not at all; he despises "florists' flowers," and novelty is for him the least engaging quality a flower can possess. He wants the sight of green, vigorous growth, multi-coloured harmony of blossom, and above all, the sweet scent that comes up from a garden that is itself one huge confused nosegay. His garden, like the Arab's, is never quite to his liking if it do not possess a fountain of carved stone, and if the sound of falling water be not ever to be heard therein.

This is one kind of Portuguese flower-garden, and on the whole, I think, a sensible and enjoyable kind, and which suits the man who seeks his garden for refreshment in the sultry heats of a Portuguese August. There is another and rarer and grander kind, a tradition from the times

when the Dutchman was the æsthete of Europe, and imposed his "culture" upon the rest of the world.

Readers of Bacon's essays may remember how in that admirable one "Of Gardens," he recommends that the garden "is best to be square, incompassed on all the four sides with a stately arched hedge"; "the arches to be on pillars of carpenter's work"; that it should have "a faire alley in the midst," and "on either side the greene," "a covert alley upon carpenter's work, about twelve foot in height," and so forth. This is the true Low Countries garden, brought over by Dutch William into England.

Very unessential parts of the garden were the fish-ponds and the evergreens tortured into strange figures of gods and peacocks, and Bacon himself objected strongly to what has been called the Topiarian art. "I for my part," he says, "do not like Images cut out of juniper or other garden stuff: They be for children." Nevertheless, it is just these "images cut out in garden stuff" which have survived and are considered to be the chief characteristic of the true Dutch garden. The carved trees, and fish-ponds, and formal paths have remained; the stately "covert alleys upon carpenter's work" disappeared in a generation, when the woodwork rotted, and this magnificent gardening method was gone from England for ever.

It was, however, carried to the Iberian Peninsula as it

was carried elsewhere; and it being the habit of both Spaniards and Portuguese to form trellises of woodwork for their vines—of chestnut-wood, which in the open air lasts forty years or more—and to renew them when they decayed, this mode of gardening has been preserved both in Spain and Portugal; but it is costly, and therefore only to be found in palace-gardens and the pleasaunces of the very rich.

In the Dutch style of gardening the turf and the paths together combined to make a formal geometrical design, extremely complicated—a triumph of the mathematician rather than of the artist. This particular gardening idea when it came to the Peninsula grew into more artistic shape than anything the Dutchman was capable of; and in Spanish or Portuguese gardens the stiff geometrical lines are transformed into a beautiful arabesque design, formed no longer of turf, but of edgings of box enclosing beds of flowers. This kind of garden work is true decorative art of the highest kind. There is the flat surface of the garden path, reddish or reddish-yellow gravel, then the narrow, green box-edging, enclosing the flower-beds as the gold rim of an Oriental *cloisonné* enamel encloses the harmonious blues and reds of the design. This is true artistic gardening, but it must be admitted that the flowers suffer; they are crowded, and the box-roots exhaust the soil; and this no

doubt is why those (horticulturally) benighted beings who in England rule us in gardening matters will have none of this fashion in gardens.

A survival of the older Moorish times is the wall running by the garden paths, hand-high, faced with painted tiles (*azulejos*). Along the top of this low wall is scooped a deep furrow to be filled with garden mould, and planted mostly with carnations, pinks, and gilly-flowers, or the dwarf, scented purple iris of Portugal. All these plants love the drought; and so set, their flowers can be plucked or smelled to without bending the back—an ingenious device of the ease-loving Oriental.

In such various pleasaunces as these, as Bacon says of his own ideal garden, is to be found "the greatest refreshment to the spirits of men," and indeed I know of no other commodity of a garden whatever than to reach this end. Therefore when in England I see the modern bedding-out system in its full rigour, unlovely receptacles for flowers cut out in the turf; bare earth, dreary like new-made graves for nine months of the year, swept by the east wind in winter, burnt up by the sun in summer, and in late spring the contents of green-houses turned into them to make a tawdry, unharmonized display of colour—I ask myself, "Is this the greatest refreshment to the spirits of men?" and I think, "Here again is the tyranny of the

English gardener over his too modest and retiring employer."

I freely confess that it humiliates my national pride to contemplate the pleasure-gardens of my English friends; even to pass by train in summer-time through the land, and see no garden that is any "refreshment to the spirits," save those of the cottagers, with the tall sunflowers and hollyhocks as guards and supporters of the humble porch, and intermingled with them old-fashioned English garden herbs and flowers—lavender, southernwood, virgin lilies, snapdragon, and sweet-william, double daisies, and London Pride. In contrast with these pleasant traditions of old times one sees near every well-to-do house this aforesaid wretched assortment of gorgeous yellow and sky-blue and scarlet beds, in most unholy harmony, filled with calceolarias and lobelias and red geraniums; and close by, the green-house — that tobacco-smoke-reeking repository for these gaudy treasures, where they are warehoused for three parts of the year. Beholding these things, one says to oneself, "Hard by dwells an inexorable tyrant and his too compliant master."

The English gardener, whose virtues and acquirements must be freely admitted, is in truth the scientist of domestic life, the only book-learned person about the English country house, a professor and mostly a pedant. He is the *savant*

of the servants' hall, and, like him who writes F.R.S. after his name, he too often tyrannizes over us who know less than he does, and think and feel more. Is it not a serious and crying shame that educated and thoughtful men of means and leisure should be so dominated? The gardening world would be a pleasanter world if every master who had a good and original idea (or even an original idea and not a good one) were allowed by his conventional gardener to carry it out. How many brilliant notions of a proprietor, perhaps a man of true gardening genius, must have been —not to depart from gardening metaphors—nipped in the bud by the frosty sneer of his learned and narrow-minded gardener! It is certain that before anything great or new can be done in a garden, one or the other, either master or gardener, must be, or become, a weakling. I entreat the masters to coerce their inferiors in education and in all the graces of life, and not to let it be themselves who are forced to take the wall—the garden-wall. It is always within the resources of psychological science for the superior intelligence courteously and even kindly to break down the mental fibre of the inferior will and brain, and this must be done. We may be told, indeed, that the unenlightened person is often a specialist, wise and knowing in his own narrow grove. A fallacy! Wisdom is not to be attained by draughts at one single spring, but comes to him who

has drunk the waters of many streams. The unlettered, untravelled, uninstructed peasant might at least be supposed to know something of the little world that surrounds him, but he does not. He neither observes closely nor reasons closely. For all that, he is none the less opinionative and obstinate, a solemn and pretentious donkey as a rule. "They do tell I," said an old Herefordshire gardener to a botanist of my acquaintance, one of the first in Europe, "they do tell I that they hedge-primroses, if you do take and plant 'em root uppermost, as they'll come up all manner o' colours; and," he added with a slow and sapient shake of the head, "I do mainly believe it, sir."

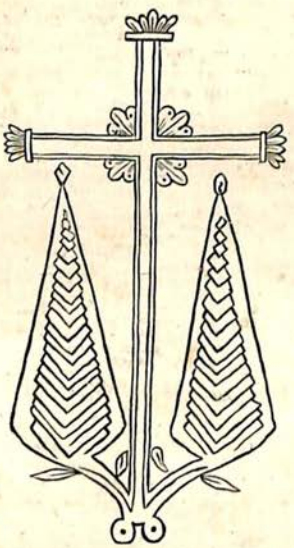
This is not the kind of man to be our adviser and guide in gardening affairs. Now, it is the merit of the Portuguese gardener that he never interrupts the tenor of his employer's gardening aspirations with futile argument and conventional advice. He is cheerfully compliant, wholly ignorant, pleasant of manner, and works hard. With such a "garden help" one may go far.

One would of course not contend that the specialist has not his use and even his charm, or that advice coming from him who is uneducated in all but his own calling is therefore to be scorned or rejected. It should be weighed certainly; it may be excellent advice, as this instance will prove. A gentleman of my acquaintance

was reforming the entrance to his country house, and considering whether to decorate by means of some sort of mosaic work the space just inside the hall-door. "Some gentlemen, sir," said his butler, "has SALVE printed here on the pavement." He said the word in the non-classical manner, as we pronounce the last half of lip-salve. I laughed when this story was told me, for it was well told, and I laugh still; nevertheless I thought it showed a kindly interest on the butler's part in his employer's concerns.

It must not be forgotten also, that although a happy and original idea may come to a man of brilliant intelligence and educated taste, the very same idea may have dwelt all along—though at second-hand—in the brain of his uneducated gardener. It is not to be superciliously rejected on that account. To be sure, the mere form of the idea may differ. In the man of genius the thought perhaps comes with a rush of imaginative ardour, and is poetized by something almost akin to inspiration, while it may be latent in the mind of the drudge in shape most base, bare, and ignoble. Yet what matters it, if the central idea be good? "I propose, John," said a master to his gardener, "to plant this dell in the wood with evergreens round its edge, so that in some places the laurels shall come forward upon the greensward and catch the points

of high light; in others the outline shall retreat, and the eye be able to travel into the dim recesses of the woodland glades. Do you take in my idea, John?" "Perfectly, sir; we calls it the *Bay and Bulge* system."



DETAIL OF CARVING ON OX-YOKE.

SEPTEMBER.

In Portugal we are on one of the routes, perhaps the main route, of the spring and autumn migrations of European birds. According to an authoritative German ornithologist, there are but nine aërial roads along which the vast flocks of winged creatures travel southwards, when the cold of winter, or the want of food in that season, or perhaps the dim recurring memory of more genial climes urges them to change their quarters. One of these routes, starting from Lapland and Northern Russia, reaches Great Britain, and passing through Western France and down the Atlantic coasts of Spain and Portugal, ends in Continental Africa. The bird traffic along this roadway passes between Oporto, which lies within sight of the ocean, and the sea-shore. The coast is low hereabouts, with sandy dunes overgrown in places with pine forest. On almost any day during the latter part of the month of September and during October, it is hardly possible to look upwards into the sky without seeing flocks of birds journeying steadily to the South.

Among the many still unsolved problems pertaining to

this greatest mystery of Nature is the fact that certain orders of birds by preference travel by night, and others by day. The pigeon tribe, the larks, wagtails, plovers, pipits, and willow-wrens travel by day; the waders, ducks and gulls, by night, unseen but not unheard. My friend, Mr. William Tait, a resident merchant of Oporto, and the author of an excellent series of contributions to the *Ibis* on the birds of Portugal, tells me that amid the vast concourse of marsh-birds that were passing overhead of him on one dark, foggy night of autumn, he could distinctly distinguish the thousand-fold repeated cry of sandpipers, dunlins, turnstones, red-shanks, and whimbrel.

The first noticeable autumnal bird movement is that of the turtle-doves. It takes place, or rather perhaps it comes only within our human observation when there is a strong east wind blowing during the second week in September. Then from just before six in the morning for about three or four hours the birds, flying low, just in fact skimming the tops of the stunted pine trees of the coast, and within sound of the Atlantic breakers, pass by in myriads and with such swiftness that, excepting the momentary dash of the falcon as he swoops upon his quarry, I know no flight of bird that can be compared to it for rapidity. One sees, staring hard upon the aërial horizon to the north, a moving pin-point in size, and before one can breathe once, the point has

expanded into a flock of a hundred doves; there is heard the rushing sound of their wings overhead, and the minute afterwards they have dwindled again to a single dot in the southern sky. They come by in numbers incalculable, in flocks varying from a dozen to a thousand, that follow each other in quick succession for these few hours and for several days together. After nine or ten o'clock not a single bird is to be seen. No doubt the migration takes place whether the wind blow east or not, but with light breezes or wind from another quarter the birds either take more extended order over the country, or fly too high, or too near the dawn, for observation.

Certainly some of the doves, and no doubt others of the stronger-winged migrants, do not hug the coast of Brittany and the Gascon shore, but boldly steer their courses across the Bay of Biscay, for captains of sailing ships, if they stand in somewhat towards the coasts of France in September, often, they tell me, see doves and other birds alighting upon their rigging in these waters. This would seem to prove that the extraordinary swiftness of their course at this flitting season, quite beyond any usually observed wing-speed of the bird, is caused by some deeply-implanted impulse, some inherited memory perhaps, of softer climes and a land more genial and kindly, that is urging them with the force of a passion to exertions almost beyond their own strength

and endurance. A proof that they are exhausted by an over rapid flight is that when they have laboured all the morning against a strong side-wind, many of the birds stop in the coast pine-woods to roost and rest and to drink at the water pools among the woods. About thirty miles to the south of Oporto, the peasants dig shallow ponds at likely points, at which the birds alight and are netted in great numbers; but unless the wind be strong from the east, none that I can learn stop by the way, and none are so caught.

As the birds fly quite straight and at an unvarying speed, it would be very easy to arrive at the pace of their travelling. I once made a rough attempt to do so, but the result came out in such surprising figures that I will not set them down; but I convinced myself that, if the flight were continuous, turtle-doves which should leave the coppices and cherry orchards of Kent or Surrey at dawn, might easily be the very birds that a few hours later were skimming over the Portuguese pine-forests on their way to Central Africa.

This same migratory roadway is also travelled over, somewhat later in this month, by flocks of tree-pipits and hoopoes, and a little later by crowds of starlings, all making south; and later still by great bodies of wood-pigeons, sky-larks, meadow-pipits, golden plover, lapwings, and stone-curlews.

The various above-named birds thus seen "at passage"

only, are yet most of them common residents in the country in their due season. The turtle-dove, which is so local in Great Britain that I should suppose not one in twenty of us at home have ever seen the bird wild, arrives from the south in April, and is a very common bird in all the woodland parts of Portugal. They return not in flocks, as they depart, but having paired apparently before the setting forth on the northward journey, and the first token of their coming is their love-song, a soft cooing that is heard in all leafy places in spring and summer, so that the Hebrew prophet's saying, "the voice of the turtle is heard in the land," denotes now in Portugal, as it did long ago in Palestine, a fertile, tree-clad, well-rivered region, and the full season of spring.

To those who love the things of the country-side, and have ears and eyes to note them, there is something strikingly characteristic in the living creatures that people the fields, the woods, the hills, and the plains, and in the physical aspects of these fields, woods, hills, and plains themselves. Nothing can well be more different than the appearance put on by nature in any of the cultivated parts of England and in this corner of Portugal which I am trying to lay bare before the reader. The broad green pastures of Southern England, the trim hedgerows, the round-topped trees, oak or elm, the great flocks of

sheep, each one of the hundred or two hundred as like the other as one egg in a basket is like another, and all seemingly of one mind in every desire and action and emotion, in feeding, in moving, in lying down, in getting up, in facing a stranger, or in running from a dog; the great browsing cattle in the rich meadows, sleepy, indifferent, or glaring at the passer-by with half-dull, half-angry eyes, and ending their stare with a slow, foolish tossing of the head: every one of these things is unseen and unknown here.

Here are no trim hedgerows, no round-topped oaks or elms, standing isolated in green meadows, or strung like beads upon the hedgerows; there is no such thing as a great flock of sheep, save in the mountain regions, and these of quite a different breed to the wool and mutton-producing machine sheep of our native land. The cattle are seldom seen in the fields, and, as has already been said, are of a wholly distinct race from any we know at home. Here too there are none of the broad pastures of England, so broad that the thick English air gathers at their far-off corners into a bluish film, softening and dulling all the outlines of tree and hedgerow; there are no great arable lands ruled by the plough into interminable ridges, mathematically regular, of greasy clay soil that glistens in the sunlight. All these things compose a landscape beautiful in its way, but

monotonous in its rightness and regularity; where are no bright and broken lights, no deep shadows; where an intolerable dullness reigns supreme; where no new thing seems ever to happen, no unforeseen object to intrude; where the gray wood-pigeon and the lazy-winged rook are the only conspicuous birds, and so frequent that the eye gets to tire of them, and the ear wearies of the harsh caw of the one and the mild, despondent cooing of the other, both sounds muffled by the thick air, and made thereby more melancholy than nature can have intended.

Lovely scenes they are, in spite of their monotony and tameness; I love them myself, for I was brought up in them. It is a landscape with accompaniments that may under certain circumstances soothe, that may calm an exuberance of high spirits, but can hardly raise from depression, and that cannot make us glad; the element of gaiety and joyousness is quite left out. Now, in these latter days of the stress of life and the duress of unlovely material environment, is it not more than ever desirable to resort to Nature's aspects for their æsthetic qualities, for what in them is recreative and refreshing? Should we not go to Nature, in fact, as we go to a novel, a picture-gallery, a poem, or a play, to ease us of the burden of life, to raise and solace our souls with suggestions of higher motives, a brighter colouring on things, loftier aspirations in men, better than

daily talk, less of dullness in the actors in our life comedy, less of pointlessness, more of fun and wit? Now, as a wise man who wants to escape from the depression caused by that aggravation of the sadness and meanness in life which the philosophers call pessimism, does not take up a novel by M. Emile Zola, so he should not contemplate a south of England landscape under the same painful circumstances; but everything has its uses, and one may fancy that if ever again the canon against self-slaughter should be removed, if the lofty but mistaken creed which drove the nobler pagans of ancient Rome to reach annihilation by the nearest way should be accepted again, then the English landscape might have its æsthetic value. Cato seeing it would have found another argument against living on besides those in the tragedy of his name, and the philosopher Seneca after a drive through Hampshire would perhaps have hastened his tragic and heroic escape from the imperial tyrant.

The scientific ornithologist who gives us the list of the birds of Great Britain and of Portugal will produce two almost identical lists. Except for the great bustard and perhaps some half-dozen other birds, all the species of Portugal are to be found in the British Islands, and *vice versâ*, but actual bird life in the two countries is widely different, and species that are common in one country are often rare in the other;

some kinds again are residents all the year round in one country that are only known at passage time in the other, so that mere scientific ornithology is no guide at all as to what birds people the Portuguese fields and sing in Portuguese woods. In England, as in France, bird life has been greatly influenced by the action of man himself; in England and Scotland directly and indirectly by the gamekeeper, in France by the pot-hunters who swarm in every parish. The British gamekeeper kills down every hawk and owl; and game and small birds increase and multiply in consequence, probably harmfully to themselves. In France, on the other hand, everything from the cushat to the robin is killed for the pot, and there are whole districts where not a wing beats the air and not a bird-note is heard all the year round. M. Daudet has told us how sportsmen fill their bags near Tarascon.

It is difficult for the man who never travels from his native land in body or mind quite to bring home to himself how enormous the massacre has been of the creatures that once held the air of England, and helped the cheerfulness of the dwellers therein by their life and their beauty. No one who has seen the innumerable kites circling in the clear skies over the city of Cairo has ever forgotten the sight, yet there was a time when this bird, the most graceful of all winged creatures, could be seen in numbers as great

over the streets of London town. The French traveller Belon, a contemporary of Shakespeare, had nowhere, he says, seen kites so common as in London and at Cairo. Now the kite is among the rarest of British birds even in the wildest districts of Great Britain.

Great Britain is indeed undergoing an ornithological revolution since the older naturalists wrote. None of them, so far as I can remember, notice the vast flocks of wood-pigeons which now positively infest our southern and central counties. It is probably the extinction of the larger hawks that has so accumulated their numbers and those of the rooks, and the deaths of thousands of kestrels, merlins, hobbies, and sparrow-hawks have also doubtless led to a vast increase in recent years of starlings and thrushes.

It is curious to note that not one of these four most abundant English birds, the rook, the wood-pigeon, the thrush and the starling, is anything but rare in Portugal. The rook is the commonest of the four. I have seen the bird from time to time in winter in the forest lands, but I never saw a rookery, and I doubt if the rook is not wholly a migrant in Portugal, which disappears in spring for higher latitudes. Mr. Tait says that the wood-pigeon breeds on the wooded sides of the Outeiro Maior, the highest mountain in Portugal, but it is a rare bird. The starling too is not common. Of the vast flocks that pass through

the country in autumn few seem to stay through the winter, and none seem to breed. The resident starling of Portugal, a common bird and a very beautiful one, with drooping silken plumes of metallic blue-black, is *sturnus unicolor*, the "Sardinian starling."

It is in the scheme of my writing to describe the commoner and more striking objects and creatures of nature rather than the rarer ones; but it is not quite easy to bring into a paragraph a list of the most usually seen birds of this corner of Portugal, so much do each locality and the conditions of each locality influence its winged inhabitants.

The question of what are the prevailing birds in a country, and of the causes which lead to the prevalence of some species and the rarity of others, seems to me, from every point of view from which ornithology is an interesting and important science to mankind, to be most important and most interesting; yet I hardly remember to have seen it noticed, even in scientific works, far less the causes which have led to it considered.

Some years ago I drove in a dog-cart from London through Surrey, Hampshire, and Wiltshire, into the western parts of the kingdom. My companion and I, as we drove on, fell to considering what were the commonest birds to be seen by the way, and, after the fashion of our countrymen, to settle the point beyond all dispute we agreed upon a bet.

Each was to name one bird, and the wager was to be decided by our common observation. We began by both choosing sparrows, then agreed to leave this "favourite horse" out of the betting as absolutely certain to win, and to "lay" on "second place"; then one of us backed, I think, chaffinches, and the other rooks. It was then summer, and the number of wood-pigeons in the fields was not so great as later on.

The event proved that we were both entirely wrong. As for the sparrow, which we had "fancied" for winner, he was "not in the race" at all. The rooks ran a bad third to the chaffinches, who were, in their turn, more than distanced by the swifts—outsiders in the betting, for we never even thought of them. It was just like the old story of the man who backed himself to "place" the horses in Eclipse's famous race—*Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere.* Perhaps it happened that the swifts, careering round a wood or hill, were counted twice over, galloping as it were again and again past the winning-post—our dog-cart—like the manœuvres of the Grand Duke's army of three men in the *Unequal Match*, but no one that I am aware hindered the rooks and chaffinches from doing as much, had they cared to. The main point was that we saw swifts, on those summer days, in countless thousands. In the towns and villages, by the oak and elm avenues of stately country houses, by

the steeples of tree-hidden rural churches, wheeling in mid-air round and round the Norman tower of Winchester Cathedral, along the brook-watered meadows of green Hampshire, over all the woods and across the steep downs, screaming as they swept on in their rapid, eager flight and ceaseless rush through the summer air. The chaffinches were gathered about the hedgerows, the gardens, and the farms, and made a good show in the fields as well. The rooks were conspicuous by their size, and fairly omnipresent, but not in actual numbers comparable to the smaller birds. The sparrows only showed in some force in the towns and near farms and rick-yards. In the open country they were absent.

In passing through Portugal, which is a country where bird life still remains more or less in its natural conditions, where there are few pot-hunters and no game-keepers or game-preservers, the observer would not, I think, find any bird in preponderating numbers. Natural conditions tend to variety, and artificial ones to uniformity. Portugal ornithologically is still a natural country in this as in other respects, and moreover it is divided by nature herself into very distinct demarcations of forest and mountain, of marshy plain and narrow, watered valley.

If a traveller enters Portugal by the valley of the Douro, as in point of fact he does at present if he comes the nearest

way by railroad, he will be struck at first, unless I am mistaken, by the birdlessness of the country. The great mountain pass through which the line from Irun by Salamanca enters Portugal, is treeless and almost grassless at this point; the scenery, grand beyond words in its rugged austerity of granite crag and boulder, seems almost bare of animal as well as of vegetable life; the Douro runs at the bottom of its stony mountain trough so far below the eye that it seems dwindled to a streamlet, but it is already a mighty river that has gathered with its tributaries all the waters of Leon and Old Castile, and has washed the walls of many famous cities—Miranda, Tudela, Carrion, Zamora, Burgos, and Valladolid. Almost the only bird life is upon its waters, in the form of the heron, which is the most common of large birds. In the spring and summer the white stork is to be seen—the famous stork of song, legend, and design. The bird is not uncommon in the south of the kingdom, but in the north is not found elsewhere than along the craggy sides of the upper Douro waters. At Barca d'Alva, the point where the Douro passes from Spain into Portugal, a steep river-side cliff is the breeding-place of a colony of Egyptian vultures, and the great eagle-owl is known to build in such cliffs all along the river, and even within a few miles of Oporto near its mouth.

As the river is descended, for the line follows its course

pretty closely, the port wine country is reached, a district some thirty miles in length and six to ten in breadth; a region of precipitous hill and deep, narrow dell, where the barren gray granite formation passes suddenly into a schistous one, a brown rock that weathers and crumbles into fertile soil. A hundred and fifty years ago it was a dense wilderness of coppice, of gorse, broom and underwood, a tangled jungle of cistus and bramble, famous for its game, the chosen home of the wild boar and the roe-deer, of hares, lynxes, and wolves. The eagle and the vulture circled overhead, and the heron and the stork fed in the river shallows, or along the reedy margents of the stream.

An accident has changed all this. This high-lying district, where frost and snow and ice continue for months in the winter, and a tropical heat is reverberated from the hill-sides in summer, was found to be capable, through some secret chemistry in the schistous soil, of producing a wine the like of which for strength and flavour is not to be grown elsewhere upon this earth. While this secret was unsuspected no farm or homestead existed in all this region, no human being disputed the sway of the indigenous plant growth over its soil, or interfered with the wild creatures that peopled its woods, its air, and its waters. In time, however, the discovery of the virtues of its soil and climate was made upon the verge of the wilderness; a plot of land was

reclaimed and a pioneer vineyard planted. When its produce was found to be excellent, the whole region was quickly dispeopled of its wild inhabitants, plant and bird and beast; and from Regoa and Villa Real and Lamego, where the wine district begins in the west, and where it is broadest, at every spot where the right vine soil exists and the exposure is good, vineyards have been planted and true port wine is made. The district extends eastward, up-stream, narrowing like the tail of a boy's kite, and at last it dwindles to a string of small vineyards when the Spanish frontier is reached.

This part of Portugal at least is what I have said Portugal in the main is not: it is artificial. Indeed I know no region on the earth's surface where man has worked so hard to alter its conditions to his own use. Every hill is regularly terraced, with help of stone walls, from the valley below to its extreme summit; and seen from a distance, the effect is as if the bare steep hills had been sketched in outline and then covered with innumerable parallel horizontal pencil-strokes.

Of the game that once so abounded here none is left but a few hares and rabbits and red-legged partridges, but these are all skulking creatures which are seldom observed but after careful searching. Kites and buzzards, and now and then a raven, are still to be seen overhead, and sand-

pipers gather on the shoaling tongues of land by the river's rim, or fly up and down its course, and there are two or three very notable birds, peculiar so far as I have noticed to this district, which may perhaps be a survival of the old period when the place was so rich in animal and plant forms. They are the black wheatear and the blue thrush, and I have seen these rare birds nowhere else but in the upper valleys of the Douro. The black wheatear is a common and noticeable bird, of about the size of a small blackbird, and like it in its blackness but for the patch of white on its back above the tail. The Portuguese call it *Chasco do leque*, the chat with the fan, from its way of flirting its tail-feathers after the manner of a woman opening and shutting a fan. The black wheatchat is a bold and active bird, coming near the houses, hanging in autumn at vintage time round the wine-press and wine-vats, attracted no doubt by the many insects which come from the vine-yards with the baskets full of ripe grapes. The bird has a very sweet song, and is heard in early spring.

The blue thrush, a very beautiful bird the size of the song thrush, is common in the valleys of the upper Douro. Like the black wheatear it is "a native of the rocks," but unlike that bird it is wary and shy. This bird with its magnificent colouring, and that so loves desert solitudes, seems rather to have its place among the bright-coloured

bird families of tropical Africa, where it is in fact a common dweller. The song is very fine and plaintive.

A third bird that is not, so far as I know, seen elsewhere in Northern Portugal, is the bee-eater, a summer visitor which has its home in Africa; a bird the size of a swift, but with colouring nearer in tint and brightness to the bird of paradise than any frequenter of the European continent. It is a bird with long and pointed wings and extraordinary command of the air, where it hunts its prey—insects of every kind—after the manner of the swallows. The golden oriole, another bird of the tropics, is not uncommon in these regions, where the summer heat is tropical too.

The migration of birds throughout Europe is for the most part from north to south, from winter's cold to the summer of tropical and half tropical climates. Other migratory lines of bird travel no doubt exist, but it is difficult to observe movements over such an extent of country, and they have been imperfectly noted by ornithologists, or not noted at all. The broad Iberian Peninsula, a little continent of itself, with a cold table-land for its centre, great snowy mountains on its northern frontier, and warm, lowland coast climates to its east, its west, and its south, would seem to furnish the very conditions for a local as well as a European migration. So far at least as this coast is concerned, a local bird movement does undoubtedly exist. Mr.

Tait tells me that as winter approaches, certain birds arrive in Portugal from the interior highlands of the Peninsula. Among these purely Iberian travellers are the woodlark, the southern gray shrike, and the Dartford warbler. These are ornithological facts which it takes years of patient observation to establish, and which I have great pleasure in making public on the authority of so excellent a field naturalist as my friend. These are indeed the precious results of careful watching and cautious induction, but there are some other tokens of this local migration of birds which require no such scientific processes to arrive at, and every one who has eyes to see with can perceive them for himself.

In December and January, we who are dwellers within hearing of the Atlantic breakers, at Oporto, often see swallows flying over the meadows and even among the houses of the city itself. This is long after every swift, martin, and chimney-swallow has left, and the winter-coming swallow has no connection or even generic kinship with any of these birds. The bird is of a different genus and species, *Cotile Rupestre*, the crag-swallow, who has his summer home in the colder mountain ranges of the interior, and only comes to the coast under stress of weather. This swallow is not a regular winter dweller here, and so soon as the hard weather that has driven him from the hills has passed away, he returns to the mountains, and we see no more

of him. Though the crag-swallow seems to an unpractised eye so nearly to resemble the common house-martin, he is a slenderer bird, his shape is more delicate, his colouring more dusky; his flight is less dashing, but it is more graceful and gliding than that of any other of the swallow family.

There is a famous series of cataracts in the river Douro, not far from the Spanish frontier on the Portuguese side, known as the *Cachão*, the Shark, where the river breaks very swiftly and impetuously through a narrow pass in the hills. Here the barren granite cliffs tower up abruptly from the water's edge, and seem from their height and steepness to overhang the river. The Douro rushes down slanting ledges of the broken rock, with breaker and whirlpool; day and night the hollow gorge, shadowed by its tall cliffs to a perpetual twilight, is filled with the thunder of falling and rushing waters. It is here that the crag-swallow builds her nest and rears her young ones.

It is not very pleasant to interrupt an account of the peaceful transactions of Nature with a political digression, but I must relate how this innocent bird furnished the occasion for an ill-natured paragraph to an ingenious Portuguese journalist during the recent electoral crisis, when, as I have already told, every journalistic stone that could be thrown

at England was utilized for "patriotic" purposes. During a fortnight of very cold weather in the early part of February of this year, when the tops of the neighbouring *Serras* were covered with snow, some of these cliff-swallows made their appearance in the meadows by the sea near Oporto. "Never," says a hasty Portuguese paragraphist, "have the swallows made their appearance so early as this year,"—he mistook the birds for the spring visitants from Africa,—"and it is clear," he went on, "that the very swallows, whose home as we know is in England, have left that den of pirates in horror of the conduct of its inhabitants." This journalistic gem was no doubt intended as a stroke of satire, but to perpetrate it what a strange jumble was necessary of bad natural history and absurd politics!

In writing anything of Northern Portugal it is difficult to dissociate oneself from the great river which passes through its midst and is the very artery of the country's life, for whose possession Moor and Christian fought, and Goth and Roman contended before them; the river which, issuing into a fair haven at Oporto, first gave the inhabitants shelter for their war-ships, and afterwards passage seawards for their commerce. The Douro is far more than the Tagus to Southern Portugal, the Rhone to Provence, or even the Rhine to Holland. It made the kingdom, it

even gave it a name, separating it from Spain, and if we look closely into the secret springs of history, the great river has done much to maintain the country's independence through the long vicissitudes of time.

When the Douro reaches the extremity of that schistous region where the vine has been found to prosper so exceedingly, the character of its surroundings changes abruptly. The schist formation turns to granite, and granite rocks rise suddenly into a lofty range, three thousand feet high, the Marão mountains. The river finds passage through them in a series of gorges broader and less austere in character than the river passes further east, and there are long reaches of rapids; not so violent, however, but that the great flat-bottomed, lug-sailed boats can easily pass down, laden with pipes of port wine, and coming up unloaded they are towed by their crews up the stiffer portions of the current. The scenery on this part of the river is exceedingly beautiful, and continues to be lovely through a rich champaign country alternating with rock and bouldered hill and high, wood-clothed banks, till Oporto is reached.

The birds which frequent these varied regions change with the character of soil and scenery. Few of those which are found in the upper, rocky valleys of the river are to be seen lower down; the stork, the vulture, the blue thrush, the black wheatear and the bee-eater have disappeared, but the

heron still stalks among the shallows. The kingfisher is common all along the river, and the water-ousel is to be seen wherever the water runs shallow and ripples among stones and rocks. In the wooded passes the turtle-dove is perhaps the dominant bird, and through these same woods the jay and the magpie flit, and the hoopoe, whose way of flight and size, and even in the distance his colouring, resemble the jay's to unpractised eyes, is quite a common bird. Unlike the jay, however, he frequents the open country rather than the woodlands. The large, slow-moving brown hawk that is so constantly seen hanging over the woods, or in lazy, wheeling flight by the river-edge, is the buzzard, the common buzzard that in England is now so uncommon that a man might live a lifetime in the country and never once see the bird. The small hawk that soars into the higher levels of the skies with fuller wing power, and who turns his head to the breeze and beats the wind with repeated pinion stroke, and then remains poised, motionless, in the wind's eye, like a ship hove to, is the kestrel or wind-hover, the commonest of all the hawks of Portugal, so common that in many parts it would be difficult to look round the horizon without seeing one. The sparrow-hawk is possibly nearly as common, but from his habit of never rising into the upper air, of keeping to the woods and hedgerows and coppices, stealing upon his prey,

and then coursing it down through tree-branch and bush, he is less often seen. This is the fiercest of all the hawks, and for his size the strongest, and is maligned by being called "sparrow-hawk," for in my own observation he disdains such humble quarry. The Portuguese peasants, who are good name-makers, call him *gafanhôto*, and the word was perhaps built up from the root *gafa*, force; perhaps it is only one of those terms that, like all very appropriate names, have no reasonable connection with "the nature of things," but only a suggestive fitness in their sound; names that are not mere onomatopes, like cuckoo or pee-wit, but derive from some vaguer, more subtle affiliation of the word to the idea. Thus the bird which we too obviously and rather vilely call gull, the fishermen of Portugal call *gaivota*, and no one can deny that the word admirably conveys an idea of the buoyant, untiring flight of the bird.

As the river nears the ocean, the sea-birds come up with the daily tides. The herring-gull is the dominant gull, but the lesser black-backed gull is common too, and when the tide is out the little tern hangs in its flight over the pools left among the sands, hovering, with her pointed swallow-like wings quivering, like a tiny falcon—the most graceful flyer of all sea-birds—then she drops from on high like a bullet, and dives again and again for her prey in the

shallow pools. The Oporto boatmen call the bird *chilreta.* It has many other names, all of them somehow suggestive of its movements and look and ways. Many of the plover family and of the waders too are now seen upon the wet river-shores, or flying swiftly in flocks from sand-point to sand-point; lapwings, redshanks, dunlins, knots, sanderlings. Some of these are birds of the summer months, like the knot; others of late autumn, like the sandpiper; others of the winter months, like the dunlin; the lapwing, which is so very common all through the winter, does not seem to breed anywhere in this country, and therefore plovers' eggs are unknown in Portugal.

As the river flows on through marshy fields and broad reed-beds, the light-coloured marsh-harrier will often be seen flying over them, ranging and quartering the ground like a pointer, and flying so low that its broad wings seem almost to stir the reeds and rushes as it passes.

Twelve miles before the Douro reaches Oporto the river Souza joins it from the north, and has cut for itself a gorge through the Serra of Santa Justa. On the precipitous cliffs thus formed are the nesting-places of many birds of prey, and among others of the eagle-owl, and this magnificent bird may be seen here any day in the nesting season, flying betwixt heaven and earth, a creature of quite surprising size when one sees it close. It stares down at

one with great yellow eyes, and seems to carry with it through the air a whole pillow-case full of soft, fluffy brown feathers.

These are all the more common and conspicuous birds that are to be encountered in travelling along the line of the river Douro that transects the northern provinces of Portugal from east to west. Various as are the regions that the river passes through, a line drawn transversely across it from north to south would traverse a more varied country still. For, starting in the north, it would cross the great well-watered district of prosperous yeomen farmers, the Minho province, where pine-clad hill and fertile valley alternate through a great breadth of the land, and where the birds are those of the cultivated regions—willow-wrens of every sort, which the Portuguese confound with several feeble-winged twitterers of allied kinds under the general name of *Folosa;* there are likewise siskins, serins, chaffinches, blackcaps innumerable, nightingales by all the stream-sides, fly-catchers of two sorts; the hedge-accentor, with the turtle-dove, the cuckoo and the ruddock haunt the coppices; and in the fields are vast flocks of linnets, pipits, and goldfinches. The song-thrush and the redwing abound in the winter season, and the blackbird and missel-thrush are to be seen all round the calendar of months. Landrails and quails hide in the standing fields of corn, and the rail's

harsh call and the thrice-repeated piping of quails are heard throughout the summer-time.

It may well be supposed that a region so plentifully peopled with singing-birds is not one where silence reigns. By day and night there is the music of birds. In spring and early summer there is not, I think, an hour of the twenty-four which has not its bird's song.

It is a curious contrast to this throng of bird life when the traveller, along the track which I have supposed to be drawn north to south, reaches one of the barren hill ranges which the line is sure to cut, sooner or later. As he mounts the hill-side and treads on the scanty plant-covering of the mountain, the wiry bent-grasses, the stunted heather and rock-roses barely concealing the granitic sand mingled with quartz pebbles and mica scales, a soil nearly devoid of plant nutriment, he presently finds the earth and the air quite forsaken by birds, and the blue sky bending over him has not a sound in it. The brown and the green lizards are sunning themselves on the stones, and the great blue and yellow lizard of Portugal, *Lacerta occelata*, the most beautiful of European reptiles, more than a foot long, shaped like a small crocodile, and studded on its back with spots of blue and green and yellow, as bright in colour as gems, may be started and runs clumsily pattering over the stones. The viper or the ring-snake, the asp or the blind-worm may

be surprised as they glide and writhe their way among the rocks, but of other life there is hardly any sign, excepting one bird, which invariably inhabits such barren, hilly places —the stonechat. Though a lover of solitary places, it is not a lover of solitude, and the bird approaches him who invades its haunts, and flits round his path.

In very rocky ground, where there are water-springs and bushes, redstarts are not uncommon, the common English kind and the black species, a larger, handsomer, and bolder bird. On these heights, too, the coveys of partridges lie which feed at dawn and sunset in the cornfields below. One may see them sometimes on such uplands where the covert is low, running swiftly with lowered heads and suddenly lifting themselves into the air; their swift, whirring flight carries them in an instant round a shoulder of the hill-side, and they are lost. Though the red-leg is the common partridge of Portugal, the gray partridge, our common English bird, exists too, but never in the haunts of the larger bird. It is evident that the gray partridge is the relic of a long past period when the climate was colder, for the bird is now only found on mountains above a certain elevation. He stands therefore in Portugal in the same relation to the red-leg partridge as the ptarmigan does to the red grouse of Scotland, and no doubt for precisely similar reasons. There is still one more bird of the mountain-

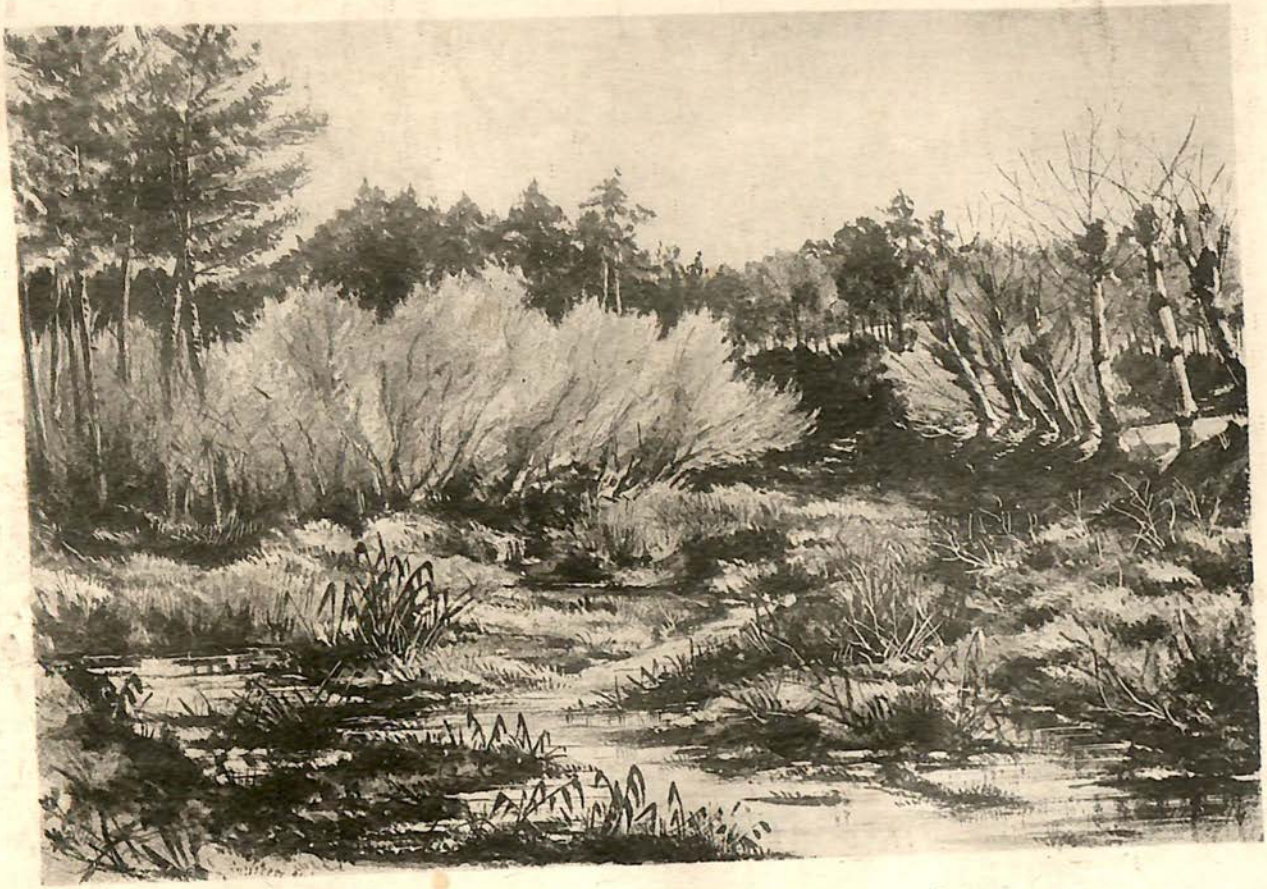
side, not a very common one, but a noticeable one, and I have seen him on such hills as I am now describing. It is the *cuchicho*, the calandra lark, a bird as large nearly as a thrush, with a habit of rising a small way into the air like the skylark, and singing as he comes to earth again; but his voice, though strong, has none of the sweet modulation of the English lark. Nevertheless, the Portuguese value this harsh songster as a cage-bird more than any other bird that flies. The *cuchicho* is something of a mocking-bird, and they freely give from one to three pounds for a good singer.

Three-fourths of all the land hereabouts, within fifteen miles of the sea, are taken up with continuous pine forest, and this too has its own exclusive bird inhabitants, many of which are met with nowhere else. The pine wood is either sandy and bare of undergrowth, or if in richer soil the ground beneath the thin-branched trees is covered with gorse, and cistus, and bramble. This monotony of vegetation begets a similar monotony of bird life. The blackbird is perhaps the dominant bird here, then the jay. At night the hooting and screeching of owls from every side testifies to their numbers, but they are only seen now and then by day-time, flying from some ivied tree or rock. The owl so often heard by night in Portugal is not the wood-owl we know so well at home, but which is not common here—the owl whose tremulous hooting on dark nights

frightens our English peasants with thoughts of ghosts and spirits, whose "Tu-whit! tu-who!" Shakespeare and Coleridge have immortalized—but *Carine Noctua*, a still more famous and indeed immortal owl, for it is certainly the very bird of ancient Greece that was sacred to Pallas Athene herself, the emblem of wisdom, and whose image Dr. Schliemann so frequently found in the Troad.

There is one more night-bird to notice in these Portuguese pine forests. When the monotony of the sun-dried forest is interrupted by some little thread of water, an oasis of alders and sallows grows up and a tangle of wild plants borders the watercourse. From such coppices among the pine forests I have heard oftener than elsewhere, by night, and occasionally by day, the voice of the most melodious of known songsters after the nightingale—the woodlark. It is the latest singer, too, of all the year, and I have even heard it when woodcock shooting in November.

The broad, well-furnished pine-covered *landes* of Portugal should hold many woodcock in the winter season, and doubtless they do; but the area of covert is so great that picking them up becomes a mere chance, and with forests so vast there is no possible manœuvring of guns and beaters. There is nothing for it but to go forward through the miles of covert in an extended line, and the birds no doubt often run forward as the noise comes near them, take wing out



THE HAUNT OF THE REED WARBLER.

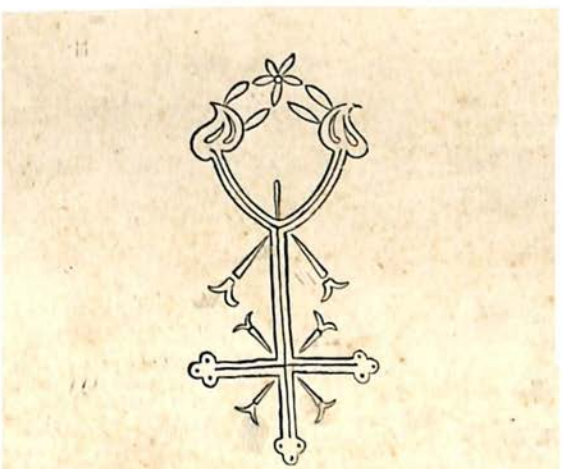
of sight, and are never seen at all. It is at such times that one can take note of the solitude and desertion of these great forests. The passing of a jay overhead becomes an event: one watches with interest the flight from bush to bush of a wren, or the climbing of a tree-creeper, and one stops to listen when the silence is broken by the sudden, loud, laughing cry of the green woodpecker echoing through the glades. The bird is mostly unseen; the sound dies away and a dead silence reigns again.

Continuing southward on the track of the same imaginary line we have drawn irregularly from north to south across Northern Portugal, and coming to the sea-coast north of the Douro, the streamlets making for the sea lose themselves in the sand and form tiny deltas of marsh land, a hundred yards across at their broadest, through which the water flows with hardly any current, bordered by willows and alders and rushes and reeds. There is one such delta within a mile or two of Oporto to the north. It is too small to hold any of the larger marsh-frèquenting birds, but is full the summer through of the sedge-birds and others of the wren tribe that livé near water. Especially is it the haunt of the reed-warbler, nearly as rare a bird in Portugal, so far as my observation goes, as in Great Britain, and as fine a singer here as there. The peasants call the bird *Rouxinhol das caniças*, the reed-nightingale.

We are now within sight and sound of the Atlantic waves that break on the low, rock-bound coast, and we breathe the salt sea-spray. Overhead and at sea are the great armies of gull and guillemot and tern and shearwater, and on some isolated, sea-beaten rocks in the offing, a mile from shore, one can see the black outlines of cormorants.

The Douro itself forms no delta as it enters the sea; there are no marshes at its mouth, only sandy spits, and all about and close to the sea the pine forest grows. To find marshes of any extent and marsh-birds in any abundance, we must travel twenty or thirty miles south to Ovar and Esmoriz and Aveiro, where the Vouga and other slow-flowing rivers flow through a plain backed by an amphitheatre of hills, and the low ground is filled with swampy meadows, rice-fields, and great beds of reeds and water-plants. The plain is intersected by innumerable canals and water-drains, intermingled with shallow lagoons of brackish water; and arms of the sea stretching inland are subdivided at their shallow ends into salt-pans. This district, as may be supposed, is a paradise for wading and swimming birds. Ducks of many kinds swim on the lagoons, snipe innumerable spring up as one walks through the reeds, and whisps of rarer birds of the same order fly whistling overhead, while the buzzards and the harriers are continually floating over the land in search of their prey. Here, too, in spring after sunset the

whole welkin and the earth itself sometimes suddenly thrills and trembles with a strange mysterious sound, as loud and air-shaking as the booming of the engines that now invade our rural English solitudes. It is the bittern's love-song, and the bird is wheeling high up, hidden in the blue depths of air. In winter this huge gray bird often rises from the reeds almost at the feet of the shooter, flying with something of the jagged flight of a snipe, and looking not unlike a snipe of enormous size. The bittern, though, flies more slowly, and is almost impossible to miss; and he who has once killed one, if he be a true sportsman or a true naturalist, will vow never again while he lives to commit so useless and atrocious a murder.



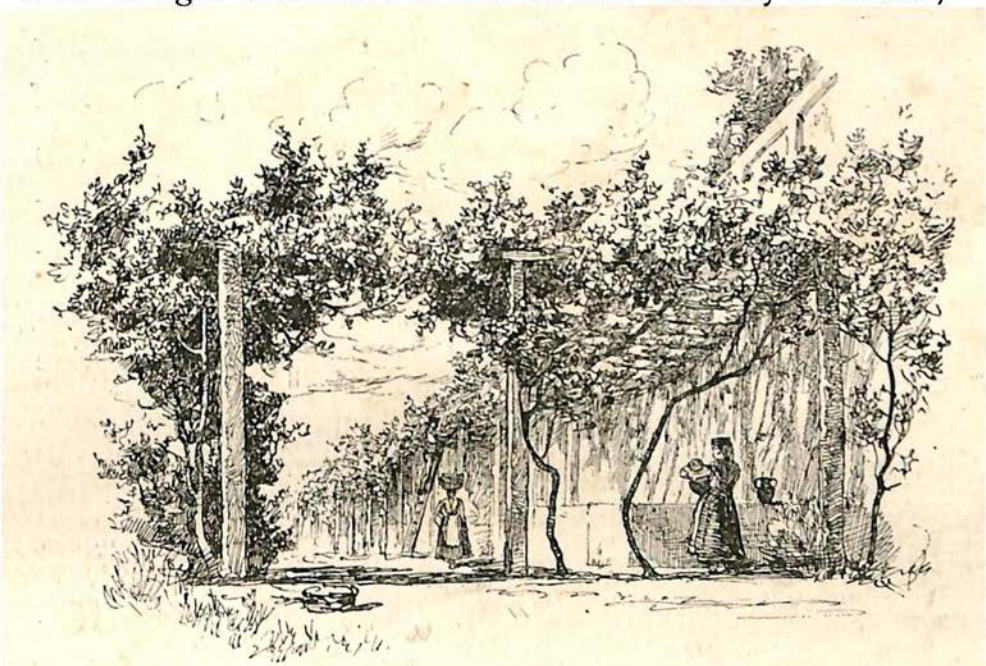
DETAIL OF DECORATION ON OX-YOKE.

OCTOBER.

Two great natural beauties are to be seen here in this month, one upon earth and one in the sky. That greatest of world travellers, Alexander von Humboldt, a savant doubled with a philosopher, and who had something of a poet's insight as well, gave as his opinion that the most gorgeous sunsets are to be seen in about latitude 40°, in mountainous regions, in the neighbourhood of the sea, and in the month of October. Now Oporto lies in north latitude 41°, the sea is but a mile or so away, and the land rises into steep hills. In October, accordingly, the cloudscapes at sunset time are magnificent beyond the words of the writer, beyond the brush of the artist, and almost beyond the fancy of the poet.

In October, too, and when the sun is about to go down, there is to be seen, upon the earth itself, a lesser colour-glory of rich russet browns and golden yellows, of scarlet and green and crimson. It has not the vastness of the sky pageant, nor its vistas of far-off transparent distances; it is less in grandeur but hardly less in beauty. It is to

be seen when the setting sun shines on the wilderness of vine-leaves, now beginning to turn from green to all shades of yellow, brown, and red. Of all the autumn-changing trees, beech or maple or liquidambar, no colouring is so rich and varied as these fading tints on the vine in the fall of the year; and there is grace of form too, and rare contrasts of light with shade as well as rich harmony of colour;



VINE TRELLIS.

for one sees here and there, along the tangled mass of vine-leaves, against the dark shadow below the trellis, a trailing, red-leafed vine-spray reaching down which the sunlight has caught and illumined, and makes for the moment of as bright a scarlet as the poppy's flower.

This way of growing the vine upon a trellised wooden framework, supported on pillars of stone, the so-called *Ramada*, or of letting it run up the trunks of trees is not only the most picturesque method of vine-growing—that is a small matter—but it is the most productive in wine, chiefly perhaps because it is less of an interference with the nature and gadding habits of the plant than the method of the French of pruning back the vine to a tiny bush. However, the very artificial French treatment of the vine has two signal advantages. The sun's heat is thereby more strongly refracted from the earth into every part of the plant, the circulation of sap is more perfectly performed through a lesser ramification of sap-veins, and consequently the grape is more fully matured, and the wine made of its juice is richer, stronger, and of finer flavour. Moreover, by no other means could fine wines be grown so far to the north of the centre of the zone which forms the true habitat of the vine as France or Germany. Consequently Bordeaux wines, Burgundies, hocks, and champagnes are made from grapes of vines grown as bushes. The central portion of the aforesaid wine zone, the portion of the earth's surface most congenial to perfect results in wine, may be taken to be a belt of land which reaches from the mouth of the Douro to the mouth of the Guadalquivir, and which goes eastward round the earth along an

isothermal strip of about this breadth of country. Even in this favoured region, no wine of the very highest quality can be grown save from bush-pruned vines. Port wine is so grown, as well as sherry; and the treatment, helped by full climatic influences, exaggerates the vinous qualities of these two fine liquors into a concentration of strength and flavour that no wine-maker's ingenuity can reach further north.

But when we interfere with nature's own selected and evolved methods, she resents it after a time. The dwarfing of the vine is comparatively a modern practice; it is not thus that the vine was grown in ancient days and through the Middle Ages. Accordingly it is not till quite modern times that the two most fatal of plagues have fallen upon the vine. In 1851 came a blight — *Oidium Tuckeri*, for which wine-growers have found a preventive, but not a cure, in flowers of sulphur; but till this discovery was made the blight went some way towards annihilating the finest vine-yards of Europe, and to this day we wine-growers must powder every vine-leaf in spring with sulphur at considerable cost.

In 1863 came a worse plague still from America, the *Phylloxera Vastatrix*, in the form of a fly so tiny and apparently so rare that it has never once been seen in Europe in the wild state; but it must be spread all over the

Continent, for grubs born of its eggs—creatures hardly visible except under the microscope—have devastated the finest vineyards of France, Spain, and Portugal. It is not a little wonderful that the parent of an insect that has wrought as much evil as all the ten plagues of Egypt put together, should never have been seen. It is not that it has not been looked for. Entomological savants have scoured the European region of vineyards, armed with butterfly-nets and magnifying-glasses, but hitherto in vain. They have even ingeniously searched the nests of ants and the webs of spiders at dawn and sunset, hoping to secure so much as a wing or perhaps a leg or two of the mysterious insect; but as yet they have obtained no trace of the perfect flying *Phylloxera Vastatrix*, that must, in the entomological order of things, exist somewhere and somehow. My friend, Mr. Morgan, an eminent wine-merchant of this city, who has made a close and most interesting study of the *Phylloxera*, has indeed offered to show me the winged insect, the parthenogenetic mother of this tiny pest, preserved in spirit; but it is one of his own breeding, reared from the larva through the pupa state.

The habit of the *Phylloxera Vastatrix* in the grub form is to burrow into the soil below the vine, and destroy the roots. Whole districts, in France chiefly, square leagues of what once were fertile vineyards are now turned to a

bare and fruitless desert, by an insect so minute that no dot made with the point of the finest pen on paper could make a mark small enough to equal its bulk; and there is virtually no remedy for the plague, for the cause of it is underground. A form of sulphur will indeed poison the insect in the larval form, but it must be injected into the ground as a liquid, and the whole vineyard saturated with the poison. The expense makes this remedy practically inapplicable except in the case of very valuable vineyards.

Now all this may not make very interesting reading to the general reader, but some of mine I believe are to be found in countries where vines and vineyards make anything but a dull topic. In the United States, in Australia, at the Cape, are growing numbers to whom the cultivation of the vine and the making of wine are of the deepest interest. We who live here in Portugal, in a country where wine has almost certainly been grown and used, to the great refreshment of labouring humanity, for over two thousand years, know well that this, the oldest of all drinks and of all luxuries, is likewise the least liable to abuse, and, fairly used, the best sweetener of toil, the surest solace, relief, and easement of the monotony and misery of human life. Men of the English-speaking nations who have gone forth over the earth to till or conquer and to hold it, could necessarily never take with them from home any knowledge of vine-

culture and wine-making, so that the arts of planting and pruning the vine, and of pressing the grape and fermenting its liquor have been, among those who speak our tongue abroad, the latest coming of all the agricultural arts. Now, however, the vineyard has got to be a part of countless English and American holdings beyond the seas, and it is to their owners that I wish now to say a few words. As a wine-grower myself, and as a dweller in a country where a knowledge of the arts of wine-making is hereditary, I believe I may be the mouth-piece of something worth the hearing. Here it is anyhow, put as shortly as may be.

We have learnt in this Peninsula that wine grown on the mountains is sweeter and better though scantier in yield than the wines of the plain country, and this knowledge is as old as the first century A.D., and the time of Columella, who wrote to this very effect. On a granite soil, either in the plain or on the hill-side, the vine never affords a finely-flavoured wine, and it is better to plant no vineyard there; but on some kinds of clay soils, on gravelly, or sandy ground, and almost always in a schistous formation, the growths of wine are of high quality. The port-wine vineyards are on argillaceous schist; the vineyards that make sherry mainly on sand or gravel. In every latitude where there is a marked winter and a marked summer season, there vines will thrive and wine can be made, and the wine is never the worse but

the better for sharp winter frost. Too far south the vine gets no rest in winter, and makes no grapes; too far north the grapes get no sufficient summer ripening. Of all the lessons taught here, this one is the most important, that so surely as the vine is dwarfed and dwindled to a shrub, so surely will the *Phylloxera* grub in time find the plant, reach its roots and destroy them; but if the old natural way be followed, and the vine allowed to creep over a tree or a trellis, and thus grow in liberty to its full size, its roots, following the law of all plant-growth and going as deep down as the branches are long, will dive into the earth far below the limits to which the *Phylloxera* grub can burrow, which is about four feet. It is doubtless for this reason, as well as because the vine so treated is sturdier and hardier, that in Portugal the trellised vines are never attacked by the *Phylloxera*, while all others have suffered.

There is another great advantage in this natural growing of the vine. It is that the roots go for water and nourishment a long way beneath the roots of any field-crop, therefore they do not interfere with them, as any one may see for himself, for it is common in a maize-field bordered by vine-trellised paths to see the finest ears of corn near and often touching the stem of the vine. The vine-roots, indeed, catch and benefit by that portion of the enrichment which the farmer puts upon his fields, and which with heavy

rain sinks past the shallow roots of ordinary crops. The vine acts therefore as a save-all, and receives that percentage of manure, which the scientific farmer now has discovered to be very large, that is carried down into the depths of the soil, and lost for ever. That this is no ingenious fancy of the writer's is proved by this, that the yield of wine where the vines are trellised is doubled and trebled by good tillage and plentiful enrichment of the soil.

Now, it is to be borne in mind by my brother vine-growers in America and our Colonies that the wine of grapes so grown will never be so rich in certain qualities as the dwarfed vine. It will be a sharper, rougher wine, yet full too of fine, vinous qualities, but it will never be a delicate wine for the luxurious and the fastidious. Taste, however, in peculiar wine-flavours is nothing but a question of habit and acquirement, and I strongly recommend all who live near where the vine will thrive in this its natural state, to grow it thus and no otherwise. The farmers of the Minho, who drink no other wine but such as this, think all other growths insipid. I remember some Portuguese beaters out shooting who were tried with Château Margaux: they despised it exceedingly! My advice then to those of my tongue and race who live abroad is, to cultivate a taste for the fine, austere form of wine produced in a suitable climate by the naturally-grown vine, and to drink none but

this concentrated, fermented result of pure grape-juice. It contains ænanthic ethers and all the rich and subtle chemistry of vinosity, which help to cheer and sustain the body and spirits of man through heat and cold and toil and fatigue, in proportions far greater than any of the imported dear-bought, doctored fabrications of Champagne and Gascony. If it is any help to his fancy in acquiring the taste, let him know that the ancients, of classic times, grew the vine no otherwise than in this natural fashion, and drank no other wine than this same sharp and astringent liquor.

It is commonly supposed that there is some deep mystery in the making of wine, and that a really fine wine is only the result of great skill and a series of happy coincidences. Nothing is farther from the fact. It is easier far to make wine than to make cider, it takes less apparatus, time, or trouble; and the brewing of good beer is an art many times more complicated and difficult than either.

It only needs that the ripe grapes be picked, thrown into a great tub, that they be crushed underfoot or even with the hands, or with any kind of crushing instrument. The liquor, skins, and stalks are left together to ferment in the open tub. In twenty-four hours, or rather less or rather more, fermentation begins, bubbles of gas rise up, and the liquor seems as if it boiled. After a time the skins and

stalks rise to the top in a thick cake; and when this cake has remained on the surface for a few hours and the heat of the liquor is beginning to abate, it is drawn off. It is already drinkable wine, and requires nothing but to be poured into clean casks. When the cold weather comes, it deposits a sediment, the liquor brightens, and goes on improving till spring-time, when it is usual to begin to drink it. It is thus the farmers here make their wine, with no more care and no more art than this; and so it has been made by all the countless generations of men through thousands of years since grapes have been crushed and their liquor fermented. With no more care or art than this it never spoils; it is always strong, refreshing, and sound. The Greeks of Sicily indeed discovered that the sulphur of their Mount Etna, burnt in the vessel which was to receive the liquor from the vat, helped to stop the fermentation, and in doing so somewhat enriched the wine, while it tended to preserve it; and science now recognizes that these fumes are sulphurous acid gas, and the most powerful of known antiseptics for fermented liquors. The Romans learned this secret from the Sicilian colonists, and coming here, taught it to the Portuguese, and the farmer here still often burns a rag dipped in sulphur in the empty barrel before he racks his new wine. In making finer wines some proportion of the skins and stalks are removed,

and white wine is made somewhat differently to red wine. There are other refinements of manufacture, but the hardier country wines of these parts are made by the methods I describe, and need no addition to keep them sound.

The cultivation of the trellis-trained vine is as simple an operation as there is in husbandry; it requires only that the young wood that has grown during the previous summer should be pruned back to the third or fourth bud from the parent stem and the shoot tied securely down upon the trellis, with something of a slight bend. The pruning should be done after the greater cold of winter is past, and before the warmth of the spring begins. The vine itself thus treated wants no manuring, no hoeing, no care of any kind through all the rest of the year.

In Portugal the harvest is spread over several months; but October is the chief time of crop gathering, for now the broad fields of maize are cut and the maize-cobs garnered. The wheat and rye and barley have whitened for the harvest in July. The gourds are brought in a month later from the fields, and the harvesting of the great onions, which are sold in London as Spanish onions, but come from Portugal and mainly from Oporto, takes place in early August; the olive harvest is in December, and that of oranges chiefly in March. But the maize-harvest, that gives

the people their bread and that comes just after the vintaging of the grapes, is the most important event of the whole farming year. Before the grain can be threshed out, the ear, which is gathered without its straw, must be divested of its sheath, and this is still done by hand in Portugal. As this is a very tedious operation, and one that women and children can perform as well as men, it is common in harvest-time for the farmer to invite his neighbours to help, and such "bees" are held on the threshing-floors of every farm, far into the warm, moonlit nights of October. A great jug of last year's wine is provided, sometimes an old fiddler is invited, sometimes one or two of the guests bring their mandolins and accompany the songs and ballads that pass away the time while the workers do their business with the maize-cobs.

They are a cheerful people, not working less hard because they mingle their toil with song and music and the passing wine-cup. In vintage-time it is the same; the hardest work then is that of the young men who enter the great stone wine-vats at nightfall to tread the grapes all the night through. A dozen or more of them go in at a time, each man laying his hands on his neighbour's shoulder, to keep his balance. The work lasts many hours, and is so tiring that it has to be done by relays of men. It would be cheerless as well as tiring for the workers but for the

musician with violin or mandolin or bagpipe, who is hired to play to them; and all night their steady trampling of the grapes keeps time to the slow, monotonous movement of the same universal simple old-world air. Every now and then the men break into a refrain in unison. There is seemingly no labour so hard but what it is made easier by brotherhood in toil, and this exceedingly severe work of the wine-vat, that comes after the burden of daylight labouring is over, is most eagerly and willingly performed by the young men of rural Portugal.

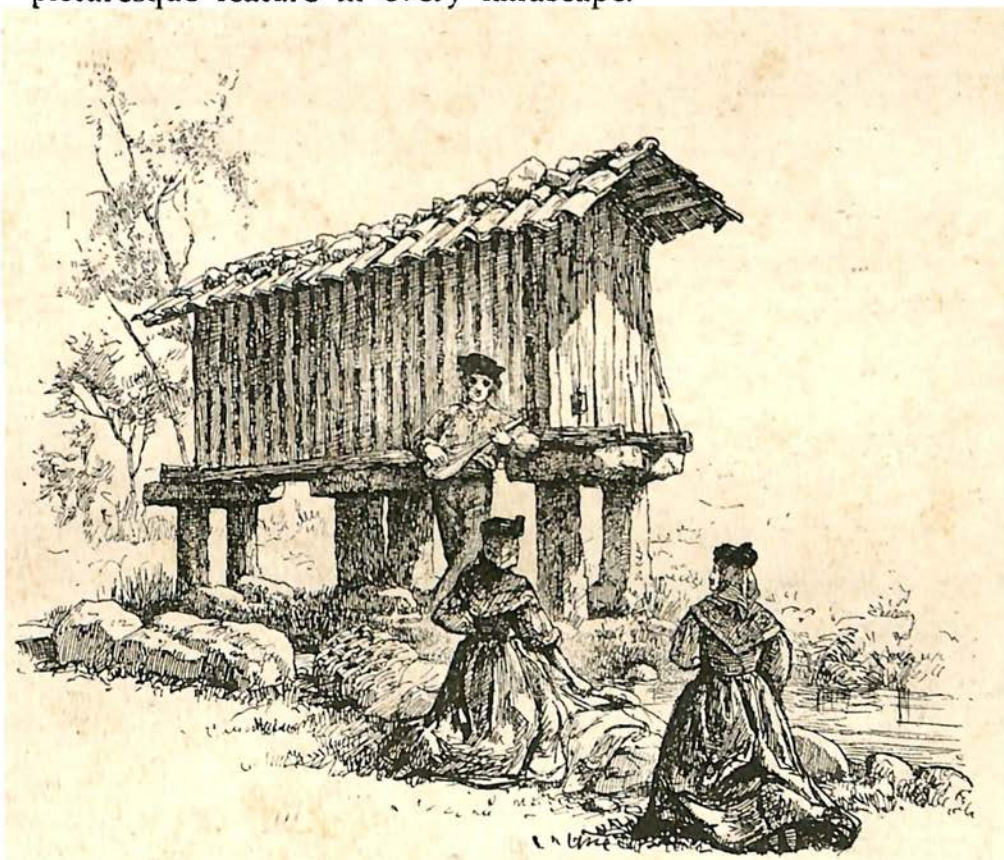
There is perhaps no corner of the civilized world where the insufferable booming and whirring of the agricultural machine is so seldom heard as in Northern Portugal. Every operation of husbandry on the little area of land that the yeoman farmer tills is done by his own hands or his people's. No steam-plough tears through his land, no scarifier assails it, no patent driller supplants the sower who still moves his scattering hand in rhythm with each measured step he takes through the harrowed field. No patent, improved steam-threshers have yet broken up the rural harvest "bee." The plough is still fashioned from a crooked bough, with a coulter and share that the village blacksmith can beat out in an hour's work; and the simple rustic harrow is still weighted with a lump of stone which, for aught the peasant knows, may contain the imprisoned spirit of an enchanted Moor.

The scientific economist may sigh to think of such lamentable shortcoming in the pursuit of wealth, while the æsthete may rejoice to see the picturesqueness of ancient times maintained. A plainer man than either might ask if after all the highest function of human ingenuity and invention is to fatten two bullocks on land where one grew fat before, and to multiply bushels of grain, if in the process the men and women and children upon rural acres dwindle in numbers, and must either decay into destitution, or be forced to leave their homes and the hereditary toil which custom has sweetened to them, and the country whose honour and safety and freedom they would have rejoiced to defend.

It is a question perhaps soon to be asked and answered, whether the nobler and even the more utilitarian end of our economic endeavours may not be in the direction of attending less to the yield of corn to the acre, and the pounds of suet in an ox, and more to maintaining a cheerful and sturdy peasantry, in that middle state between wealth and poverty, between fame and obscurity, which all philosophy and indeed all common observation tells us is the happiest condition of the average human being.

When the maize-ears have been freed of their sheathing they still require drying before the grains are hard enough to start, under the flail, from their sockets in the ear; and

as the early part of this month is the wettest period of the calendar, the maize-ears are put to dry in little isolated barns with overhanging eaves and boarded sides left partially open for ventilation. These drying granaries are attached to every farm in Northern Portugal, and are a picturesque feature in every landscape.



DRYING GRANARY FOR INDIAN CORN.

In a region of small estates, where the farm practices have been handed down from father to son, and modified

by no new or foreign ideas, it is not to be supposed that much is done in the way of farming that could be employed with advantage elsewhere—in our own country, for instance, whose land tenure and farming methods are so very different. There is, nevertheless, one most useful practice followed here, one admirable lesson to be learnt from the Portuguese farmer. It is not my fault that it has not been learnt by heart by my countrymen long ago, for I have done my best to make it public, in articles, letters, and official reports. If iteration were not a virtue in such a case, I should be ashamed of describing the practice aforesaid once more; moreover, the increased use of silage in England and the growing employment of artificial manures, which stimulate rather than feed and sustain the land, make this particular lesson which the Portuguese can teach us more than ever a useful one.

The Portuguese farmer never uses the straw of his cereals for the bedding of his cattle. Every particle of this valuable cattle-food is chaffed, mingled with grass, and in his estimation, and rightly as I judge, makes the green forage more wholesome and digestible. The bedding of his cattle lairs is composed of all the wild plants that grow on the mountain-side or under the scanty shadow of pine trees in the forest, gorse and heather chiefly, with all the aromatic plants, rock-roses, cistus shrubs and the like, and countless species of

smaller wild plants, bent-grass, lichens, and mosses. Every farm, even if it run to no more than ten acres, has a patch of wild ground attached to it, from which a thick crop of this excellent litter is taken once in three or four years. Now, litter of this kind, when it decays, obviously forms by itself an enrichment, in the shape of humus, which must restore most valuable elements to the exhausted soil. The farm-roads, where they centre upon the homestead, are laid down with thick layers of this gorse and heather litter, and after lying a twelvemonth, when it is broken down by the treading hoofs of beasts and by the wheels of passing carts, and decayed a little by the rains of autumn and winter, it is carried straight upon the fields, to the visible improvement of the crops, which often get no other manure.

The chief use of the wild plant-litter, however, is for the cattle lairs. It makes a sweet, springy bedding; and when, in the spring, it is carried upon the fields, it has this great advantage over straw, that the seeds of the weeds which no doubt it contains in abundance, are the seeds of plants of the dry uplands or of the forest. In the richer soil of the cultivated field they either fail to germinate, or fail to thrive.

The Minhote farmer makes no hay, he buys no artificial manure, he uses no artificial food, and he cuts grass and carries it to the cattle in their stalls all through the winter.

Without this system of litter-making from outside his fields, which in truth amounts to an annual transfusion of new blood into the exhausted veins of the land, yeoman farming could perhaps not be followed at all in Portugal, and it would be quite impossible to explain the splendid crops in this province of the Minho on lands whose natural fertility is extremely poor.

It is to be observed that in this country, where general prosperity prevails now and has continued to prevail all through the time of depression lately so heavily felt in the rest of Europe, there are wanting many of those purely socialistic institutions with which we are so familiar at home; so familiar as to forget that they are socialistic. For instance, there is no poor-law in Portugal; no one has the right to live in idleness and let others work for him, but there is a systematized organization of private benevolence, not unauthorized by the Government; and one grand charitable institution reaching back to about A.D. 1500, and endowed by the most pious and prosperous of Portuguese monarchs, King Emmanuel. This great endowment—the *Misericordia*—has ramifications throughout the country, is admirably managed, and its funds are always growing by accretion of pious gifts and legacies in mortmain.

Relief to poverty and sickness is administered partly through priestly organization, partly through brotherhoods

of the charitable, which exist in every district. Some of the brotherhoods—*Irmandades*—are of the nature of mutual benefit clubs, and much of the relief they afford ceases therefore to be charity, and takes the form of insurance against sickness and old age. Whatever is done in this way in mitigation of the inevitable miseries of humanity is done so wisely, so sympathetically, and so honestly that, were there no other cause to esteem and admire the Portuguese people, reason enough would be found in their conduct of these difficult and delicate affairs.

Again, there are none, or almost none, of those other great movements in the direction of socialism, trades unionism or co-operation; that is, there is no check upon the capitalist, no advocate but conscience for the labourer; and consequently the hours of labour are far too long—they average twelve hours a day in factories—and the wages are far too low. A factory hand, a grown-up man, in a cotton-mill or a cooperage, only earns from one shilling to one and fourpence a day; a carpenter's daily wage is one and eightpence, a mason's one and fourpence, a blacksmith's one and elevenpence. There is no excuse for this extreme meagreness of payment in Portugal, as there might be at home, for as the country is under protection there is a check upon competition from abroad; but the impulse to wage-raising comes slowly, let the economists say what they will,

when it comes only through the sure but very slow process of supply and demand. In spite of growing prosperity and increasing emigration, the rise of wages has been far below what it should be, during the last twenty years. The employers would of course not be the losers by such a fair rise in wages (though it might be difficult to persuade them of the fact) as an organized union of the workers would obtain. In the meantime employers can certainly not be blamed for not themselves making a beginning in wage-raising.

No system of society can work so smoothly as not to require adjustment from time to time, and some interference from the law, to prevent the laziness or the shortsightedness of mankind from working to its own detriment. To prevent mischief in one direction, there is an excellent Portuguese law which, providing for the division of property among the heirs, prevents its accumulation in the hands of a single person, and yet stands in the way of that excessive subdivision of the land which has worked such mischief and caused such misery in some countries. The tendency of legislation here has wisely been to keep the estate of such a size that it will satisfy the reasonable natural wants of a single family of farmers.

No laws, however, of a senate, or judgments of a court of justice will stop the over-multiplication of population

in peace-time and prosperity ; and as the area of cultivable land in Northern Portugal is small, the limits of the population it can bear have probably long ago been reached, and we should have the same inevitable congestion of dwellers on the land, and the grinding want which follows therefrom, as exists in France, but for the healthy readiness of the Portuguese people to emigrate. They make almost entirely for Brazil, their America, their old colony, which has long obtained its freedom ; and though the voyage to Brazil is more than twice as long as to the United States from any part of Great Britain, the Portuguese seldom emigrate thither with the intention of making a home near the equator. Portugal, with her mild laws, her genial climate, and her home associations, is too dear to her children for the peasant to think of dooming himself to perpetual exile. The emigrant, crowded from his own parish, faces the torrid zone and yellow fever in hopes of returning, enriched, to his native land ; and he often does come back, with a little competence, to build a house in the village he was born in, to buy an adjoining field or two and live again the happy rural life of his youth.

It is perhaps the Portuguese readiness to emigrate, and the French disinclination to do so, that explains the undeniable prosperity of the yeomen peasantry in these parts, and may account for the poverty and distress which some

English writers have lately found in French peasant homes, though the French economists themselves, with none of our English prejudices against yeoman estates, see little of this distress among their rural country people. As to this, it may be well to remark, that the townsman, the man who has lived in a clean, comfortable house in a stucco square, who frequents hotels and belongs to clubs, is not at all the right sort of person to judge of the peasant's well-doing. He is apt to lose his standard of judging in a farm-house, and often mistakes wholesome thrift for abject misery.

For my own part, even if I find a man living an over-laborious life, eating poor food, dressing shabbily, and sleeping on a hard bed, I should still never think of calling him wretched if there was anything for him to hope for and to live for. Such is, fortunately, the irrational but cheerful philosophy of most of us, that we never account ourselves truly miserable while we can look, or dream that we can look, through the bitterness of to-day to the brightness of to-morrow. If a man, not stricken by years or ill health, fails to possess this hopeful philosophy, which is the birth-right of our race, he is less than a man, he is a pessimist, the outcome of a decadent and effete civilization; and perhaps if these melancholy philosophers increase too fast, society may soon have to devise some convulsive method to relieve itself from their presence!

I have read that the yeoman peasant of western or southern Europe, with his over-thrift, and his cares, his burdens and anxieties, lives a far more wretched life than our English day-labourer. Knowing both well, I deny the proposition utterly. Even if the material circumstances of the yeoman peasant be proved to be miserable—and they are not proved to me to be anything of the kind—his lot would still be preferable to that of our journeyman labourer, whose vista into the future is inevitably bounded by the gateway of the nearest union, and whose present joys extend no farther than the bar of the nearest ale-house.

In dealing with the problems of soul-possessing men and women, the science of material things carries us but a short way towards any solution; a finer wisdom is required. The yeoman estate-owner may enjoy the succession to a *damnosa hæreditas*, as the economists love to insist that he does; the estate, wherein lies all his pride and all his aspirations and all his affections, may bring him less bread and beer than the wages of the English hind, but it brings him hope; and surely we can do no man, sound and healthy in mind, soul, and body, a greater hurt than to make him forlorn of hope; take that away, and give him freedom from all the miseries that the box of Pandora held, and you advance him almost no way; give him all the material joys that the world holds, and you give him

nothing if you withhold that which alone can make them enjoyable; you make his life a dull and awful blank. Give him hope in his misery and in his nakedness, and you clothe him with dreams that are sweeter than reality, you give him the key that opens all the possibilities. Without that, he is in bondage; with it, free, and with all the immaterial possessions that freedom gives.

DETAIL ON OX YOKE.

NOVEMBER.

This month, the first of winter in the north, is but the last of autumn here, and holds in its first two weeks that "lightening before the death" of the year which the Portuguese call the summer of St. Martin, when the days are still mellow with summer heat, and in the vault of heaven the air is so still that all the little sounds of nature at work, unheard on other days, come to the ear with a musical distinctness; the buzzing of innumerable flies in the sun-rays, the snap of the fly-catcher's beak as he hawks for his prey, and when the pigeon soars upward to slide downward again with poised and motionless wings, seeming to find pleasure in mere contact with the calm autumnal æther, the stroke of his wings beneath his body, each against the other, as he rises again, fills the welkin as with the loud clapping of hands. There is no weather so perfect through all the year in Portugal as this short second summer-time, and many of the birds of passage bound southward linger in the fields and copses as if aware that no more genial climate awaited them in all the tropic lands.

I do not know whether at this season the atmosphere is more concentrated in some of its more vitalizing elements, or whether some unexplained electrical change in it has altered and improved its condition for us who live by taking it into our lungs, but certain it is that the mere act of breathing has in it a fuller delight now than at other times. Perhaps it is after all nothing but the effect of a greater proportion of oxygen, somehow produced in the atmosphere, for it is very noticeable at these times that all the sweet scents and the more pungent aromatic odours of growing things are sweetest now and most pungent and most delightful.

Each country seems to have in its meadows, woods, moorlands and river-sides, odours that are peculiar to itself, some full, some faint, and almost all delightful; and to those who have discrimination in this one of the senses I imagine there is nothing that so appeals to eye or ear, that so differentiates one country from another, or even each district from another, as its country scents. For instance, there is the scent, peculiar to Monmouthshire, and that I myself from early days have best known, the scent of those deep damp lanes, green with ferns, which in that county we call "Welsh roads," of the great hedges with sweet-briar roses in them, of the meadows with their rich odours of red and white and yellow clover in the uplands, the fainter odours

of daffodils, and of the yellow flags, and the perfume fainter still of the white *lady's-smocks* by the river-side. What can be more different from all this than the sharper breezes that blow off Yorkshire moors, and which come laden with the pungent smell of thyme and heather?

So too in Portugal the odours of flowers and trees and shrubs are all different in kind or degree from what we know at home. I think they are more various as well as more intense here, and so marked are they at the various times of the year that it would be almost possible to make a calendar of seasons only with the coming and going of the scents of the various plants.

In spring-time the hotter sun brings out the honeyed smell of the gorse which has been in flower through all the winter, but then with an almost scentless blossom. In April the rye-bloom scents the air round every farmstead; and a month later comes the vine-flower, which many of the people even who live in this land of vineyards have perhaps never seen, so small and insignificant is it, but it fills the whole country with a strange, pungent, and most delicious perfume. In June the orange and lemon groves, and the honeysuckle by the wayside load the air with odours that are almost too sweet and heady. And in this month the sandy shores of the ocean are dotted with the great white star flower of a lily — *Pancratium maritimum* — that perfumes the breezes

from the sea with sweetness. The flowering of the maize comes later, and that too brings with it a new though faint perfume. Later on, in winter, the violets come, and all the neighbouring air is enriched with their perfume, while of orchard trees the Japan medlar, a common tree in Portugal, has blossoms in November that are most pleasantly odorous. When the camellias blossom in late winter there is one kind, *C. myrtifolia*, that gives a honey-sweet scent, but so faint and slight that most people declare the flower to be scentless. On sunny days, however, the air near these trees is full of their scent.

These are but a few, and do not include the various sweet scents from the blossom of many garden shrubs and trees and plants, and even of many wayside flowering weeds.

Then, all through the year, in this land of many pine trees, of pure air and hot suns, as often as the atmosphere grows to a certain point of dryness there come forth the wholesome pungent emanations from the resinous bark and needle leaves of the stone and maritime pines, mingled with the scent of the many aromatic shrubs that grow beneath their shadow. These various balsamic odours of the woodlands that gather all day among the forests in the strong sunshine, rise into the air, with the first dews of evening, and the night-winds disseminate them through all the land.

The Portuguese, like the Southern French, have great faith in the air of pine forests—*ar dos pinheiros*—and the doctors recommend consumptive people to live where they can breathe it freely.

As the days of autumn grow shorter and cooler, the women of the hamlet or village gather together for talk and work. A farmer lends a large room or an empty barn; it is swept clean; a lamp is hung from a cord in the centre of the roof or ceiling, or a candle stuck in the middle of the floor, and round the light the peasant women gather in a great circle, each with her knitting, her sewing, or her lace-cushion. These meetings are known as *Serões*, and they last till midnight. It may well be supposed that at gatherings such as these, local gossip is exhausted after a time, and then strange stories are told of enchantments, of great treasures hidden by magic spell in desert places and still waiting for him who is fated to break the enchantment; of cruel ogres, of night-wandering spirits, of charms and bewitchments, and of how to cross the evil designs of the foul fiend and his legionaries;—all the waifs and strays, in short, that have come down from the olden time. It is in the conservative memories of women that such traditions dwell far more frequently than in ours. As the hours go on, the young men often come in bringing their mandolins,

or in the mountainous parts their *pifanos*—their fifes—the true shepherd's pipes which they play in the hill solitudes while they watch their sheep and goats at feed.

Sometimes the *serão* ends in a dance; as often, to the

MANDOLIN PLAYER.

accompaniment of pipe or mandolin, the shepherd or the labourer recites his *cantigas*, rustic, four-lined songs—rough, pointless, often with halting measure and doubtful rhyme, the subject being some recent event of village life, or a compliment to the woman he loves. These performances

seldom bear criticism, they are too lame and halting; but when they are sung to the long-drawn nasal airs of the peasants they gain a flow and an ease, and rough as is the sense, it often has a pleasant touch of humour or some actual point of wit. To a new-comer from the north, the peasants' strange accompanying music to song and ballad, mostly in the minor key, and which is, as I have said, of pure Arab character, and in kind quite undistinguishable from the music that is to this day heard among the Moors of Africa, is by no means satisfying to ears not used to it; but a liking for this music soon comes, and it gets to have a freshness and a quaintness and a raciness even for musical purists.

It is curious that in some of the mountainous parts of Portugal, where the Arab conquerors never got dominion over the Gothicized, Romanized tribes—for instance, in the great mountain ranges of the Serra d'Estrella—neither Arab music is heard, nor are such Arab instruments as the guitar and mandolin ever used. In the mountain part the bagpipe is the musical instrument, but more commonly the *pifano*. The airs sung in these mountains are very sweet indeed, original, and yet such and so fashioned as to delight our northern taste in music. The music of the plain is harsh, long-drawn, and the voice that sings it, pitched over-loud, is soon strained to discordance. Consequently the

men's or women's voices in the lower plain country are never liquid, flute-like, and truly musical.

Well do I remember my first experience of the mountain singing, after supposing that there was no native music here but of the Arab kind. I was riding through a wild

PEASANT GIRL OF NORTHERN PORTUGAL.

pass among the hills not far from Vizeu in the Beira province, with a companion who knows infinitely more of music than I, who only love it with ignorance, when suddenly we were constrained to stop our horses to listen to the song of a girl

who was washing clothes by the margin of a brook that ran below our path ; a song as sweet, as free, as simple and as unconstrained as a bird's, and, like a bird's, the unforced, eager notes filled all the little valley round with music.

Portugal is still a land of very sudden contrasts. Till within these last few years each hamlet has been a little world of its own ; often with beliefs, traditions, and habits peculiar to itself. The yeoman owner of a few acres is hardly anything of a trader, as large farmers must be. He therefore has no occasion to travel outside the parish he was born in. He consumes the fruits of his own fields, drinks the milk of his cows, his goats, and his ewes, and often sets a little toy water-mill to grind his corn, in the brook which crosses his fields, with upper and nether mill-stone not larger than Cheddar cheeses ; a thing so small and weak that a hand laid on the tiny water-wheel will stop all the machinery. Often in the remoter parts of the country have I come upon these little querns set in runs of water that a man can step over. A bushel is put to catch the grist as it falls, and every neighbourly passer-by does the owner the slight service of filling the empty hopper from the sack of maize left ready for the purpose.

The farmer himself *ripples*, *rets*, and *scutches* his own flax, and *teazes* and *cards* his wool, while his wife and sisters spin the flax and wool into yarn. A neighbouring weaver with

his hand-loom makes him linen and woollen cloth for apparel and bedding, so that his farm supplying him with bread, dairy products, meat and wine, green vegetables, bacon, gourds, and beans, he is almost independent of shops and towns; and as the village carpenter makes his cart and shapes his plough-stilts, and the nearest blacksmith forges his share and coulter, and sells him hoes and sickles, there is no actual necessity for the peasant ever to resort to a town or enter a shop.

It is this consequent separation of the hamlet and the parish from the kingdom at large that makes the country so interesting. It is this which has made it possible that such a phenomenon should exist as that one musical system, one musical scale, should exist in the plains, and another and an altogether different one should be found among the more primitive people of the mountains, and yet that but a few leagues should separate the two.

At the *serões* aforesaid, therefore, the music may be either of what one may call a Gothic type, or of Oriental origin. If I am not mistaken, the curious custom of the improvised challenge-song, known as singing *ao desafio*, on challenge, is not practised, or is at any rate not common among the hills. In the province of the Minho, where the people have something of a South Italian gaiety, it is common for one peasant to challenge another to sing against him

one or more verses at a time. This form of impromptu singing has nothing of the literary pretension of the Italian *Improvisatore.* The Portuguese language is one easy to rhyme in, and the rhymes themselves are often only assonances, the shadows of rhymes, not real ones, and if one listens at all attentively to the meaning of the lines the wonder of the improvisation vanishes, for as a rule it consists of little more than nonsense verses, true poets being apparently as rare here as elsewhere. What has always struck me as curious about the verses is, that they seem always to be a kind of irregular hexameter; and if that is so, the form as well as the practice of this challenge-song is as old as classic times.

There are things to be heard at these rustic gatherings and elsewhere in country parts, of far greater interest and value than such ephemeral songs as these. It is among the peasants, the class which learns so little and forgets so slowly, that still survives that rare relic of bygone times, the ballad; only among the peasantry, who might well be supposed to have forgotten all connected with the days of long past chivalry, the narrative songs that for the most part were the evolution of purely chivalrous thought and feeling, and written not by peasants, nor for them, but to be sung to the *trouvère's* lute to audiences of high-born lords and ladies—only among the peasantry does the

ancient ballad still live. Notwithstanding all the crowding in of the things of modern life, it has never died from the Portuguese peasant's memory. In such a village gathering as I have described, or in some smoke-darkened wayside tavern among the remoter Portuguese mountains, the ballad may still be heard. The words indeed are but half remembered, and the pauses where the verse does not come to the singer's memory are now filled by the twanging chords of the wire-strung mandolin. One may still hear the old rhythmic songs chanted in the plaintive, monotonous, nasal tone of the harsh-voiced peasants—a poor relic, a fragment only of the splendid songs of the ancient time, yet still there often lingers in the strain some of the old ring and of the old music. It brings back the gone-away time of gallant deeds and noble endurance, and has power to stir us yet. Among such old-world poetry is the *Ballad of Donna Guimar*, The Maiden Who Went To The Wars. It shall be set before the reader beside a line-by-line rendering of it into English, which does no more than give the bare meaning, without the rhyme, and with only a faint echo of the rhythm of the original—

DONNA GUIMAR: A DONZELLA QUE FUI A GUERRA.

Pregoadas são as guerras
Entre França e Aragão.
"Ay de mim que já sou velho
As guerras me accabarão,

'Twaś when war had been declaréd,
War 'twixt France and Aragon.
"Alas, that I am old and weary
Unfit to stand in battle rank!

De sete filhas que eu tenho
Sem nenhuma ser barão."
Respondeu lhe Donna Guimar
Com toda a resolucão.
" Venham armas e cavallo
Que eu serei filho barão."
" Filha conhecer-vos-hão."
" Quando eu passar pela armada."
" Porei os olhos pela chão."
" Tende-los hombros mui miudos,
Filha, conhecer-vos-hão."
" Venham armas bem pesadas
Escondidos ficarão."
" Tende-los peitos mui altos
Filha, conhecer-vos-hão."
" Incolherei os meus peitos
Dentro do duro couração."
" Tende-los mãos pequeninas,
Filha, conhecer-vos-hão."
" Calçal-as-hei numas luvas
Dellas nunca sahirão."
" Tende-los pés mui delicados,
Filha, conhecer-vos-hão."
" Venham manapolas de ferro
Os pés bem grandes serão."
" Senhor pae, senhora mae,
Grande dór de coração
Que os olhos do Conde Daros
São de mulher, dè homem não."
" Convidae-o vós, meu filho,
Para ir comvosco no pomar
Que se elle mulher fór
As maçães se ha-de-pegar."
A donzella, por discreta.
A cidra se foi pegar:
" O que bella cidra esta!
Deixamos as maçães ficar."
" Senhor pae, senhora mae,
Grande dór de coração

Alas, that I have seven children
And not a son among them all!"
Then did Donna Guimar answer,
Youngest of his daughters she:
" Father, give me sword and armour,
I will to the wars for thee."
" Daughter, surely men will know thee."
" From the ground," said Donna Guimar,
" I will never lift my eyes."
" Daughter, thou hast slender shoulders,
Men will know thee for a maid."
" Nay, for in panoply of army
I will hide my woman's shape."
" Daughter, men will ever know thee
By thy bosom's rise and fall."
" Nay, for cased in iron gorget
It will neither rise nor fall."
" Child, thy little hands will show thee
For a woman as thou art."
" Gauntleted in gloves of steel,
They will tell no tale of me."
" Daughter, thy little feet will show thee
For a maiden as thou art."
" My feet shall be shod in boots of steel,
And none shall know me for a maid."
" O father dear, O mother dear,
Great pain of heart I suffer from,
For sure the County Daros' eyes
Are eyes of woman, not of man."
" My son, into the orchard take him,
If indeed a maid he be,
He will pluck the apple dainty
And leave the other fruit on tree."
But the maiden most discreetly
Pulled a citron from the bough:
" Suits a knight the citron's odour,
We will let the apples be."
" O father dear, O mother dear,
Great pain of heart I still endure,

Que os olhos do Conde Daros
São de mulher, de homem não."
"Convidae-o vós, meu filho,
Para comvosco jantar
Que se elle mulher fór
No estrado se-ha-d'incruzar."
A donzella, por discreta,
Nos altos se foi sentar.
"Senhor pae, senhora mae,
Grande dór," &c.
"Convidae-o vós, meu filho,
Para comvosco feirar
Que se elle mulher fór
As fitas se-ha-de pegar."
A donzella, por discreta,
Um' adaga fui comprar:
"O que bell' adaga esta
Para com homems brigar!
Lindas fitas para damas
Quem lh'as poderá levar."
"Senhor pae, senhora mae,
Grande dór," &c.
"Convidae-o, meu filho,
Para comvosco nadar
Que se ella mulher fór
O convite ha-de-escusar."
A donzella, Donna Guimar,
Já se-ha-d'acovardar.
"Olhe cá, o meu moço
Traz uma carta:" poz-se á chorar:
"Novas me chegam agora,
Novos de grande pezar,
De que minha mae é morta
Meu pae se está á finar.
Os sinos da minha terra
Os estou a ouvir dobrar;
E duas irmãs que tenho
D'aqui as oiço chorar.
Monta, monta, Cabalheiro

For sure the County Daros' eyes,
Are woman's eyes, not eyes of man."
"Bid him, my son, to common hall,
There to dine in company;
If he be a woman truly,
With the women will he sit."
But the maiden most discreetly
Took her place the knights among.
"O father dear, O mother dear,
Great pain of heart," &c,
"Bid him to the fair with thee:
If a maiden he should be
He will choose a woman's fairing,
Lace, or rings, or finery."
But the maiden most discreetly
Took a dagger for her choice:
"O the good and trusty dagger
Fit for use of men in fight!
Here be ribands too for maidens,
Gauds they be for us too light."
"O father dear, O mother dear,
Great pain of heart," &c.
"Bid him to the stream with thee;
Dare him to swim across the pool;
If indeed he be a woman,
He will sure this test refuse."
Then at last did Donna Guimar
Lose her courage and her wit.
"Stay!" she cries, "I see my foot-page
Bearing letters." Then she wept:
"Alas! alas! the tidings heavy
From my home that I do read.
My mother dear is dead, my father
Failing lies, his death-bed near,
And far off in my own country
I hear the passing bell that tolls.
Alack! I hear my two sad sisters
Weep, and call me to their side:
Mount, mount thy horse now, Cabalheiro,

Se me quer accompanhar!"
Chegam juntos do castello
Foram-se logo apear
"Senhor pae, trago-lhe um genro
Se o quizer acceitar.
Fui me o capitão querido,
De amores me quiz contar.
Se ainda me quer agora
Com meu pae ha-de-fallar,
Sete annos andei na guerra
E fiz de filho barão.
Ninguem me conheceu nunca
Senão o meu capitão.
Conheceu-me pelos olhos,
Que por outra cousa não."

An' thou lov'st my company!"
Riding on, they reach a castle,
At its gates they light them down:
"See, father, here I bring a suitor,
Should'st thou deem him fit for me.
Under him I've served as soldier,
And he would speak of love to me.
An' he loves me still, he'll ask me
Of you, my father, for his bride.
Seven years I bore the sword and buckler,
Fought as your true and trusty son.
No man knew me for a maiden
Save he alone, my captain dear.
He knew me by my woman's eyes,
By nothing else was I betrayed."

This ballad of the girl who was so *splendide mendax* is surely "in the great manner," and the nation where such strong and chivalrous sentiments were sung so eloquently was for some centuries of its life one of the rare heroic nations of the world. The ballad was perhaps never sung quite as it is set down above, even in the old times. In the present day it probably does not survive as a perfect whole; there is many a *hiatus valde deflendus*, as the old scribes put it, which the reciter fills in with the strummings of his mandolin, or worse, with his own prose. It is a patchwork made up of a stanza picked up in one district, of a couplet or a line still extant in another; a skeleton painfully articulated of what once was a living idea and clothed with what must once have been singular literary grace and force. Yet among doubtful lines, and lines that are too

obviously the poor fillings in of the illiterate reciter, are many that still have the weight, the colour, and the ring of true gold. "Monta, monta, Cabalheiro!" a fine, romantic, most untranslatable line, is one of them; and the last six are certainly pure gold all through.

I confess that I have quoted this ballad and translated it with something of a malicious pleasure. I am anxious to see what is made of it by those intending reformers of our literature to whom reality is the substance and the ideal the shadow, and who are never really happy unless they are profoundly miserable, and who have persuaded themselves that they and we and all the world are base, selfish, cruel, and cowardly. No one, I am sure, endowed with anything in him of a literary taste or feeling, will deny that this ballad has something of a high and noble ring about it; that as a work, put it as broadly as we will, written about the deeds and thoughts and feelings of men and women, and appealing to their understanding, it is nothing short of a masterpiece that stirs us as nothing but a masterpiece of art does stir us; yet it is more than false to the facts of life, it is impossible—there never could have been such actors in life. Then what is true and good in it? Nothing perhaps but the echo in it of innate aspirations for the truth and faith and constancy and fortitude that exist in all human beings. Nothing but the not unsuccessful attempt to pierce

through our dull material environment, and to arrive at the ideal goodness and beauty that lie beyond. Nothing except this; but is not this everything?

From the more purely literary point of view, clearly one of two things must be—either we are all in error together, and this ballad, and performances like it, with cunning evolution of the idea and a rapid dramatic picture of life, are mistakes, or else the new theory of realism in literature is wrong. This ballad is wholly wanting in any support from "documents."; the man who wrote it knew it was so wanting, the lords and ladies who listened to it could only have "made believe" to accept its statements, we who praise know it is nonsense. M. Zola and his friends, in common consistency, must condemn it and despise it, but I greatly doubt if these gentlemen, many of them great artists with the pen in spite of what seem to some of us their errors of taste and principle, would do anything but admire it as much as we do. One thing none of them can do; none of them can reconcile this happy effort of the old rhapsodist with their own theory so long as it keeps inside the hard and fast lines they encompass it with. Hence I think may well come the malicious satisfaction of the more moderate critical reformer. He may say: I will accept your literary reform bill, gentlemen, if you will only not be so furiously iconoclastic. By all means appeal to reality and truth and

nature, but do not forget that in nature there is beauty and gladness as well as ugliness and sorrow, and that even human nature is not all made up of baseness, greed, self-seeking, vanity, and low desire. Show us in your works what we who know life know well, that the pendulum swings as often in the direction of kindliness and goodness and noble action, as of vice, baseness, and selfishness; that even the emptiest conventionalities of life are rooted in aspirations that are not ignoble, and its very hypocrisies are often but the corruption of pure and lofty instincts that make for righteousness.

Now, the realistic criticism upon all this is very simple and easy. We pride ourselves, they would say, on our powers of observation, we pry scientifically and microscopically into human affairs, and we assure the world loudly and confidently that there is nothing of all this pendulum-swinging towards benevolence. If we, who are such keen scientific observers, fail to see it, it is because it does not exist; therefore we write Zolaistic novels, and philosophize accordingly.

There is a story told of Turner which is singularly in point. A lady looking on one of his great sunset pictures said, "This is very fine, Mr. Turner, but I must tell you I see nothing whatever myself of all this glow and glory in the evening sky." The painter answered, "I dare say not, madam, but don't you wish to heaven you could!"

Such a critic might urge that the only function of fiction

cannot be to tell us that man and woman and their surroundings are all vile and their destiny miserable. M. de Maupassant is very entertaining when he sings this despondent song with a hundred variations, and always with consummate and delightful art; delightful to some of us not because of his artistic pessimism and his Dutch painting of the material things of life, but because his manly treatment of the outward circumstances of the actual world comes as a grateful change after the ignorance and the long and foolish gushing of the more conventional optimists; but when such optimists have been overthrown and can weary us no longer, what then? When they have been made away with, and no further contrast is possible, we shall possibly find the realistic pessimists to be first dull, tedious, and commonplace, then wrong, then intolerable.

Reformers are, we know, all the more effectual reformers if they are narrow and intolerant and dictatorial, for on no other terms than that of simplifying their dogma and preaching loud will they gain a hearing. To drive in the wedge of reform it must be narrow, and struck with hard and heavy blows, but those who look further afield than at the fashion of the moment may nevertheless ask themselves whether the true object and scope of imaginative narration be nothing more than to represent, however exactly and vividly, be nothing more than to instruct, to amuse, or even

to interest us; whether it may not be extended to the point of intensifying and exalting the nobler emotions of our souls. If to do that be right art, if so to work as to touch chords in our hearts that in spite of the realists will never grow wholly mute, be right, then surely such art is to be regarded as about the noblest and highest effort that a man can use for the solace of his fellows.

If an honest sun-picture of life be art, with all the errors of focus and of perspective in it that all human observation, like all cameras and lenses, must perpetrate, if it be art to dwell on the details of things and leave out the soul behind them, then certainly the ballad I have quoted is a failure; but if it be the higher art to interpret noble ideal conceptions to our comprehension, to clothe them in living human form, and to impart to these personifications life and motion and eloquence, then certainly a good deal may be said for the ballad of *Donna Guimar*, the maiden who fought so stoutly (and impossibly), who loved so well, and lied with so sweet and noble a grace.

Throughout all northern and central Portugal the Pine Forest covers much of the land, particularly by the sea, whose salt-charged breezes seem favourable to the growth of the common pine of this country, *Pinus Maritima*. Where population is thick on the land the forests are cultivated as

IN THE PINE FOREST.

regularly as the fields, though with a slower rotation of product, counting by decades of years instead of by months, and the tree harvest falls to the axe as regularly as the harvest of wheat or rye to the sickle. There are catch-crops in the pine forest land besides the trees; near the towns the coast fishermen, when the sea is rough and fishing cannot be followed, make for the woods and angle among the tree tops with hooks set on long poles for the cones of the pine trees, which they carry in great nets and sell to the townsfolk; the cones making the best possible fire-lighters or fire-revivers. Near the towns too a band of sawyers and carpenters will sometimes in summer-time resort to the neighbouring pine woods and, bivouacking among them, will buy, fell and saw up the trees on an acre of land, and convert the planks into tables, ladders, window-sashes, and doors. Then again there are charcoal-burners, who live in companies in the woods, and the farmers and their men who scrape up the undergrowth for their cattle litter. So that through the many persons who frequent these woods they lose something of that greatest of all woodland charm, that of solitude; and as they are all but cultivated ground, they have not that other charm of wildness. Every tree one looks at in such woodlands is, one feels, numbered, assessed, cared for, and entered on the credit side of some one's calculations; no member of the forest is allowed to spread its side branches in freedom, because those branches

are valuable fire-wood, or to bear its cones in peace without being poked at by the poles of the fishermen.

Therefore it is that those who have not penetrated into the remoter woodland regions of Portugal know not the true beauty and solemn influence of her great pine solitudes. There are valleys and hill-sides so far from the habitations of men and from their traffic, that it is worth no man's while to fell the trees, thin the brushwood, or gather the other scanty riches of the pine forest. In such places the wolf, the wild boar and the roebuck, the lynx and the wild cat roam almost undisturbed through a jungle that no axe or hoe has desecrated through the centuries. The pines grow to a height of stem and breadth of branch quite unknown in the more accessible parts of the country. Here one might perhaps truly say with the American poet, "This is the forest primeval." In places the over-arching boughs of the great stone pines, whose natural branch growth is particularly thick, so hinder the passage of the sun-rays that a perpetual darkness reigns upon the ground beneath, whereon no undergrowth will thrive, and the wayfarer's footfall gives no sound on the elastic bed of pine needles, and he passes on his way, awed a little, perhaps, by the solemn stillness of these dark, cavernous recesses of the great woods.

It is in such parts of the kingdom that the gloomier legends of the peasantry most abound among the scanty

population. The mystery of the forest solitude is upon one as one passes under these silent forest aisles, and it is easy to understand how they come to be peopled by *Lobis-homems* and *Lobeiras*, and other legendary creatures of the peasant's terror. I have sometimes thought that it may have been just some such gloomy and lonesome passage through some similar forest of stone-pines in Italy, that begot in the imagination of the Roman poet those great solemn lines—

> "*Ibant obscuri solâ sub nocte per umbram,*
> *Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna.*"
> Darkling they passed through lonely shades of night
> Pluto's waste halls and realms untenanted.

The Portuguese forest lands, however, even those that are most deserted by men, are only occasionally dark and gloomy. As a rule the woodland scenery partakes of the sunny gladsomeness that is so characteristic of the Portuguese landscape. When the traveller has ridden wearifully under the shadow of a monotonous wilderness of great close-growing tree trunks, his eyes are suddenly gladdened by sun-rays falling like rain through the boughs overhead upon the mosses and grasses below, and lighting up the blossoms of wild flowers, yellow daffodils or blue columbines, that grow thick in the forest glades. The gleams of light and colour come to such a wayfarer as a refreshment and surprise, like

the last line of some great sonnet, or the harmonious disentanglement of a subtle maze of musical notes in some great sonata.

In some such sequestered recess of the unfrequented forest, one may believe, dwells Sylvia, the slim, brown-haired nymph, genius of the Portuguese woodland solitudes. She is said to be one of the Immortals, not often looked upon by mortal eyes save by the poet-peasant's, who has at rare times seen her shadowy form glancing between the pine tree branches.

The Portuguese peasant's religion in such matters, which some might miscall superstition, tends strongly to anthropomorphism, even though he be himself the strictest of Catholics. The phenomena of nature mostly have in his eyes their causes and their incarnation in human shape. When in these great forests the voice of the peasant calling to his fellow comes back to him in echo, as it often does among the tree trunks with no apparent reason for being reverberated from any wall of rock or neighbouring hill-side, he stands still a minute to cross himself, awed and impressed, and if one questions him he answers in perfect faith, "*E' a Moura incantada que falla*"—*it is the voice of the Moor-maiden.*

And it is in such remote forest districts that is told a legend of this anthropomorphic character which speaks of the very earliest attempts of the human intellect to solve

the great mystery of natural phenomena, a legend that has its pathetic side, and a certain grandeur of conception in it that I find in hardly any other Portuguese tradition from ancient days. The legend runs that in far away times, when Mother Earth was first dug into by man, she opened mouths, as often as she was wounded, that cried out complainingly, with awful shrieks and groans. Then the dwellers upon her surface complained to the Almighty, and the Almighty commanded that in future Earth should bear the wounds inflicted upon her by man in silence, but to Earth He said, "Thy compensation shall be that as thou createst, so shalt thou consume all the life thou bearest;" whence the common assonant *cantiga* in these parts run thus—

Se passares pelo adro
No dia do meu enterro,
Diga a terra que não come
As brancas do meu cabello.

Where the old man beseeches the all-devouring earth to spare his white hairs when he shall be laid in the grave. Surely a wild and pitiful creed.

I have already observed how the legendary beliefs of the Portuguese peasant are of threefold origin; the pre-historic, which are common to nearly all of us who are Europeans, the Roman, and the Moorish, but there is a fourth source and an abundant one, the legends of the Church as they

exist, somewhat broken down and corrupted, in the mouths of the peasantry. These legends are but clumsy and foolish things for the most part, as compared with the more ancient tales and myths. They are like rough clinkers shot out from a furnace, in contrast with smooth pebbles by the sea-shore that have been worn and rounded and polished by long action of the waves; so have the true ancient myths been rounded by contact with the generations till they have worn off their rough edges, and sometimes got a polish as of gems.

One must perceive that this false folk-lore was never born among the people themselves, but had its origin in the pious fictions devised by monk or priest. Some, even, in their incidents bear the evidence of their birth in renaissance times in their spurious classicality. San Pedro dos Rates, a local Saint of whom I have forgotten the legend, was travelling on horseback, so the peasants tell one, to Oporto, and when within a league or two of that ancient city, his horse "came down," and the animal's knees made two holes in the ground, whence sprang a double jet of water known to this day as San Pedro's spring. The inventor of this poor story no doubt had read how when Pegasus, the mystic horse that could carry his rider from earth to heaven, alighted on Mount Helicon, he struck the earth with his hoof, and straightway there sprang up Hippocrene, the fountain sacred to the Muses.

All such monkish legends have one distinguishing note about them; they are all for edification, they are almost always, as they should be, to the honour and glory of some Saint, generally of the local Saint, whereas the pagan and Moorish legends have absolutely no moral at all. They teach nothing, except perhaps that they whom Fate means to favour will be favoured, let their own carelessness or stupidity be what it will. Near Vermoim they tell a strange tale of how, not so very long ago, the neighbouring hill on which stands the castle of Santa Christina was haunted by a terrible dragon-serpent with hideous ears and huge devouring jaws, whose bulk was so great that as it passed on its way the very furze on the hill-side was crushed and beaten down flat. If this grisly shape traversed a wood, the young trees and saplings could be heard from afar to snap asunder, so portentous was its strength. The country for leagues round about was devastated, and the inhabitants fled in terror from the region. It was guessed that the creature was an enchanted Moorish lady. A young man of the neighbourhood undertook to destroy the monster: he took his gun and lay in wait near the creature's path through a wood. After a while he fell asleep, and while he still slept the monster passed by the way. It crept close up to the youth, coiled its scaly folds round his body, and kissed his mouth with its grisly jaws. The youth woke in fearful agony of mind and body, but at the very instant

the spell was broken, and he found himself in the arms of a beautiful Moorish maiden. He fell in love with her, married her, and they lived happily together.

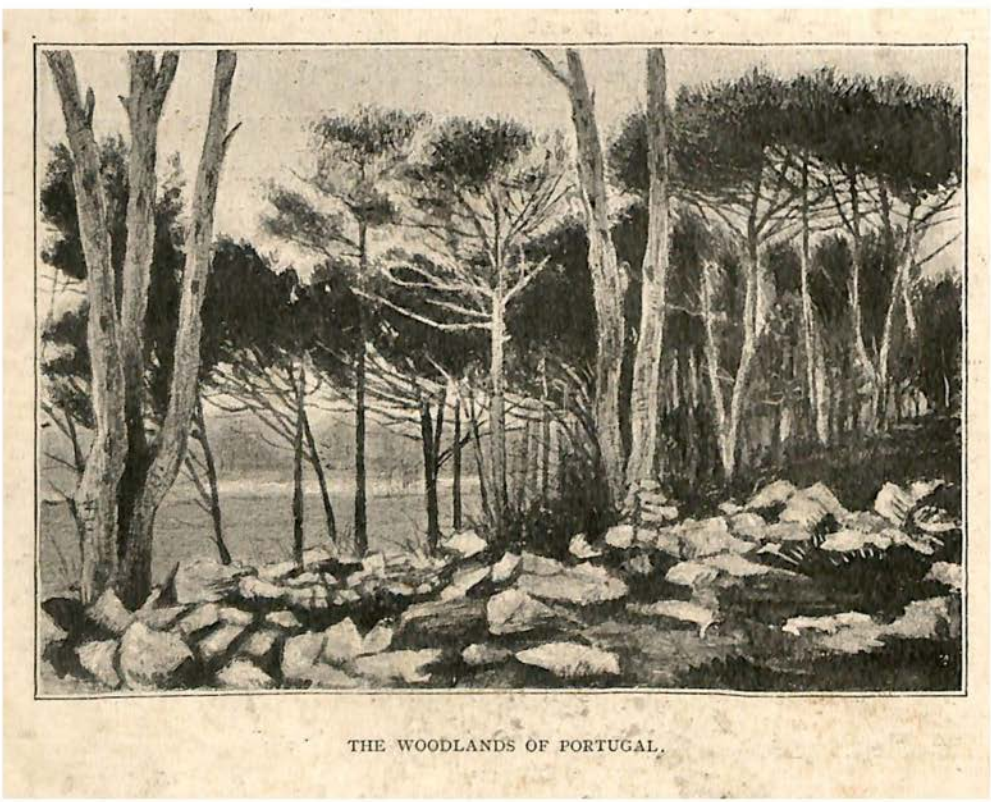
A story in which he who sleeps upon his post is so rewarded cannot be called moral.

I have said that the tendency of the older legends is to take an anthropomorphic view of many of the chief phenomena of Nature. That I conceive to be the common tendency of the earlier mythology of our race; but Portuguese legendary lore is also zoomorphic to a greater extent, it seems to me, than any still extant European mythology; in other words, in no folk-lore do the lower animals play a greater part in the supernatural human comedy. I have in a previous chapter cited some instances of zoomorphism, and in the wilder and more remote districts they are commoner than elsewhere. In the villages on the slopes of the great border mountain ranges it is commonly believed that the cock once in seven years lays a tiny egg; but it must be carefully destroyed, for it is fraught with great mischief, and if hatched out there will proceed from it some malignant creature possessed of supernatural power, some say a serpent, some a lizard, some an evil beast, which unless certain precautions be taken will inevitably cause the death of the master of the house. There are some who care to go deeper into this matter, and who aver that this egg-monster is simply a diminutive impish creature named *Mafarico*, powerful for good or for evil, and

that he may be employed for his master's advantage and advancement if the following precautions be taken. The master having first secured the right egg, must carry it about his body till the heat therefrom have hatched it. When the chick-imp breaks the shell it must instantly be imprisoned in a hollow cane, whose end is to be hermetically stopped with wax, and sealed with the sign of the mystic pentad. If the master carry this living amulet about with him day and night he will never want for good fortune. This form of the myth prevails in the mountains round about the city of Guimaraens, the most ancient seat and indeed the very cradle of Gothic Portugal.

A still more inaccessible region of Portugal, the great range of the Serra d'Estrella, where the mountaineer inhabitants, tall, grave and stalwart men, have little likeness in character and manners to the lowland Portuguese. It is a part of the kingdom where the Moorish invader hardly obtained any footing, and where the earlier Roman conquerors had much ado to hold their own, and here are numerous zoomorphic legends, and they are all of a weird and somewhat gloomy character. For instance, there is a certain supernatural bird that rarely appears on the mountains, its plumage is strange and beautiful and its song enchanting; further I cannot describe it, but the creature is mortal, and if the hunter kill it, its ghost, in the guise of an obscene,

white-winged, night-flying fowl, with a raucous, shrieking cry, will haunt him perpetually by night, flying round and round the dwelling he sleeps in, or alighting on its roof. The only way to lay this ghost, which certainly is that of no real bird, but of some human being under a spell, is for the murderer (for he well knows himself to be nothing else) to repair at midnight to a remote consecrated cemetery for thirty nights in succession, and there to call out words of repentance, weeping loudly for his evil deed. Thereafter he will be haunted and tormented no more.



THE WOODLANDS OF PORTUGAL.

DECEMBER.

THE present writer, in the course of a chequered career, has travelled through many of the countries of Europe on foot, on horseback, by steamboat, by vetturino, and by rail, and has come to the conclusion that what a nation eats and drinks has a good deal to do with its well-being and its happiness. For the educated man, as he rises in the scale of wealth and cultivation, it is perhaps the better for him to sin on the side of asceticism, and feed his soul more freely than his body, but for the man who earns his bread by the labour of his hands the bill of fare should beyond all question be full and varied. In my own experience no European peasant's diet is so miserably monotonous as that of the English farm-labourer. Fat bacon, dry bread and hard cheese, and beer when he can buy or beg it; that is not a right dietary for any human being. An English country doctor told me once that the prevalent disease of the farmer and his men was dyspepsia, with its consequences. The constant rheumatism which overtakes the English peasant before old age comes on, this gentleman believed was, nine

times out of ten, the result of bad food insufficiently varied and irregularly taken during a lifetime.

It is said that it is of the nature of our countrymen of all classes not to be able to attain to the appreciation of an improved cuisine, and that the peasant class in particular can never be made to care for such things. My own experience with sailors, which has been long and varied, is just the other way. They come mostly from the peasant class, and yet, as a community, they show a very pretty taste in cookery. Nothing makes a more contented crew of English sailors than a good cook, a good caboose, and good provisions; with these conditions there is little chance of mutiny. The seaman who has dined well is possessed with a philosophy that can tolerate all the ills of ship life—bad weather, exposure, hard work, drunken officers, or a tyrannous captain. When mutiny breaks out on shipboard the best advice to the investigating official would be a modification of the cynical axiom of our neighbours—*Look to the cook.*

A care for his dinner is in fact man's first step, though perhaps a short one, towards civilization and the graces of life. When the wages of our highly unæsthetic English coal-miners rose suddenly, and they began to shock the propriety of the classes above them by dining on pheasant and truffled turkey and drinking champagne and maraschino,

short-sighted critics grieved, but the rational economist rejoiced, for he saw that the poor begrimed coal-worker had at last found an object to aspire to and work for. It was the first step towards the higher existence.

If this "criticism of life" is a right one, then the Portuguese peasant stands high in the scale of civilization. I was at some pains, some time ago, to construct the following dietary table representing the weekly consumption for a small family of yeomen farmers consisting of a man and his wife and two children, boys or girls from sixteen to eighteen, and a *help*—a man.

Bread (of maize, or maize and rye) ...	30 to 40 lbs.
Dried codfish	6 to 7 lbs.
Olives	2 or 3 qts.
Lard	1 lb.
Bacon	1 lb.
Rice	1 lb.
Sardines (fresh or slightly salted) ...	1 doz.
Olive oil	1½ pints.
Beef	1 lb.
Haricot beans	1 qt.
Sugar	1 lb.
Wine	3 qts.

Gourds, green vegetables of several kinds *ad lib.*

The bread may seem to be in inordinate quantity, but

it is of a kind which has much water of absorption in it, and is therefore heavy in proportion to its food value. The beef, the bacon, the lard, the gourds, the cabbages and the rice go to make the broth, an every-day dish as to which the peasants are so fastidious that in summer-time the farm-people insist upon its being made fresh for them twice or thrice a day. On the fast-days in each week the broth is composed of beans, rice, cabbages, and oil. It is then particularly good and sustaining.

Taking the bread to cost a little over 2*s.* for the *arroba* of 33 lbs., putting the dried codfish—a concentrated and valuable food—at 4*d.* a lb., olives at 2*d.* or 3*d.* a quart, lard and bacon at 8*d.* a lb., oil at 5*d.* or 6*d.* the quart, beef 5*d.* the lb., sardines 1*d.* the dozen, and sugar 5*d.* the lb., the cost of the weekly board for five people would come to about eight shillings. In this list about half the items are luxuries, that is, articles over and above what is absolutely necessary to keep body and soul together, as in the case of the bacon, bread and cheese of our English labourers; and economists perfectly recognize that a population which lives without luxuries, on the cheapest food, is for ever on the brink of disaster, as the Irish with their potato diet and the Hindus who trust to rice alone. A check comes to their wage-earning—a drought, a blight, a flood, a tempest, or a flight of locusts—and straightway

there is famine in the land and the diseases that follow in the train of famine. So that the axiom of the political economist that a low-priced dietary goes with a low social status, liable to constant interruption by national disaster, is justified by experience.

It is from this point of view that the dietary of the Portuguese land-worker, thriftily designed as it is, is so very far above starvation point as to place the people who use it in a comparatively high position. Not only are there the luxuries which in case of dire necessity he could do without, but his bread food, the *broa* or black bread of maize and rye-flour, has in its very nature and composition, in spite of its low cost, something of an insurance against famine. In the low-lying, well-watered land near the sea, where the maize thrives best, the people's food has little or no rye in it, which nevertheless is an improvement to its taste; in the rainier highland region maize does less well, while rye prospers exceedingly, so that in the mountain parts the loaf is principally, sometimes wholly, made from rye-flour. A hot, dry season often goes with an abundant crop of maize, a plant which loves the heat under which, with drought superadded, the rye-crop dwindles to a very poor one. In so small a country as Portugal there can never be heat and cold, drought and wet together, so that both crops are never likely to fail in one year. These being the

facts, the perspicaceous reader needs no application of them to see how the double corn bread must often save the peasant from risk of famine: how in a good rye year his loaf has more rye in it, and after a rich maize crop more of maize.

This, which may seem a trivial, as it certainly is an accidental circumstance, cannot but have a beneficial effect on the yeoman farmer classes. The gains of such tiny estate-owners must always be trifling, and it is of great moment to them that the tenor of their lives should not be interrupted by reverses of fortune; there are enough of these in the common ills of mortality, sickness and old age, or in fires, flood, and loss of stock, but famine is happily not one of these vicissitudes in Portugal. There has been nothing approaching to one for fifty years; not once has a generation gone through the throes and pangs of enduring hunger; not once has a whole generation of children been hindered and checked in their growth. Mainly to this it is that one may ascribe the unmistakable continuous signs of prosperity through the country. A traveller passing by road will look about him in vain for signs of past neglect, for scars on the land left by black years of starvation, for fields relapsing into wilderness, water-wheels out of gear, river-weirs in ruins, water-carriers choked with weeds and sand, or vine-trellises falling into decay. It may take a

farmer's practised eye to note all these indications of a prosperity that has never been interrupted, but they are here, and they are due not to one cause alone, but to many; not to this happy accident of their double bread-food only; not even to the thrift and careful and active husbandry which yeoman proprietorship and love of home engender, but more than all to a certain force, an inborn capacity to labour and endure, a mettle in the people themselves, who have never through all the generations of rural men since the land was redeemed from the Moors, looked to any help in tilling the land and securing their tenure of it beyond their own arms, their own wits, and their own fortitude. To legislation they have owed almost nothing. It was only after they had sat for generations upon the land, secure in their virtual ownership of it, that legislation came tardily to their aid—in 1867—and confirmed to them and ratified their own previous acquirements.

There is another cause to which the undoubted prosperity of the country has been, as I think too hastily, ascribed—bi-metallism; a dry subject, which I should altogether avoid in this place had my own authority not been quoted by the bi-metallists in support of opinions which I never published, and do not hold.

An imperfect form of bi-metallism prevails in Portugal, but oddly enough it is against the spirit and letter of a

statute especially made and provided to establish a single gold currency. In 1854 a law was passed to make gold the standard and to degrade silver to a token currency, and a legal tender for little more than a guinea. The statute is one of the many instances all the world over where the theory of the doctrinaire has been allowed to outrun the wants of the nation. The Portuguese were, and the rural Portuguese are still in the main, in that condition when a people prefer the heavy, tangible silver coins which their forefathers knew and handled, to the precious gold pieces which seem outlandish to them; so they quietly set the law aside, and the Portuguese rulers with very good sense acquiesced in the people's ruling, and now a sort of bastard bi-metallism prevails, and the country prospers; but whether in consequence, or partly in consequence, is more than any one is really warranted in saying on the facts. The currency is founded on an unseen and non-existing unit, the *real*, of which 5 are worth about a farthing, 1000 of them making a *milrei*, the dollar of Portugal, while 5 *milreis* make a gold piece, a sort of modern *moidore*, worth about 22*s*. The Portuguese silver coins in circulation represent at the most recent government computation 8,995,436,000 *reis*, while the native gold pieces are only worth 6,000,000,000 *reis;* but the calculation is confused and conclusions quite prevented by the circulation in the country of an immense but unknown

number of English sovereigns and half-sovereigns. The innocent piracy of our gold serves the trade interests of both countries. A money crisis in the sense in which it is understood on the London and Paris and New York exchanges is hardly known in Portugal, the adjustment can so quickly take place by the export or import of British gold.

For several reasons it is difficult safely to draw large conclusions from the smooth working of a double currency here. Chief among them is that Portugal is a small country, and currency phenomena are mainly international. The great stream of trade and the currency which accompanies and marks its movements flow on independent of backwaters, and Portugal, financially and commercially, is but a backwater. In its trade centres at least, and on its fringes where it touches foreign bounds, its currency must of necessity be international; the country cannot shut itself up in a Japanese exclusiveness. Therefore the large towns of the kingdom tend towards a gold standard and the use of bank-paper, while the peasant of the inland district loves, against the law, the silver money of his ancestors. Some time ago I bought a pony in the far interior; the price was small, and though I was known, the seller refused my cheque, my notes on the Bank of Portugal, even my gold; nothing would content him but payment in silver. Then bi-metallism presented itself to me for the first time from

an objective and disagreeable point of view. Twenty pounds in silver coin is a very heavy weight, even when the ratio of silver to gold is so exceptionally high as it is in Portugal. The bi-metallists propose, as is known, a ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 of gold, though 20 to 1 would be nearer the true ratio at present exchange, yet the Portuguese ratio is only $14\frac{59}{191}$ to 1.

Now this abnormal ratio presents another of the difficulties that exist to the drawing of inferences in the case of such a small country as Portugal. If there is any fixed theorem better established by reasoned observation than another, it is that which has been called "Gresham's Law," namely, that "Bad money drives out good"; but it does not work here. Gold at its international value and greatly over-rated silver circulate side by side. Therefore, clearly "Gresham's Law" does not affect the Portuguese currency. Why? Not because it is not a sound monetary law, but partly because the Portuguese bi-metallism is only a sham bi-metallism, and silver is not coined freely at the public mints, and also because the country is so small and so restricted that it would not pay to set up a private, secret, surreptitious mint, and to coin full-weight silver coins of the right fineness and put them into circulation. If either of these things should be done, "Gresham's Law" would no doubt begin to operate, and gold would be driven forth.

Unquestionably it is for the good of a country that its currency should grow with the people's growth in numbers and in prosperity. It is good for trade and it is good for society of all ranks, from the peer to the peasant, that the coin they deal with should neither go up nor go down in relative quantity, and therefore in price. It is bad even if the change happens gradually, but it is very bad if it comes suddenly. Without being a bi-metallist, one may go so far as to say that the rise of silver side by side with gold helps to foster the sufficiency of coin, for the currency can be increased, at no loss to the country, by the coining of the more abundant metal, or, still more economically and even profitably, by the issue of silver notes, which has recently been effected with some financial success in Portugal. So far as this goes, therefore, the bi-metallists may claim to be justified in their doctrine by the example of Portugal.

The evidence on the whole is, that in spite of all checks and modifying causes, a scarcity of gold and the *appreciation* of that metal have taken place throughout Europe at least, and that it has been more sudden than is good for trade, and that financially it has benefited some of the community and injured as many more. It is not to be supposed that the controversy between those who suffer and those who thrive by the change will ever come to an end. In my experience, abstract controversies where interests are fairly balanced

never do terminate. In Portugal this particular one has never begun, and it is conceivable that as long as the people are happily willing to pay and be paid in over-rated silver coin, it never will begin.

Nevertheless, it is open to doubt if the prosperity of any country is so greatly dependent upon a sound and sufficient currency as to be plunged in distress if it fails to get it. Portugal certainly enjoys the privilege of a fairly good currency at present, and it is prosperous; but there have been times in its history when its rulers tampered with its currency, when the population outgrew the coin necessary for it, and when great inconvenience was suffered, but I cannot discover that these well-marked periods were periods also of peculiar distress. Here, therefore, on the whole, bi-metallists had better be careful as to quoting Portugal on their side. Perhaps the mono-metal people could better put the country into the witness-box; but they too might easily prove from her example more than they want: namely, that a sufficiency of currency in a country is important to her prosperity, but not essential.

This is a sort of proposition that is easier put as an illustration than proved by abstract reasoning.

It is conceivable that a fertile island of, let us say, ten thousand acres should be discovered and settled on by a body of some hundreds of thrifty, hard-working, orderly colonists,

with no more than, we will say, a thousand pounds' worth of silver and copper coins, no means of getting more, their island sealed against all foreign commerce of any kind, and a stop put to any one and anything going from and coming to their island. Would those islanders be absolutely wretched from insufficient currency? Certainly not. Bar accidents they would certainly prosper exceedingly, in spite of the coin dearth. They would no doubt suffer inconvenience, and as the population slowly increased and the results of labour and thought accumulated too in the shape of capital, some very curious phenomena of enhancement of currency would be developed. The islanders would perhaps in time be able to buy an estate for sixpence, dower a daughter for a penny, build a palace or a hospital for a shilling, and support the honour of a dukedom or keep a pack of hounds on eighteenpence a year. The man with change for a sovereign in his coffers would stand abreast with European millionaires, and hold the fate of markets and ministries in his hand.

Now let us suppose that before the memory of gold had quite died out among the descendants of the primitive islanders, a great bi-metallist philosopher should preach his doctrine, and prove to them that their well-doing was hindered by want of coin. He would be right up to a certain point, and could argue with a very convincing logic

that prosperity must needs be more or less arrested by a scanty currency. Now if, by a miracle, at the moment the doctrinaire had persuaded them of his doctrine a ship were cast ashore on the island with five or six thousand pounds in gold coin in her hold, and should this gold fall into the hands of some dozen or two of the islanders, and a $15\frac{1}{2}$ ratio be established between gold and silver, and the new coins thrown into circulation, would wealth be increased forthwith, trade promoted, and prosperity take a new start? Assuredly nothing of the kind; a cataclysm of misfortune would ensue first. Until a slow adjustment should have time to take place, the island would be in the throes of a social and financial revolution: anarchy would succeed to settled order. The wages of labour would rise, but by little, for the suddenly enriched capitalists—the *nouveaux riches*—would be necessarily ignorant of the art of feeding labour with wages to profitable purpose; and for the same reason the prices of the labourer's food and lodging, and all the commodities of life, would rise, outstripping the rise in his wages, for then at last it would be painfully learned by the wage-earner and his self-constituted leaders that the employing of labour is itself an art of slow acquirement and of development by fitness, selection, and the falling out of the ranks of the fool and the feckless. The island for a generation would be the abode of miserable

inhabitants. The duke would have to cut down his establishment; the master of hounds to reduce his pack, his staff, and the number of his meets; penniless people would throng the island miserably; the well-dowered married couple would sink to the brink of poverty—the lowest stage of human discomfort for those who have never learned to labour,—while two-thirds of the power and of the usefulness of former capitalists would disappear.

In time, no doubt, things would right themselves, but not before a long-enduring financial, social, and probably a political revolution had been suffered; and the community perhaps would emerge in a condition of permanent decadence.

Mention has already been made of the wonderful designs on the ox-yokes used by the peasantry in the northern parts of the kingdom. The jealous preservation of these heirlooms from a long-past age affords not the only evidence of artistic faculty or capacity for æsthetic pleasure in the peasant class. The rural folk show these qualities very clearly in their dress on holidays and in their jewellery, both of which have already been noticed, in the rough embroidery of cotton hangings and coverlets, and in the species of knotting with which, in many peasants' homes, every homespun linen sheet, towel, and pillow-case is ornamented.

It is shown likewise in a curious art practised by the

women in some parts of Northern Portugal, notably in that district of Arioza already mentioned for the beauty of its women. Hereabouts the women purchase red broadcloth, or rather, as I think, a thick and "superfine" kind of baize or serge, draw out threads in every direction, and then recompose it with the help of white and coloured wools into a cloth ornamented with a raised pattern of very artistically decorative character. I am not enough of an expert to explain the technique of this work, but I know that the result is a peasant women's costume—bodice, kerchief, pleated smock and skirt—quite unlike what may be seen elsewhere and very beautiful.

The peasant's tendency to right art is still more universally and conspicuously shown in the shapes and ornamentation on his rough unglazed pottery. The village potter still "throws" his water-jar in the various forms of the ancient Roman amphora, but he has added to these traditional patterns quainter forms, borrowed from the Moors, of oil-jars with narrow necks, of water-coolers with curious spouts and twisted handles, and the use of an infinity of decorative patterns on the surface of bowl and plate and jar; sometimes little angular bits of white quartz are let in while the clay is soft, sometimes patches of cross hatching or some repeated and simple geometric pattern are laid on with white or yellow "slip" on the dry, unfired earthenware.

Almost every parish in the kingdom has some particular potting speciality, some unique shape, some particular glaze or a particular design in the laying on of the "slip," traditions these maybe from Moorish times, or perhaps ideas evolved by some long dead village potter; but, however divergent in detail, the decorative ornament on the unglazed peasant-ware is invariably Oriental in character. The type has become fixed in the nature of the race, they will not depart from their fixed ideal; and it becomes a necessity to them to have their pottery decorated in accordance with those canons of what the consensus of the art-learned in all countries have settled to be the right canons. Any one looking at a heap of pottery for sale in a country market-place in Portugal can see for himself how indispensable decoration is held to be. The very cheapest piece in the heap, for sale at a price that seems to an Englishman impossibly unprofitable, is never left quite undecorated by the potter; ornament of some sort is not a mere luxury to the peasant, and the thing of commonest use must have its addition of ornamentation.

It would seem that art taste and true art principles and the artistic faculty are preserved more jealously from primitive times and primitive conditions of life among the peasant classes everywhere than among the semi-educated classes above them. It is not often that, as in Japan, art-

feeling permeates all classes. Mr. Alfred East has recently told us how the Japanese coolie arranges his spray of cherry blossom in a farthing jar with an eye to harmony of line and effect. In Portugal, where the wealthier classes once loved art, they have now lost all sense of rightness therein. It is a puzzle why this should be so, and I will not here try to guess at the reason, but only note the fact that the Portuguese middle and upper classes are as much lost to all sense of propriety in art as we ourselves were in England fifty years ago. Their paintings are exceedingly poor, their decorative art worse, and their architecture an outrage. Decadence all along the art line dates from the beginning of the century, and there has been none of that recent slow renaissance to better things noticeable among ourselves. Yet undoubtedly, judged by what the Portuguese peasant feels and does now, and by what the middle and upper classes once felt and did, the artistic potentialities of the Portuguese must be infinitively greater than our own. Probably, however, they will never travel up the long, stiff slope that leads, through consciousness of right principle, to right art, and perhaps on the whole they may be almost as happy not doing so as achieving this end!

A hundred years ago there were good art-products in Portugal; two hundred years ago there were better, and three hundred years back far better work still was done in

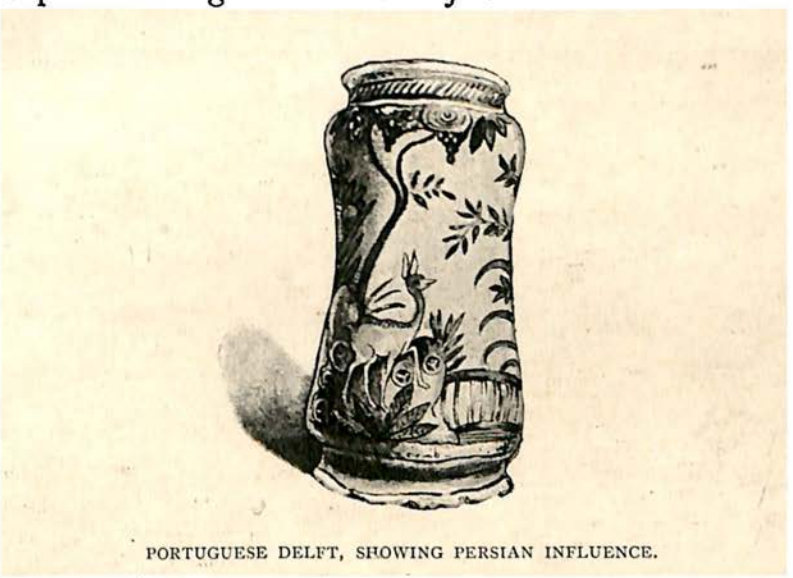
art. Then the country was in the full flush of its triumphs beyond the seas; it was rich, the people energetic, full of confidence in their dominance abroad, and justly satisfied that the civilization of the world had a centre or an important sub-centre in Portugal. With wealth pouring in from their possessions in the far East and the far West, came art objects from China, Japan, Persia, and the East Indies; from India inlaid woodwork and cabinets decorated with incrustations of metal and ivory; from China and Japan porcelain, pottery, and embroidered silks and satins; but especially from Persia, through the ports on the Persian Gulf, Bushire and Gombroon, all the art work of the most artistically cultivated people in the world, rich embroideries, the carpets of Shiraz and Ispahan, the inlaid metal work and the flint-glazed sixteenth-century wares of Southern Persia that have never had their match in any time or country. All these art treasures came through trade channels in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to Portugal and adorned her homes. Traces of all these things are still to be found in ancient Portuguese houses, and more rarely in the curiosity shops of the large cities; few exist now in any abundance, save carpets and damascened metal work. Persian carpets are still sometimes found in the remote country churches of Portugal, and are often of exceeding rarity and beauty.

The decorative ideas, the art *motifs*, that came with these treasures from Persia were eagerly accepted by the

art-workers of Portugal, not servilely imitated, but accepted as the work of brother-workers who had proceeded farther than themselves on the road of good art. It is curious to trace these Persian influences in the designs of the beautiful native embroideries on silk and satin of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, to see the peculiar floral decoration of the Persians, the Tree of Life, and the pattern derived from it; the knop and flower, symbol of the Divine power; the lion, symbol of the sun and of day; the antelope, of the moon and of serenity; the phœnix, of victory; and the dragon that typifies death. All are to be found embroidered on Portuguese silks and linens in the seventeenth century, but their symbolism is unknown and all these various emblems are curiously jumbled and confused.

These graceful art *motifs* are seen more markedly still on a very curious early blue-and-white *faience* which was first made in Portugal at the very end of the sixteenth century, and which was at first no doubt an imitation of the similar ware made in Delft in Holland. As in that Dutch *faience* were adopted many of the designs of the Chinese blue-and-white wares, so did the Portuguese, coming at third hand, do the same. Chinese figure and flower paintings are common on what I have christened "Portuguese Delft"; but the Portuguese potters, though they never attained the potting dexterity of the Dutchmen, soon aspired, with higher art-feeling than their Dutch teachers, to something better

than Chinese doll figures and conventionalized Chinese flower patterns. They caught eagerly at the indescribably exquisite designs, learned, intricate and graceful, which they found on Persian ware. The learned Persian symbolism and the Persian intricacy of design were beyond the untaught Portuguese potter, but he caught something of their grace of design. Nobody who knows the attributes of Persian art on carpet or kiln-work will miss the mark of Persian influence in the drawing of the antelope as well as of the plants and grasses in this jar.



PORTUGUESE DELFT, SHOWING PERSIAN INFLUENCE.

This blue-and-white *faience* of Portugal was at about its best in 1640, when Portugal regained her freedom, and the potters' trade was so rich then that the confraternity of potters welcomed the returning Portuguese Sovereign with a huge triumphal arch in Lisbon, constructed entirely

of that blue-and-white *faience* which is now so rare and hard to come at. A little later armorial bearings began to be painted upon the jars and plates, and a little before that, to judge from one piece bearing the date 1645, arms and Persian figures are combined. This is perhaps the period when Portuguese *faience* art was at its highest.

The large plate shown below, with the elaborately emblazoned arms of a noble Portuguese family surrounded by representations of animals and plants, both drawn with great spirit and accuracy, and with something of a Persian grace, belongs to this period, and is, I think, the finest piece of this ware I have ever seen.

BLUE-AND-WHITE FAIENCE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

A small collection of this ancient Portuguese blue-and-white ware is to be seen in the South Kensington Museum, where it has been sent on loan by the present writer.

After 1750 the art of *faience*, which had long declined, sank rapidly to decadence, and had already been degraded

into modern hideousness before the end of the eighteenth century ; and when the Portuguese housekeeper, at about the end of the Peninsular War, found she could buy a useful tin pot cheaper than a very ugly piece of glazed earthenware, she very wisely would have none of it, and the potteries closed.

There are still to be found on the shelves of old-fashioned chemists' shops in the remoter towns and villages of Portugal, rows of drug-pots of the ancient blue-and-white, and every convent through the country at the time of their closing, fifty or sixty years ago, possessed valuable treasures of this ancient ware. They were scattered through the land, but the older and better pieces are now getting very scarce.

JAR WITH PERSIAN DESIGN.

JANUARY.

To the rustic Portuguese the street and *praças* of the great cities of the north, Braga, Guimarães, and Oporto, are temporary paradises to which he resorts in crowds on fair and feast days. They are to him a paradise, not a heaven, for it is clear he is not completely happy there. The peasants come twice a week all through the calendar of days, and in greater crowds still at the great hiring-fairs on All Saints' Day in November and in early April, when Oporto is crowded with peasants, sturdy, hard-featured farmers, with their brass-bound quarter-staves in their hand: young men wearing, if they be rich and in the local fashion, their horseman's jacket of black fustian or felted cloth, with silver buttons in their white shirts, tall jack-boots, spurred, a red sash round their waist, and a jockey-whip in their hand, or, what serves the Portuguese rider as well, a long sapling of the quince tree—modest young fellows, shamefaced and blushing, in spite of their wills, and their great boots and spurs. There are girls in troops, shy

too, but less so than their lovers, in their finery of bright-coloured neckerchiefs, red petticoats, and their spread of peasant jewellery, gold earrings, and heavy necklaces, which hold up enormous breast-pieces of ancient designs, in shape of hearts or Maltese crosses; designs where the Moslem crescent and circle and star mingle with emblems of the Christian faith, and with the interwoven triangles and knots and loops that come perhaps from older periods and obscurer sources than the Moorish and Christian designs. All these ornaments are of gold, purer by two carats than the finest our jewellers employ, and the masses of golden tone harmonize most excellently with the dark hair and nut-brown skins, smooth, with a healthy sun-burnt ruddiness, of these comely, great-eyed, full-breasted daughters of the soil. It has been observed of Portuguese women that their beauty increases, after Lisbon is left, with every degree of northerly latitude till the Spanish frontier is reached. There it ends, for as soon as we cross the border river Minho and pass into Galicia, beauty is altogether left behind on the southern bank of the river, with the Portuguese language. The Galician is an estimable but a hard-featured person.

In this aforesaid gamut of good looks, with its crescendo towards the north and its finale at the frontier river, there are districts where a more than usually harmonious chord

is struck. In plainer language, there are parishes where the women are quite exceptionally pretty. An antiquary once told me that if I chose to go into a certain abstruse point of archæology the materials were so abundant that I should be able to "theorize with quite an agreeable precision." Of this curious question of the existence, dispersedly, through the country of regions peopled by people of more or less good looks, the causes must lie in some very obscure antecedents; a local invasion of well-featured warriors, or perhaps some great prehistorical tribal battle, followed by an almost justifiable massacre of unprepossessing inhabitants and a partition of pretty captives among the victors. Who knows? The most learned archæologist must lose his Latin in such investigation, and no living savant can "theorize with any sort of agreeable precision." One thing is certain; human beings rise in the scale of good looks as they rise in the scale of humanity; they leave baboon faces behind them, and ascend towards beauty according as they live nobler and higher lives. The existence, therefore, of a region of comely men and women would point to the ascendency in some bygone age of the higher and nobler over the lower and more ignoble race. This thesis, it is understood, is accepted by our foremost scientific men, with but a few exceptions actuated by pretty obvious *personal.* circumstances and considerations of their own.

PEASANT GIRL OF AVINTES.

One of these aforesaid exceptionally favoured parishes is Ariosa, a few miles south of the border river Minho, noted for the uncommon beauty of its women and also of their extremely becoming costume—two things that are, as the savants have it, co-related. There is another such parish, or part of a parish, in the neighbourhood of Oporto —Avintes. In the southern portion of this wide district the children at the cottage doors, boys and girls, are strikingly pretty, and every third or fourth girl one meets is nothing less than lovely; taller, and more slender and graceful than the average peasant women, with delicate transparent complexions in place of the healthy brown ruddiness that is common elsewhere, large, expressive eyes, and features full of a pleasant intelligence. The Avintes type is not un-Portuguese, but it is the national type at its highest expression, refined and idealized.

An eminent painter, now a Royal Academician, looking on these fair women in my company, likened them to those artist's-model women who are reared at Albano near Rome, and who sit, or used to, in picturesque dress and attitudes upon the steps of the Church of the Trinity; but the young women of Albano are milkmaids compared with the slim and stately maidens of Avintes; apart from which the Italian model-women apparently commit the enormity of dressing in an impossible peasant costume to

please, not their peasant lovers, but the artists who employ them.

The anthropological student, or he who cares to look upon the traditional shapes of the peasant jewellery already spoken of, should, when he comes to Oporto, rise betimes on the mornings of Tuesdays and Saturdays—market days. Then the city is invaded by the country people, and the chief streets and open squares have the aspect of a village green on fair-day. Almost every parish still possesses its peculiar costume and jewellery to match, and every county its own type of looks, good or bad. Still from north of the great city come bright dresses, bright faces, and uncommon wealth of gold ornaments; and from the south and the great marsh lands that lie south of the city, the women travel to town in dark dresses, wear but few ornaments, and cover their heads with black felt hats of such enormous size and heaviness as would eclipse the gaiety of the most laughter-loving of rustic maidens. At Ovar, in the marshes, these hats are of such portentous size that to prevent the brim from flapping down and masking the wearers' faces altogether, a series of strings reach from the crown all round to the outer rim, like the shrouds of a mast in a Chinese junk, and keep all taut. These hats are a marvel to see, in diameter quite as great as a large umbrella, and are a proof of what people will suffer to be in the fashion.

The men do not encumber themselves with this foolish head-gear.

It is clear to any one who mingles with the crowds of peasants on market days, how Oporto has been built and peopled for the sake of the rural folk. Hardly a stone of a single house in all the town but has, directly or indirectly, been paid for by the sweat of the peasant's brow, and not a meal is eaten to which the peasant has not contributed. There would be no industries or manufactures but for him, and even the great trade in port wine, which so enriches the kingdom, is but the sending abroad of the wine which the peasant has grown and made. Except for wine and some other natural produce of the soil, nothing goes over the bar of the Douro at all. All that is grown, all that is manufactured, is for the peasant's use, or for the urban man who acts as his agent.

The people of Oporto itself are not particularly interesting, at least to the artist, either in feature or dress, always excepting the street children. The street child is never exactly "local" anywhere, he is always and everywhere a citizen of the world. He cares for the same things, plays at the same games, wears the same rags, and shouts out his opinions on the problems of child life with the same discordant yells in the slums of Oporto as in the slums of Westminster. My opinion of the Portuguese nation, already

expressed, is that as the Moors of Northern Africa flock chiefly to the cities and leave the indigenous races to till the fields in the plain country and feed their flocks on the mountains, so did the Moors of Portugal during their long tenure of the land frequent the cities rather than the country regions, and that in consequence the urban populations of modern Portugal are far more Oriental in lineage than the rural folk. Here, for instance, is this life-like group of children by Miss Dorothy Tennant, but for its art value it might be a photograph taken at any street corner in Oporto. They are true citizens of the child-world, these charming boys and girls, holding a bit of string or a sizeable pebble-stone to be the greatest of human treasures; but though so like our clear-skinned little street tatterdemalions in their ways and likings, the searching glance of the ethnologist falls on the dark skins, the slender hands and feet, the bullet heads, the black hair, and great dark eyes of the Oporto children, and he knows they are of quite another race and provenance to us of the North.

Oporto, which is the very oldest seat of civilized man in Portugal, is yet possessed of very few records of its antique civilization. There are few buildings of the good periods, and not many of those ancient wynds and alleys, colonnaded and arcaded streets, dark entries, and ancient archways and lattice-windows which are so abundant and

PORTUGUESE STREET CHILDREN.

interesting in almost all the other towns and cities of Northern Portugal. This is the more to be wondered at, because though the city has suffered siege and sack and many tribulations of war, there has never been a great earthquake as in Lisbon, or a great fire as in London, to alter its ancient aspect. Oporto has probably suffered more destructive reform in the direction of modernity within the last sixty years of Liberal burgess rule than through all the long previous ages of its existence. It is indeed curious that the middle class, which has been so art-loving and antiquity-respecting in Northern Italy, in the Low Countries, and in some of the Free Cities of Germany, should be, to put it moderately, such disrespecters of the old and despisers of the beautiful throughout all Western Europe. It is a small matter, no doubt, but why should the great class which has ruled us all not unwisely, in all material things, for half a century, which has given us the train and the telegraph, the steamer, the waterproof, the omnibus, the umbrella, the Gladstone bag and the tall hat,—why should they resolve unanimously in England, in France, and all through this Peninsula to rule the new buildings which they raise (when they have pulled down the old) with lines as straight as those in red ink on their ledgers and day-books?

At the corner of one of the main streets of Oporto stood not many years ago a house of no great size, built

of ashlar granite blocks, a solid building, four square to north, south, east, and west. It had been the city home of some great noble of the twelfth century, and a doubtful but not impossible tradition said that here had been born in 1094 the Warrior King of Portugal, Affonso Henriquez, the greatest and truest hero perhaps of Western Europe. It was a house whose building told of troubled times, for its lower windows were but loopholes, and its doorway narrow; but the upper round-arched windows were of the purest Romanesque, with exquisite mouldings of a very rare kind, insomuch that Mr. Ferguson, the eminent antiquarian architect, whom I consulted, informed me that he knew of nothing quite like them save at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. This building, this "thing of beauty," that was a delight to the architect and archæologist, and a perpetual joy to every cultivated person, is a joy no more to any one. It stood a little out of that straight line which the common-council-man loves, and though its position hindered no possible traffic, and interfered with the locomotion of no possible cart, cab, wheelbarrow, man, woman, child, horse, dog, or donkey, the municipal eye was offended grievously. It had resisted Time and all Time's vicissitudes for eight centuries, and now, in less than a week, it fell before the municipal impatience of Oporto. It is clear how a few "improvements" of this kind can rob a city and

its inhabitants of some very precious heirlooms of the days gone by; and Oporto is much the poorer by the energy of some of its local rulers.

Another act of the same kind, not achieved, but it is said contemplated, is almost grotesque as an outrage upon the great art and mystery of architecture. The Exchange at Oporto is a huge building of late nineteenth century work; square windows, flush with the staring wall surface, blink out upon the common-council-man like eyes without lids. On the summit is a clock-tower, strictly designed on the lines of the pepper-pot or sugar-caster. There is one wing of the building with a noble curling sky-line to the right of this central ornament, balanced, as befits a building dedicated to commerce, on the principle of an account kept by double entry, by an exactly corresponding wing on the left or debit side.

The nearest neighbour of this building is one of the finest old Gothic churches in Oporto, whose gray, time-mellowed walls and the subtly contrived light and shade of whose towers and stony coigns contrast with the flat and glaring surfaces of the Exchange. It has been proposed, so it is said, to disregard the "balance" which has been so appropriately *struck* in this latter building, and to prolong the wing on the side of the church in such a way as to mask the church altogether; to build out, not a real wing—there

is no room—but a wall which shall have sham windows in it and seem to have a real building behind. By this means no contrast will be possible between the old and the new.

These strictures of mine, however, are in no way to be taken as a criticism upon modern Portuguese architectural innovators only. They fully apply to the municipal architecture of Western Europe generally. We know this sort of thing perfectly well at home.

This book is in no sense meant for a guide-book, but I will break off here to say, that to those who are to be attracted by the less showy and superficial and noisy aspects of foreign life, to those with whom, for instance, the aspects of rural existence presented in these pages may have found favour, Oporto deserves a visit, and even a long one. It is the centre of a very beautiful and almost an untrodden district, virgin ground almost, where many discoveries are yet to be made in every branch of natural history, art, and archæology.

Oporto is itself very accessible. Four days' steaming will reach it by direct sea-traffic from an English port, or three days by steam and rail through Vigo, or fifty hours of continuous journeying overland by Paris, Miranda, Salamanca, and Medina del Campo, will bring the traveller, along the Douro valley, through the very heart of Portugal to this sub-capital, through an almost untravelled portion of Old

Castile, by Fuentes d'Honor and Fregueneda; across a huge plain, dried up for six months of the year, and barren to look at always, sunburnt to an ochreous hue, but rich in produce, for the land up to the very horizon is one vast cornfield.

The border-lands of Spain and Portugal, through which the traveller by this route must pass, are inhabited by men who, I suspect, if not the autochthonous inhabitants of Portugal, are at least a remnant of the ancient Gothic race which once helped to make Portugal a nation, that race which is still to be found among the peasantry in the remoter regions of the land, and which has at all times kept itself free from contact with the mixed race of invaders from Africa, whom we call for shortness Moors, and who have left ineffaceable traces on the manners, customs, and disposition of the people of the towns and of the lowlands of Portugal.

The borderers themselves, those who have their home on the Spanish spurs of the great dividing range, must be a remnant from some ancient dominating race, which has preserved its manners, its voice, and a most strange costume, the like of which I know not in the Peninsula, from ancestors that were perhaps makers of nations. The cursory railway traveller from the provinces to the east cannot fail to see that these borderers stand higher in the ranks of men than even that fine race of men, the Basques.

It is a taller race, spare in make, wiry, narrow across the hips, square-shouldered, the hair often brown inclining to fair, the eyes well opened, gray or brown, the face long, the nose large, the complexion clear and ruddy—all in curious contrast to the Spaniards east, north, and south of them, and to the short-statured Portuguese on the west. Their gestures are free, their manner frank and not uncourteous, their address energetic, and their speech, in the fine old Castilian tongue undefiled, is singularly emphatic and sonorous. It is a picturesque rather than a handsome race, and the men are mostly better-looking than the women. Their tall, upstanding figures are made very picturesque, and their vigorous movements and curiously dramatic speech and attitudes are enhanced by the costume worn by men and women.

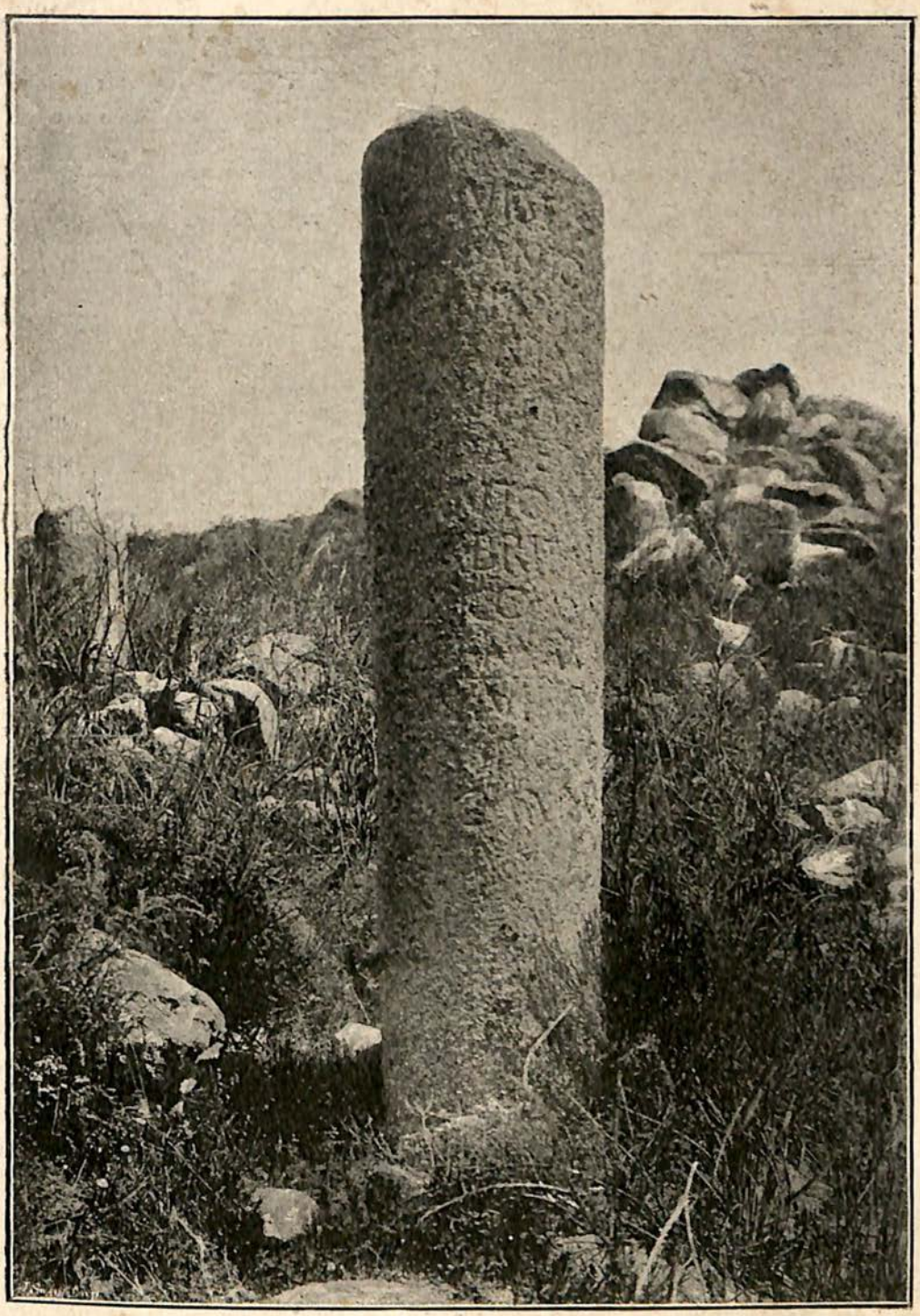
The men are clad in very short jackets of black cloth, not reaching to the waist, barely covering the shoulders, over a shirt or jersey of dark blue or drab, both ornamented with large silver buttons of antique design, round or diamond-shaped. The waist is encircled, or rather encased, by a belt of very stiff brown leather, polished by wear, and so broad and fitting so close that if a woman wore it one would call it a corset. Gaiters of the same brown leather fit tight to the shape of their slender sinewy legs, and are set with a row of little silver studs. The women's dress is striking too, but less so than the men's. They wear a skirt

of coarse woollen stuff, black or red, and over it, behind, a half-petticoat, generally of a very full yellow or red, worn *à la Camargo.* The colour harmony is strong but effective. Neither men nor women use the *socco*, the Moorish slipper, which is universal in those parts of Portugal where the Moor once held dominion. The *socco* is to some extent the badge of a conquered people. Like their neighbours, the Portuguese mountaineers, these men of the plains wear well-laced boots or shoes.

Such are the people who inhabit the rich plain-land at the foot of the vast mountain range which separates Spain from Portugal. There is every reason to believe that they were themselves mountaineers, who have in times past descended from the adjacent highlands to conquer and occupy the fertile plain. To this day wild legends prevail among them of the spiritual and physical terrors, the ghastly shapes of malignant supernatural beings haunting the great rocky wastes that tower up to heaven on the western horizon of these dwellers in the plain. In the guise of such legends no doubt there exist traditions among them of the people's sufferings in passed-away days in the barren regions, their ancient home; of hunger, of cold, of ice and snow, of wanderings in mist and darkness, and of all the hard vicissitudes of mountain life unknown in the rich, grain-yielding, monotonous champaign country below.

An evil more terrible than all these legendary terrors still dwells among these hills, and has driven human inhabitants from many portions of them. A Russian engineer, who superintended the building of the railway line, told me that nowhere even in the tropics had he encountered so malignant a form of fever as among these mountains; men at work would be struck down as if by apoplexy, be carried to their huts, and die in a few days, sometimes in a few hours. Perhaps the memory of this deadly mysterious enemy of our kind, latent among the rocks of their ancient home, is still preserved in many a myth of a prowling maleficent ogre or malignant spirit.

A little after passing Freguèneda, the last Spanish station coming from the east, the line suddenly pierces the great mountain rampart, winding along rocky clefts in the hills, through innumerable tunnels, and carried on viaducts that span deep valleys whose bottoms lie in perpetual twilight, the stoniest, most barren, most waterless, treeless, lifeless of mountain ranges. For half an hour or more the train rushes along through presumably the easiest pass of the dividing range; and when it is recollected that Portugal turns the same rocky barrier to her neighbour to the north as well as the east, it is conceivable how a small and brave nation so splendidly backed by Nature itself has been able to repel invasion through the ages and secure its independence.



ROMAN MILLIARY COLUMN ON THE FRONTIER MOUNTAINS.

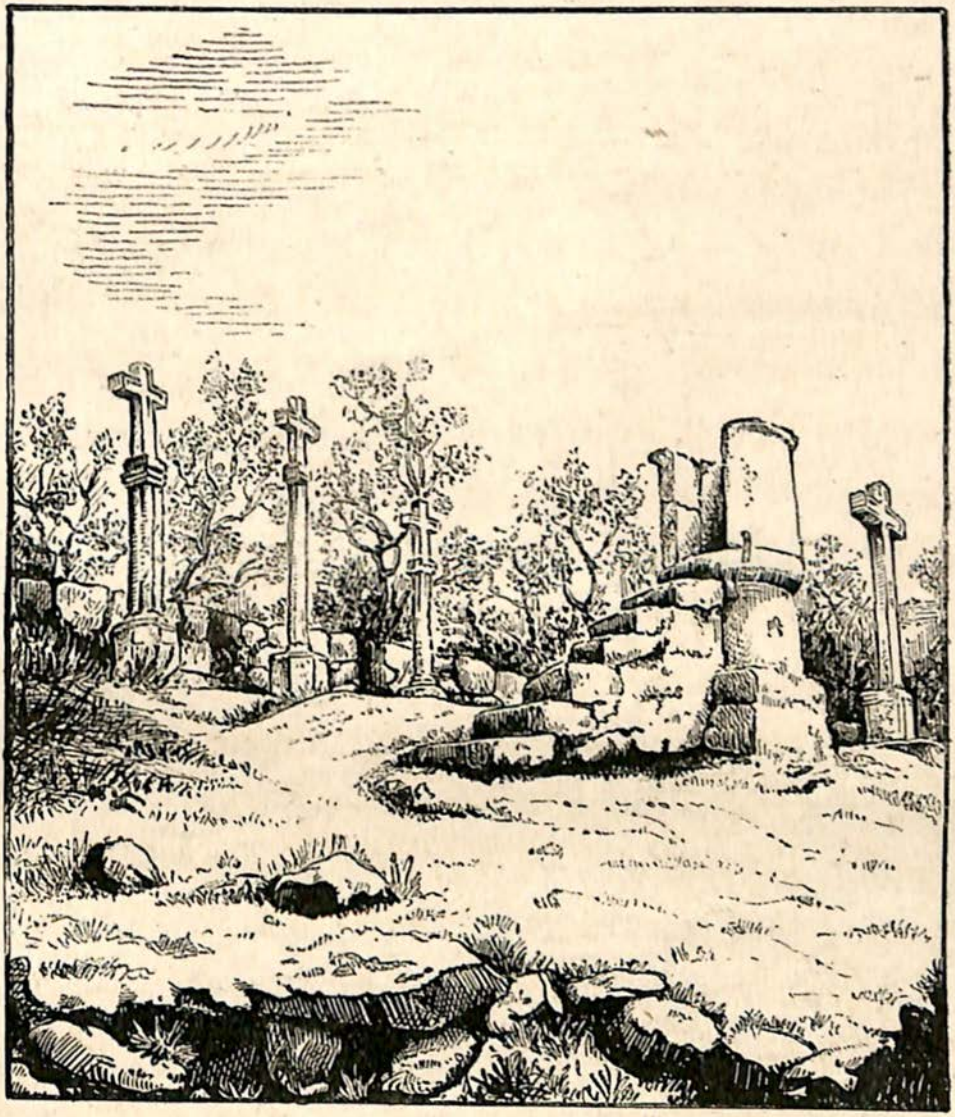
The strategic position of Portugal from a military point of view is simply that the kingdom is a huge fortress, open only to the sea—a fortress, too, which is but ill-provisioned, into which if a great conquering army should break, having no command of the sea, it must needs sally forth again in no long time; for it is a country in which the cultivated food-yielding land holds but a small proportion to the hills and forests and marshes. This was the secret divined by our great Duke and overlooked by Napoleon and his marshals; this was why the Peninsular campaigns were lost to the French before a battle was fought; and this is what must perforce ever make the kingdom of Portugal the ally or the captive of whichever great European Power holds the command of the broad and narrow seas.

It is along this great inland rampart of the kingdom, never frequented by the tourist, hardly explored by the more serious traveller, that the primitive elements of the Portuguese race have never ceased to subsist in their native vitality and force. There the Moor has never had sway, and the sterner Roman, though he drove his great military road straight across these desolate, stone-encumbered mountains, never abode among them. The huge columns which the Roman engineer set up along the roadway still startle the visitor with their size and their wonderful preservation. The Latin inscription tells him plainly how here

passed by the greatest dominant nation of the ancient world, but the dweller among the hills, whose ancestors must have seen the Legionaries march by in all their pomp, with eagle-bearing standards raised, have lost all tradition of the fact, and ascribe these strange monoliths that stand up unexpectedly among the bushes and rocks to supernatural causes.

The remoter hills and more inaccessible peaks are uncanny to the very dwellers among them, and the Church has wisely utilized the glamour that their isolation and remoteness cast over some of them to make them holy ground, consecrating some particular hill to the service of a Saint, and building a little chapel which is visible like a white speck from all the neighbouring cliffs far and wide, and from the plain below. Hither comes a vast congregation once a year, on the Saint's festival. They encamp on the hill-side, and if it be in summer the people sleep *al fresco*, and the pilgrimage has something of a picnic character. Travelling through the wilderness of hills, one sometimes comes across a row of a dozen huge stone erections that look like ovens used by some race of giants. They are employed to bake bread and meat for the hundreds and thousands who attend the *Romarias*, or annual rural pilgrimages.

More rarely there is erected on the hill-side an elaborately



A FIELD PULPIT IN RURAL PORTUGAL.

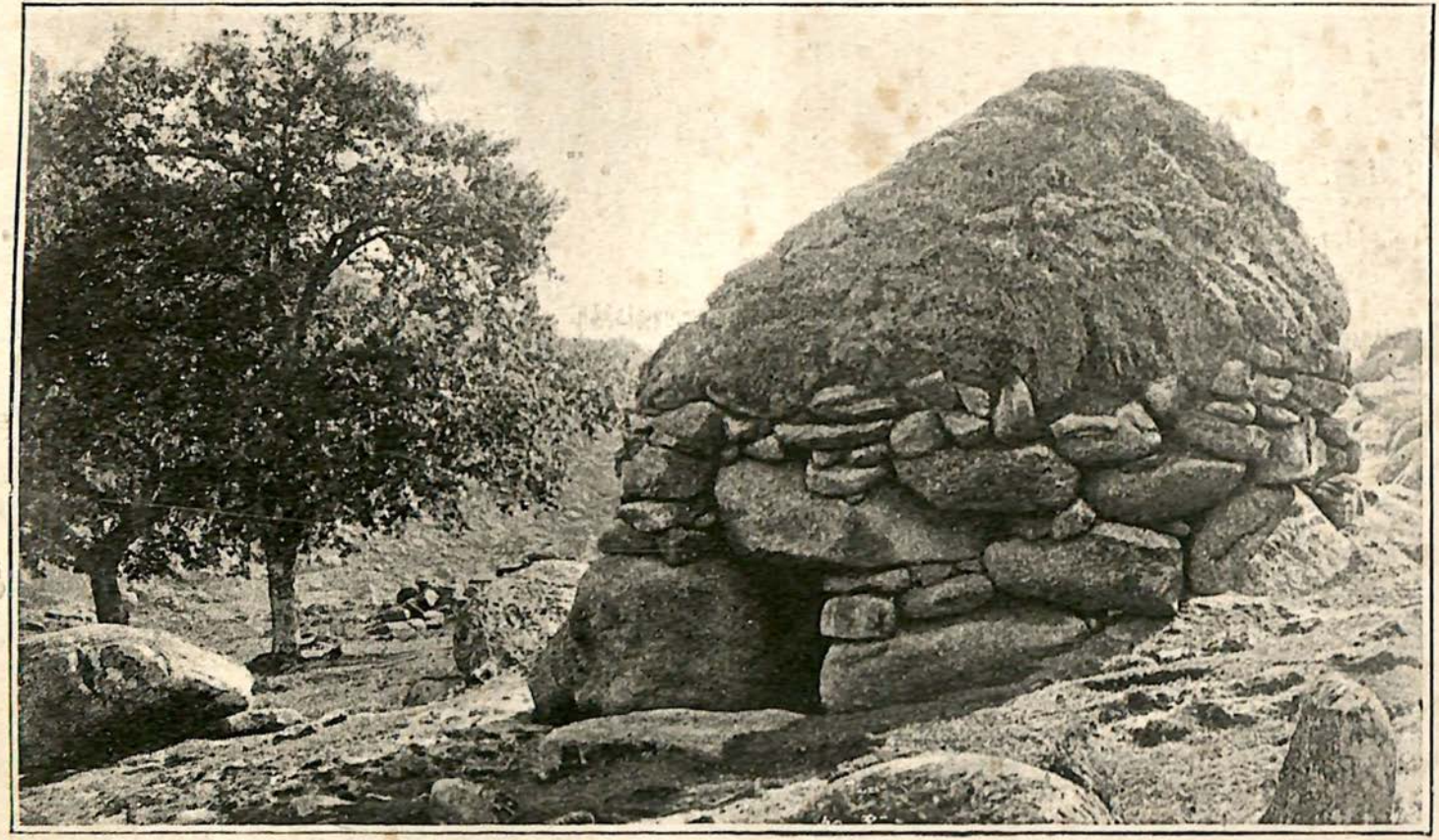
carved pulpit of stone, never used but by the priest on these occasions, and it is often surrounded by stone crosses, as in the illustration, from one to the other of which the pious travel on their knees, saying a stated number of prayers before each.

On the loftier portions of the range which divides Spain from Portugal in the north, are villages peopled by inhabitants that must belong to a very ancient, if not to the primitive, race of the kingdom. High up on a spur of the Outeiro Maior, the highest mountain in Portugal, is one such village, named Castro de Laboreiro. It occupies what seems to be the crater of an extinct volcano on the precipitous summit of a mountain over 6000 feet high. The snow lies on the ground through many months of the year, but in spite of the cold the little alpine valleys are well watered and fertile, and the villagers live in rude plenty, cut off from all intercourse with the people of the plain below. They dress in the skins of their goats, wearing just such a hairy coat, cap and apron as Robinson Crusoe describes himself to have made. Their shoes are such as I believe can be found nowhere else, clogs with wooden soles three inches thick, studded with knobs of iron; it is a combination of patten and buskin, and is bound securely to the ankle with thongs of raw hide. Such villagers as these hold their land and their cattle by a kind of communal tenure; it may

probably be a tenure the lineal and unchanged tradition of some ancient tribal partition of property.

The mountaineers, who thus live almost as outlaws from the civilization of the kingdom, are a race of strong and sturdy men. History, not here perhaps much to be relied upon, relates that they did such good service to the Portuguese king in the early frontier wars when Portugal was throwing off the yoke of Spain, that their sovereign absolved the village from military service, and from the payment of taxes for all time. Mr. Alfred Tait, from whom I derive this account of Castro de Laboreiro, tells me that he does not think the Castro Laboreirans escape from conscription liability at the present day, but that it is certain the villagers pay no taxes whatever. They may perhaps owe immunity as much to the unwillingness of the collector to seek for taxes among skin-dressed villagers living almost in the clouds, who possess no current coin of the realm, where distraint is impossible and the king's writs do not run.

The most wonderful and primitive thing about this remnant of a forgotten race is their lodging. In many parts of Western Europe the autochthonous races, or at all events some very early races of inhabitants, have left traces of their dwelling-places in low, ruined walls, ring-shaped, constructed of stones roughly put together. From their size and form, and from the fallen stones within the



PRIMITIVE DWELLING-HOUSE OF PORTUGUESE MOUNTAINEER.

circle of broken wall, the antiquary reconstructs in imagination the primitive beehive-shaped habitations of an aboriginal race of men. Such remains, almost wholly effaced by time, are not uncommon in Portugal. I have come across them myself, always on steep, isolated hills or high up on remote mountain sides, difficult of access. They were clearly the homes of a people who lived in the fastnesses of the hill country for security. It is precisely in such primitive houses that the very primitive people of Castro de Laboreiro live to this day.

Although Oporto has been deprived of many interesting buildings, it is still a very beautiful and picturesque city, and the rich and varied colouring of the houses as they rise confusedly from the river's edge makes harmonious pictures from almost every point of view. Like Rome it is built upon seven hills, but the hills of Oporto are steeper and higher than the Roman ones, and their acclivities more abrupt. What adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the streets, in the older and more crowded parts especially, is the shape of the roofs and the very broad overhanging eaves which almost meet overhead from either side in some of the narrow alleys, and allow narrow gleams of light to fall directly downwards, with something of a Rembrandtesque effect of strong light and dark shadow, upon the open shops below

with their wares exposed for sale, and upon the men and women at their daily work within the open doors and windows;—cordwainers, brasiers, cork-cutters (women chiefly labour at this curious trade), carders and winders of wool and silk, jewellers, gold-lace workers, handloom weavers, and many other simple handicrafts that in this land are still performed by men, not machines.

In a country where a man may live ten years and never see ice as thick as his finger, or a fall of snow that shall cover the ground an inch in depth, and where therefore no danger arises of an accumulation of snow upon the house-tops, there is no occasion for the high-pitched roofs of northerly countries. Indeed there is no occasion in this country to build houses with sloping roofs at all; they might be flat-topped as in the East and South, or as in ancient Greece or Italy, where more snow falls in a single winter than in ten in this soft Atlantic climate.

There is, in my eyes, no better proof that the first main civilizing influences which reached this kingdom and all the north of the Peninsula entered with the invading races of the North than that the house-builders here have never abandoned the unnecessary high-pitched roofs of their remote ancestors, and this in spite of two separate invasions of civilized conquerors who used flat-topped roofs. If the Portuguese, however, have not abandoned they have

OLD STREET IN OPORTO.

modified the Gothic roof; its slope is now very slight, and their navigators and merchants perhaps brought from China and Japan the fashion of the Oriental architects of sloping their house and pagoda coverings with something of a re-entering curve, ending at the broadly projecting eaves in a line that slightly turns upwards again, and ends at each corner in a fantastically twisted piece of iron. What adds greatly to the decorative effect of the street architecture, and by the very simplest and most inexpensive means possible, is that the lower side of the broad eaves is invariably painted a deep vermilion. When the variety in colour of the houses themselves is considered, of all shades of yellow and buff, green, blue, red, and white, it may be imagined how this gamut of strong colouring is toned to harmony in the sunny, transparent atmosphere of the South by the dull red russet of tiled roofs and the brighter reds of the painted eaves.

It is not till one has taken a bird's-eye view of Oporto that one discovers one chief beauty and ornament of the city; a private, particular, and domestic recommendation, as it were, for the most part. It is that the city is, more than any in Europe, one of abounding, well-walled gardens. It is a surprise to mount some tall building, whence one can see over and down upon the city beneath. The houses are seen to be imbedded in flowers and shrubs and the

green boughs of trees; all but the older and still crowded parts; for the rest, Oporto seems rather a wilderness of garden ground spread over all the hills round about and on both sides of the river than a town. The Douro widens within the precincts of the city into a lake on whose placid surface are reflected trees and houses. Beyond, to the west, is the ocean; and north, east, and south, the far horizon is formed by a lofty circle of mountains, the slopes pine-covered, the tops bare and lifted high enough to be whitened in the winter-time with the snow which falls so seldom and so scantily in the lower region by the sea. Seeing all this, one guesses why it is that Oporto is a healthy city in spite of some sanitary disarrangements; but the swift river in its midst, the neighbouring sea, the intermingling greenery, the pure and abundant water, and the breezes from the pine-covered hills, counterbalance all its defects.

A very statistical account, just published, of the mortality of Oporto states it at 34 per 1000 for the year 1888; a low rate for a Southern town, and which will compare very favourably with that of Lisbon. But the low fever which is endemic in the capital does not exist at Oporto, and ague as a cause of actual mortality is not found within the paved precincts of the city. The rate of mortality is brought up to 34 per 1000 only by the taking the statistics from the

unhealthy and crowded parts of the city together with those portions of it which, as I have said, are interspersed with trees and gardens. In the crowded parts the small-pox mortality is very great, so great even in 1888, when there was no epidemic of the disease, as to amount to about 6 per 1000 of the whole inhabitants of the city. Vaccination is little practised among the poorer classes, and pitted and disfigured faces are exceedingly common. In a well-managed children's hospital at Oporto it is pitiful to see the number of young children blinded by this horrible disease. Small-pox, however, in a virulent form hardly spreads into the parts of the town where sanitary conditions are better and crowding less, and to within the memory of man there has been but one death from it among the large community of British residents, numbering some five hundred souls. The exception was in the case of an old gentleman who had been inoculated but never vaccinated.

In average years the actually preventible mortality by small-pox is probably from 4 to 5 per 1000 inhabitants over the whole city, and by so many must the aforesaid 34 per 1000 be reduced to represent its actual mortality.

FEBRUARY.

My reader has been carried through eleven months of the Portuguese year, and been told chiefly of rural matters, manners, customs, thoughts and habits. Now, in this month of February, when country life is at its least cheerful, when "fields are dank and ways are mire," he shall hear something of the modes of life of people in the great city which forms the centre of the wide rural district he has hitherto been reading of.

A distinguished traveller once told me that his first proceeding on arriving at a strange city was to mount to the top of its highest building, thence to take his bearings, and to get a bird's-eye view of streets and buildings and the movements of the dwellers therein; all of which he would presently descend to examine at closer quarters. On this principle a new-comer to Oporto can do no better than ascend the lofty tower of the Clerigos church, which stands on the tallest hill of the city, and look about him. The chief streets radiate from the market-place below, and the various waves of city life break at the tower's foot.

He who watches on a winter's evening from this tower can see the sun go down upon the city, and when twilight is already coming on, the street-lamps begin to flicker here and there in dark corners at his feet, like earth stars to him who stands almost in the clouds. While the dimness of failing day is beginning to gather in the street, the sun is still, for him alone, round and glaring to seaward, casting red and level rays on the pine-covered mountain-tops that lie far away in the east towards Spain. Then he may review the whole city life at its most interesting moment, when work is done and rest and pleasure begin. He will look down upon the coming home of the workpeople from their labour, the gossip of men with men and women with women at street-corners, the love meetings of young men and girls, the gathering of idle passers-by round the pedlar with his wares, round the showman with his tamed birds, or mayhap, on a fair-day, the strolling bear-ward with his chained and muzzled bear, that lifts its clumsy paws to dance uncouthly to the slow music of the mountain pipe—the *pifano*—of his leader. The knife-grinder with his Pandean pipe collects his own crowd, or the street conjurer and mountebank gather a large one with the beat of their drums, their professional cries, and queer patter. While the streets fill, all the various sounds of human life mount confusedly into the air; the women's voices, the deeper

tones of men in talk, the shouted cries of children, the voices of altercation, the voices of laughter, the voices of weeping; and mingling with this murmur of loud and lesser human utterance comes the tinkle of guitars as the young men serenade their mistresses, or walk along striking simple chords to the burden of their companions' songs.

Suddenly the Angelus bell rings, and all the various sounds and voices are hushed to a momentary prayerful stillness, then flow on again. Presently there rises into the transparent air the thin blue smoke of burning wood from a thousand chimneys near and far, for at nightfall the housewife lights her fire and sets on her *olha*, the earthen pot that holds the family supper.

Notwithstanding these preparations for the evening meal, crowds still hold the streets if the night be fine, and increase till complete darkness falls. Often the watcher from high up will see the approaching lights of the processional host-bearers, and catch the distant sound of their singing before it is audible to the noisy crowd below. Presently the solemn chant fills all the air, and the men uncover their heads and the people fall to their knees, awed once more by the sight of the priests in their sacred vestments, the censer-bearing, white-robed acolytes, the great uplifted crucifix of silver, the silken embroidered canopy carried over him who bears the Monstrance, and by the rhythmic,

solemn plain-song of the moving train. They pass hastily onwards upon their pious mission, and, as the tinkling of the hand-bell gives the signal, the deep chanting voices of the men cease, and the crowd join in a higher key in a burden where the shrill voices of women and children combine with the men's in a tumultuous hymnic song that has some strange indefinable suggestion of mystic faith and mystic hopefulness in it.

The impression caused upon the people is only transitory, and presently the talk, the laughter, the tinkle of guitars, the love songs, and the cries of showman and pedlar and Cheap Jack go forwards as before.

We want a less derisive name for these itinerant merchants of the street. I know gentlemen in the higher departments of commerce with not a tenth of the trading dash and dignity of deportment of some of their wandering brethren of exchange. One is ashamed to use, for such traders, such contemptuous terms as Mountebank, Merry Andrew, or Cheap Jack; and it is difficult to understand why a profession which requires a ready wit, a compliant temper, a gift of copious, appropriate, and intelligent speech, an agreeable presence, a persuasive manner, a dignified carriage, and a bold and adventurous character, should not be held in the very highest esteem. Can any one not see at a glance that a concentration of the aforesaid qualities

in one individual would enable their happy possessor to achieve almost any sort of eminence? How, for instance, could a gentleman so endowed fail to mount to eminence as a member of parliament? Moreover, some of the so-called street mountebanks are, in addition, and to my certain knowledge, men of a nice conscience, consistent opinions, and high respectability.

The pedlar, however, is hardly a representative Portuguese. He too, like the street child, is somewhat of a citizen of the world. He is lighter-hearted by profession than his fellow-citizens, and more of a buffoon by his calling, for the Northern Portuguese possesses something of the Spaniard's gravity, that is, the Spaniard of North and Central Spain, the true Spaniard, the Castilian; and the common saying that the Minhote, the dweller on the northern side of Oporto, is the Italian of Portugal, is, like most superficial generalizations, unfounded. No dweller in any part of Portugal is like any Italian in ways, thoughts, manners, or bearing. The Portuguese is a being apart, as the Castilian is, and as the Andalusian is. It is true that the Portuguese from the north is gayer than his brother from the south; but it comes, I believe, chiefly from his better circumstances; and these again are mainly the result of his more earnest, determined character, which sets him resolutely on making his way, and on taking a firmer grip of the material things of

life; and when he succeeds, as he mostly does, he is left with more leisure to look about him and be glad and gay. He eats better, sleeps warmer, works more regularly and rationally, and relaxes from his labour more freely, and to the accompaniment of the wine-cup and the guitar, and with laughter and light song and light talk. Yet for all this occasional relaxation the Northern Portuguese is a grave man, fully persuaded of the seriousness of life in most of its aspects; and he has a character and manners that accord with his views and that are peculiar to himself. This applies only to the peasant, and, in a less degree, to the city artisan; for, superficially, in manner and bearing at least, the cultivated members of the various nationalities of Europe, from Lisbon to St. Petersburg and from Paris to Bucharest, are so like each other, have so entirely put off their individual racial characteristics, that, but for accent and feature and complexion, none could be told apart. All but the Englishman and the German—we two nations alone sturdily prefer our own individuality and our own ways to the modern Continental fashions of speech and manner.

I do not know for how long the peasant classes of Europe will continue to preserve their racial distinctiveness and forbear to imitate the classes above them in becoming citizens of the world in their behaviour; but I suspect the Portuguese will be among the latest to depart from their ancient traditions.

There is one point in which the Portuguese stands, I will not say alone among European peasants, but certainly among the minority of them. It has always seemed strange to me that observers, and even close observers, have never noticed that the rustic Portuguese, willing as they always are to be civil and kindly, seldom show their amiability, after the common mode of the majority of other amiable human beings, by a smile. When peasant meets peasant in the road, or by the village cross, in field, in street, or at market, they express pleasure, salutation, and courtesy in a way of their own, but gravely, never with the forced and sterile grin of so-called cultivated people.

By some accounts this facial spasm is itself an innovation, and was a trick of fashion set so little time ago as at the beginning of the last century; and the mode, said to have originated at Vienna, coming to Paris, was there, it is reported, called *La Viennoise*, and from that centre, so rapid is the spread of absurdity, extended to the ends of Europe. And surely this unmirthful smile that we all employ, this grin that is only of the lips, is an absurd thing, neither natural nor decorous; for why should I smile inanely and endeavour to seem glad when I meet an acquaintance? Why should he return this conventional salutation with a corresponding contraction of the muscles of his face when he sees me? How is he to know that I am not weighed

down by some secret sorrow which my smile of greeting but thinly conceals? How am I to be sure that my own smile should not rather be a groan of sympathy or a silent tear? We smile in concert, hypocrites that we are, while perhaps our very hearts are torn asunder! How much more decorous is the courteous gravity of the Portuguese peasant, or the stern salutation of the Oriental, who has not yet caught this European trick of the lips, and who meets and greets his acquaintance with the grave sympathy of one wayfarer encountering another on this rugged, tortuous path of life that has its ending only in the mysterious grave!

This is but a digression. I must get back to the pedlar, a class which has, and always has had, a particular fascination for me.

In Portugal, as elsewhere, the members of this profession are seldom natives, and it is clear that the use of a foreign tongue lends a strangeness and adds force to their patter. In this country they are oftenest Spaniards, sometimes Italians, and sometimes of that nondescript hybrid breed so common on the Continent, where the fine Hebrew intelligence is joined to the homelier mental elements of the Teuton or the Slav; and I have even known an English merchant adventurer upon the highway. He was one of the most eminent I have encountered.

Passing one day through the quadrivial square that lies

beneath the Clerigos tower already mentioned, I saw an open carriage with two white horses drawn up, and surrounded by a great crowd. From a flagstaff fixed to the whip-socket of the seat floated a large nondescript flag, and a grave elderly gentleman of military appearance, with short-cut gray hair and a white moustache, a tall, gaunt figure, decently clad in a dark blue frock-coat buttoned to the throat, was fluently addressing the crowd in the worst Hispano-Portuguese I ever heard. In gravity, in dignity, in meagreness of feature, he was a Don Quixote; in stateliness of manner, a Sir Charles Grandison. The staple of the trade of this imposing personage was nothing but lead-pencils; but they were pencils of so conspicuous a colour, and so prodigious a size, being no less than twelve or fourteen inches in length and painted a vermilion red, and the vendor expatiated with such persuasive eloquence on their uses and merits, that in a very short space we all in the crowd fell a-wondering how existence had been possible to us hitherto without possession of a bright red pencil a foot in length and as thick as a cigar.

The merchant dilated upon the incomparable properties of his pencil, and while he declaimed, two impassive individuals, his assistants, faced the crowd on either side of the carriage, clerk-like personages decently habited in black, of less dignity than their master, but who might either of

them, it struck me at the time, pass anywhere for beneficed clergymen of the Established Church.

At a sign from their chief, one of the men handed him a penknife and the other a pencil, which he proceeded to cut with an exaggeration of skill, rapidity, and grace. As he deftly sharpened its point, he informed us that the pencil was indispensable in every department of human activity. Did we require, for instance, to make up our accounts? At the word a piece of white paper was handed to him by one attendant, a square board by the other, and in a trice he had traced in huge characters a line of figures, another beneath it, drawn a line under both, added them up, and held the sum before the admiring crowd. Then he wrote a sentence of Portuguese on the paper. It ran thus—"*A Invicta Cidade presta Homenagem ao Lapis incomparavel do abalizado Doutor X——.*" Translated, the legend ran that the "Unconquered City"—thus does Oporto proudly entitle herself—did homage to the incomparable pencil of Dr. X——. He held it up for inspection, and a murmur of applause from the crowd greeted the compliment to their city. The pencil could do more than that. The doctor pointed to a man in the crowd, and intimated to us that he would take his portrait. The people laughed, the man blushed, the portrait began. Straightway a huge nose appeared on the paper, the doctor added an eye in three

strokes; a mouth, a brow, and a chin followed as if by magic, and in less than two minutes there was a speaking likeness on the paper. The crowd applauded again, and the master held up the red pencil. "Buy, my friends, this inestimable pencil, and you have in your possession the greatest treasure in this age of great marvels." He went on with a flood of bewildering rhetoric which took mightily with the crowd, though he spoke in a language which was as bewildering, for it was a linguistic mosaic in which one recognized words from all the tongues in Europe; but the people understood, so large and lucid were his gestures, so appropriate his by-play, and so surprising and entertaining was the whole extravagant performance — with a pervading breadth of humour in it indeed, but not without a certain grotesque dignity and condescension.

The crowd pressed up eagerly to buy, and the beneficed clergymen had as much work as they could do in handing out the pencils to purchasers and receiving their price.

The doctor did not busy himself with these sordid details of trade. He stood up in the carriage, a conspicuous figure amid the surging crowd, with his dark face and noble white moustache, in an easy attitude, a fine air of abstraction upon his countenance. The people no longer existed for him, while the demure travel of his regard passed serenely over their heads. Suddenly he caught sight of me in the

outskirts of the crowd, and immediately came down from the carriage and pushed his way to where I stood. He removed his hat, made me a stately salutation, and addressed me, to my surprise, in perfect English—in the English of an almost educated man, with no unpleasant twang, only something of a theatrical roll:—"Sir," he said, "I would crave your official intervention;" and he told me a common story of police regulations and restrictions. I bade him call upon me early on the following day. The next day was a Sunday, and he came to my private residence. The old man seemed troubled, tired and worried by his trials with the police. He exhibited his papers, which were in perfect order, and showed him to be a natural born British subject. "Sit down, Doctor X——," I said, "and let me offer you a glass of wine." I rang the bell. A man who is at once an artist, an actor, an orator, an inventor, and a successful trader is likely to be good company, and the doctor was very entertaining. A word to the Commissary of Police settled his difficulties and established his full rights as a British subject.

At parting he drew from his pocket a parcel wrapped in silver paper. It was the incomparable pencil itself. With some humour he recounted the private history of his invention and his various troubles: we were behind the scenes. "Nevertheless," he said, "it is a useful article. Permit

me, sir," he added, "to present you with this one." I took it, but begged him to let me pay him its price. "Not for the universe, sir!" cried the doctor, waving his hand with a large gesture of courteous protest; "not a single penny, sir, for a thousand worlds!"

A less magnificent kind of merchant than this, but a man still more important in the economy of the people, is the rural pedlar, who carries a pack on his shoulder, with his pins, needles, reels of thread and silk, twine-balls, laces, ribbons and bead-bracelets, his song-books, his pens and paper and his pious pictures; or he loads a little swift-pacing ass or hinny mule with his wares, and drives it before him through every high-road, by-way, and bridle-path in the kingdom. He carries a good deal more than his wares, for he is almost the only link between town and country, and hawks with them through the land to the remotest wood-land and mountain homestead the jest and epigram that have been passed in the market-places and the wine-shops of the city. Certainly wit (next of course after virtue) is the most delightful and refreshing thing to be found among mortal men, and my urban readers, who no doubt are receiving and imparting this agreeable commodity every hour of their lives, may forget how—

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits,"

and can scarcely figure to themselves how rural dullness is brightened by the passing pedlar's traffic in verbal pleasantry.

The road merchant of Portugal is more like the pedlar that Shakespeare drew than any "licensed hawker" who now travels with a pack through rural England. Here in Portugal, Autolycus still carries poetic wares, as well as more material tags and laces, and will sing samples of them to his customers with a merry voice. His voice and his manner indeed are a good deal merrier than his ballads, which are mostly of a very lamentable character indeed.

The Portuguese pedlar is not, to my knowledge, a rogue as well as a wit, like Shakespeare's tramp, but like him he is, as I know by experience, often a most pleasant companion on the "footpath way," whom the traveller will do well to accompany for a mile or two, and who when conversation flags will break pleasantly into song, with no thought that he is "sampling his wares."

Of course being a fellow of a present wit and some audacity (else he would be no pedlar), the rustics may suffer at times if they dare to set their wits against his brighter ones; but is it not the inevitable lot of the simple of the earth that they must suffer in one of two ways when they contend with those whose wits are sharper than their own? They must either submit to be robbed, or submit to be

laughed at, and I believe the Portuguese pedlar mostly consents to take his payment in the latter innocent kind.

No sojourner or traveller abroad can help taking a deep interest in the ways of all these gentlemen of the road, farers by rail, steamer, coach, gig, or on foot, from the humble pedlar aforesaid, in frieze or fustian, to the noble commercial traveller in broadcloth—*Anglicé* "bagman." Why is this term disdained? The bagman is in truth the only representative in this unromantic age of the knight-errant of old who sallied forth, spear in hand (as his descendants with their samples), to redress evil and overcome tyranny. So do all these modern knights of commerce and missionaries of trade in their various degrees wander over the surface of the earth for its direct benefit (and their own), spreading a report of the "eternal veracities" whenever their packs are opened and their yard measure unsheathed. All the romance of the road in these days, all the adventure of modern travel (except for the occasional performances of that more irregular brotherhood of traders, the bandits and footpads) befall these knights of the pack and bag; and no pleasure traveller, not a mere supercilious tourist, but has some agreeable tale to relate of their courtesy and good-fellowship.

Few of us who fare abroad, I fancy, and are not millionaires, English dukes, or foreign Princes (with incomes), and who encounter members of this joyous confraternity,

but must have felt a pang of regret that their own lines had not fallen in such pleasant places. The present humble writer, as may easily be supposed, is no such exception, and of the very few compliments which a far too austere world has paid him in his journey through life, he remembers none more welcome than that offered him by a commercial traveller, unknown to him even by name, on the frontier of Spain and Portugal: "You really should be one of us, sir," this kindly gentleman said, pitying, no doubt, my youth (this was some time ago), my innocence, and obvious poverty, and perceiving that I was not afraid of the sound of my own bad accent in two or three foreign languages. "You would make," he said, "a splendid traveller in hollow ware or dry goods" (he himself "travelled" in the cutlery department), "and I believe I could insure you £500 a year." I thanked him heartily for his friendly suggestion, but told him I was already in the employ of an extensive firm in the neighbourhood of Westminster, and lived abroad on their account. When he caught my meaning he was good enough to laugh at this mild pleasantry. These gentlemen are of a kindly and tolerant humour.

INDEX.

ADMINISTRATION of charity, 204
Ancient forms of pottery in common use, 257
Ancient forms of pottery, survival of, 131
Anecdote of a pedlar, 303
Architecture, destruction of ancient, 273
Architecture of Oporto Exchange, 275
Art, effect of climate on, 125
Art, feeling of peasantry for, 126
Art treasures, ancient importation of, 259

Ballad of Donna Guimar, 222
Ballad, theory of the, 226
Beauty of the women of certain districts, 265
Bedding-out system, faults of the, 147
Bee-eater, the, 170
Bee-hive dwellings of mountaineers, 288
Bi-metallism, imperfect form of, 247
Bird's-eye view of Oporto, 296
Birds found along the Douro, 174
Birds, superstitions connected with, 95
Bittern, the, 184
Blue-thrush, the, 169
Borderers, dress of, 278
Border-lands of Spain and Portugal, people of the, 277
Border legends, 279
Brazil, emigration to, 207
Bread, occult properties of, 107
Bread, various corns used in making, 245
Bull-fighting, Portuguese, 59
Bull-fighting, Spanish, 59
Bull-ring, feats of the, 70

Carved ox-yokes, 127
Cats, genets used as, 111
Cats, praise of, 114
Changes in England, ornithological, 161
Charity, administration of, 204
Climate of Northern Portugal, 12
Climate on art, effect of, 125
Commonest English birds, 163
Common wine, making of, 32
Crag-swallows, the, 172
Cruelty to animals, prevention of, 105
Cultivation of maize, 103
Currency, imaginary case of insufficient, 252

Daffodil, the snowdrop, 28
Dances of the peasants, 56
Description of the Douro, 174
Description of the pine-forest, 231
Destruction of ancient architecture, 273
Diet of the peasantry, 243
Diseases of the vine, 189
Dog, different views as to the, 94
Dog, estimation of the, 109
Donna Guimar, ballad of, 222

Douro, birds common to the, 174
Douro, description of the, 174
Douro, scenery of the, 165
Dress of mountaineers, 287
Dress of people of borderland between Spain and Portugal, 278
Dullness of the country in England, 158
Dutch gardens in Portugal, 145

Eagle owl, 178
Egyptian vultures, colony of, 166
Emigration to Brazil, 207
Enchanted Moorish maidens, 91
Evening gatherings in autumn, 215
Eve of St. John, superstitions connected with, 77
Excess of patriotism, 137
Exchange, architecture of Oporto, 275
Excitement in Portugal, political, 4

Faience, Portuguese blue and white, 260
Farmhouses and gardens, 16
Farming, primitive methods of, 199
Faults of bedding-out system, 147
Feast days in the great cities, 265
Feats of the bull-ring, 70
Fishes, fresh-water, 20
Flight of turtle-doves, swiftness of, 154
Flowers, common garden, 143
Fodder, straw used exclusively as, 202
Forest, legends of the, 234

Game of tossing a jar, 54
Gardener, the English, 151
Gardener, the Portuguese, 140
Gardens in Portugal, Dutch, 145
Gatherings in autumn, evening, 215
Genets used as cats, 111
Greeting, origin of smiling on, 302

Harvest-operations, 197
Hats of Ovar peasant women, 270
Hoopoe, arrival of, 10
Houses of Oporto, 292

Imaginary case of insufficient currency, 107
Importation of art treasures, ancient, 259
Instinct in young starling, 134
Iron, occult properties of, 107

Jar, game of tossing a, 54

Kites once common in England, 161

Lark, Calandra, 181
Legends, border, 279
Legends of the forest, 234
Legends, zoomorphic, 239
Litter, wild plants only used for, 202
Lizard, blue and yellow, 179

Maize, cultivation of, 103
Methods of expression in Southerners, 6
Migration of birds, direction of, 170
Migrations of birds, 153
Minho province, prosperity of the, 36
Moorish maidens, enchanted, 91
Mortality in Oporto, statistics of, 294
Mountaineers, bee-hive dwellings of, 288
Mountaineers, dress of, 287
Music of the peasantry, 216

Narcissus, varieties of, 50
Natural growth of vine, advantages of, 193
Naturally grown wine, qualities of, 194
Newspaper paragraph about the swallow, 172
Night air, balmy qualities of, 74
Nightingales, 43

Occult properties of iron, 107

Ornithological changes in England, 161
Oxen, good luck attributed to, 108
Oxen, Portuguese, 104
Ox-yokes, elaborately carved, 127

Partridge, the red-legged, 180
Pastoral life, 43
Patriotism, excess of, 137
Payments in silver, 249
Peasantry, diet of the, 243
Peasants' dances, 56
Pedlar, anecdote of a, 303
Pedlar as a link between town and country, the, 308
Pedlars, 300
Phylloxera Vastatrix, 189
Pig, story of a pet, 119
Pike introduced into Portuguese river, 21
Pilgrimages, rural, 284
Pine forest, description of the, 231
Plants, popular superstitions about, 97
Political excitement, recent, 4
Port wine district, 167
Pottery, ancient forms still used, 257
Pottery, survival of old shapes, 131
Praise of cats, 114
Primitive methods of farming, 199
Property, division of, 206
Prosperity of Minho province, 36
Protection in Portugal, working of, 38
Protection, socialistic tendency of, 39

Red-legged partridge, the, 180
Reed warbler, the, 183
Rural pilgrimages, 284

Sardine fishing, 31
Scenery of the Douro, 165
Scents of plants and trees, 214
Sea-birds, varieties of, 176
Seagulls, 176
Serin-finch, 27
Silver, payments in, 249
Smiling on greeting, a modern innovation, 302
Snowdrop daffodil, the, 28
Socialistic tendency of Protection, 39
Southern methods of expression, 6
Starling, instinct in young, 134
Statistics of mortality in Oporto, 294
St. Martin's summer, 211
Strategic position of Portugal, 283
Straw used exclusively for fodder, 202
Sunsets, 187
Sunsets and sunrises, 15
Superstitions about birds, 95
Superstitions about plants, 97
Superstitions connected with the eve of St. John, 77
Superstitious beliefs of the peasants, 86
Swallow, newspaper paragraph about the, 172
Swallow, the crag, 171

Trades unions, absence of, 205
Trellis-trained vine, treatment of, 197
Trout-fishing, various methods of, 22
Trout, Portuguese variety of, 24
Turtle-dove, rapid flight of the, 154

Varieties of narcissus, 30
Varieties of sea-birds, 176
View of Oporto, bird's eye, 296
Vine, advantages of natural growth of the, 193
Vine, diseases of the, 189
Vine, methods of growing, 188
Vine, treatment of trellis-trained, 197
Vultures, colony of Egyptian, 166

Wehr-wolf, legends of the, 83
Wheatear, the black, 169
Wild plants as litter, 202

Wine-making, 195
Wine, making of common, 32
Wine, qualities of naturally grown, 194
Wine, varieties of, 191
Witches, belief in, 88
Wolf, superstition concerning, 94
Women, beauty of some of the peasant, 265
Woodcock shooting, 182
Woollen cloth, embroidery on, 255
Working of Protection in Portugal, 38
Wryneck, arrival of the, 10

Yeoman holdings, small, 219
Yeoman proprietorship, advantages of, 48
Yokes, elaborately carved, 127

Zoomorphic legends, 239

Richard Clay & Sons, Limited, London & Bungay.

00085576

Digitized with financial assistance from

H T Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 16 January, 2019